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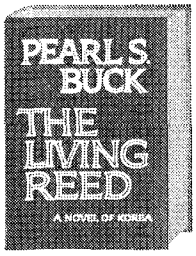

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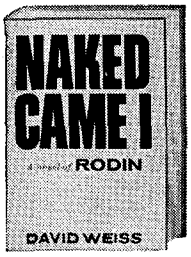

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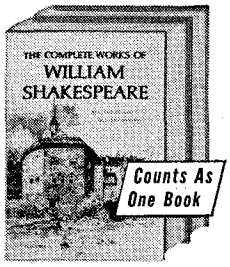

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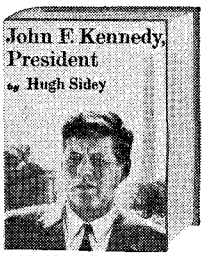

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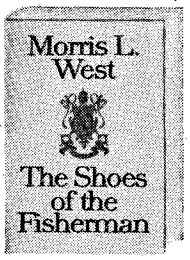

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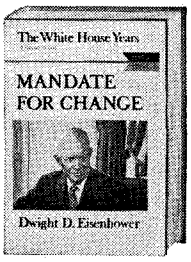

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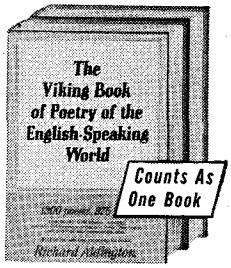

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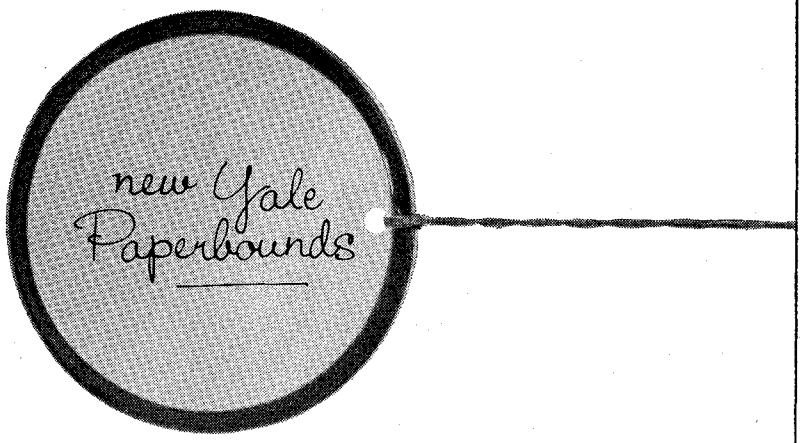

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The Literary Sin-drome

Edited by Martin Levin

A Plea for the Preservation Of the Anglo-Saxon Four-letter Word

I FEEL it my duty to alert a slumbering public to an insidious force that is threatening with extinction our glorious heritage of Anglo-Saxon four-letter words.

Until the reckless distribution of *Lady Chatterley, Tropic of Cancer, Fanny Hill,* etc., etc., these words, our precious heritage that has come down directly from the Norman Conquest, have been tenderly transmitted from generation to generation through a sort of verbal underground. They have been prized because they were forbidden and because they were powerful in their effect. They had impact!

But now what are we doing? We are putting these words on every coffee table and *in* every junior high locker instead of just *on* it. We are domesticating and reducing these hapless words to respectability by familiarity. We have brought the filthy beast into our living room and are now combing, currying, and decking it out with a velvet collar and a ribbon in its hair. So, as one citizen who is concerned for the existence of our Anglo-Saxon heritage, I submit this plea to all publishers and writers.

Gentlemen, consider the gravity of your actions. Would you rob your children and your children's children of what is rightfully theirs? What will little boys shout at one another while coming home from school? What will they write on back fences, in alleys, and in places of public sanitation? Think of our boys in the service of their country. What can they say in their barracks or on the fields of battle? Certainly they would be ashamed to use such effete and pampered poodles of words as appear unabashedly in the bookcases of presidents of the PTA. You who seem to love four-letter words most are slowly but certainly killing them with your love. And after they are killed, what will a man be able to reach for verbally when he needs a powerful, superlatively nasty effect?

I beg of you to cease and desist this headlong, heedless destruction of a vigorous part of our language. Otherwise, that portion of the public still retaining the sensitivity to care for old revered profanity will be forced to rise up and form a Society for the Preservation of the Anglo-Saxon Four-Letter Word in Its Proper Context, before it is wantonly destroyed by well-meaning but unthinking popularizers.

—KAY HAUGAARD.

I Remember Grandfather . . . I Think

MY EARLIEST memory of my grandfather is of the time he slipped on the ice in front of the apartment house where we lived in New York. He fell heavily, but in an instant he was on his feet again. His tall silk hat had flown off and from it had dropped a small bottle of perfume.

Scarcely glancing at the broken bottle, he retrieved his hat, hailed a cab, and took me for a ride through Central Park.

"You must never climb trees," he said to me. "Trees have feelings and they hate to be crawled over by people."

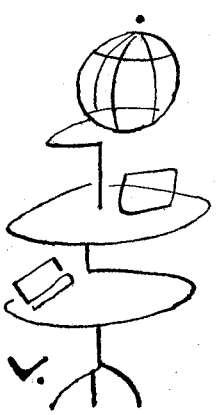
Once when I was five I fell while skating. Grandfather picked me up and carried me into the house, where he removed my skates and then without a word lifted his hat and from the top of his head took a small box of chocolates that he offered me.

The other day I was flying to Japan when I became aware that a slim young hostess was offering me another bracer of sake. As I studied her face it seemed to me that this girl, like every daughter of her household since antiquity, must have been brought up in the highest traditions of Japanese etiquette.

She must have read my thoughts.

"You think," she said, "that in kimono I have the flowerlike grace of a classic wood-block print as I serve your favorite beverage and attend your every wish with precise awareness of your taste."

I nodded and, seeing that I was interested, she told me she had augmented her high school education with classic studies in ikebana, the art of flower arranging, and chanoya, the traditional tea ceremony. Her conversation was sprightly and ranged from contemporary music to traditional Noh plays. There was no need to answer her. Under the beneficent influence of the sake and her soft voice it was enough to dream of her delightful duality and the serenity of the home life she had sacrificed to enchant people like me.



Her name was Yamadora.

As she moved away from me my thoughts flew to my grandfather. My grandfather and this girl, he in his tall silk hat and she in her kimono, had one thing in common—ineffable delicacy and courtesy. I could not imagine the two exchanging places (grandfather in a kimono without his hat was unthinkable, and Yamadora in a silk hat and no kimono was equally hard to picture), and yet they were alike.

I remembered when I went off to my first prep school how grandfather showed up next day. Removing his hat, he showered me with small gifts he had hidden under the crown—candy, a new watch, a pedometer, etc. He was always that way—full of sweet, unexpected gestures of liberality. One day he would remove from under his hat a pair of theatre tickets or emerald clips or a Dresden china figure, and once he took from the top of his head a small, exquisitely made gold cage in which a tiny bird, contrived from gems, sang a melancholy air.

Having seen Cio-Cio-San empty her kimono sleeves in many a performance of *Madame Butterfly*, I began wondering if Yamadora also liked to pluck little gifts from out of them as grandfather did from under his hat. Curiosity overcoming my natural reserve, I asked her when next she stopped with the sake.

Centuries of politeness were in her smile as she shook her head.

"Nothing," she said, "except a picture of a cherry tree."

It was a poor picture at best and faded, but I could see the tree and under it a man in a kimono and a tall silk hat. I looked from the picture to her face. For a moment it was inscrutable; then she smiled.

"I do not know who the man is," she said. "He was there, resting in the shade."

As I returned the picture and watched it disappear up her sleeve, she smiled again.

"Now I go. I shall return tomorrow."

It was minutes before I grasped her delicate little joke; we were about to cross the International Date Line into the next day. Grandfather would have loved that.

Yamadora was smiling as she came back shortly with the sake.

—JOHN FERRIS.

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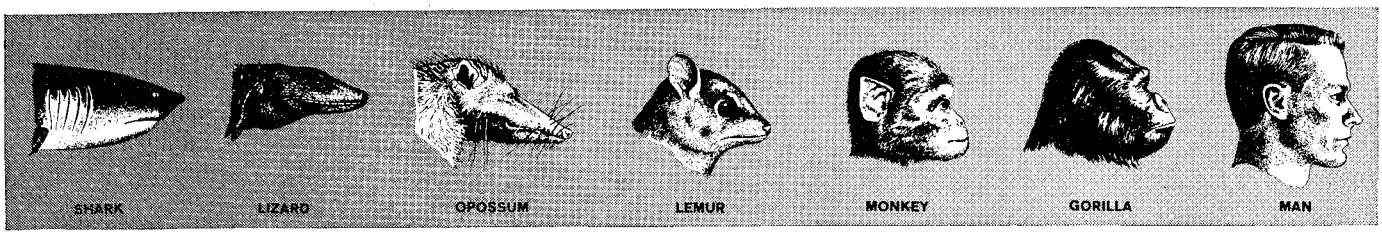

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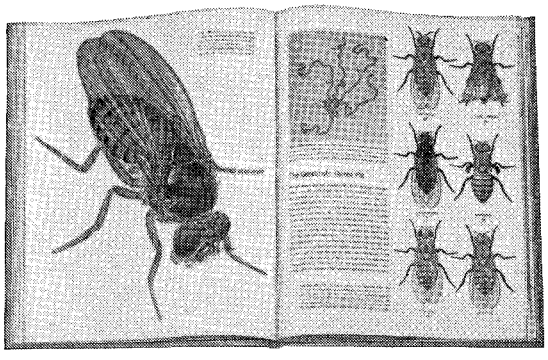

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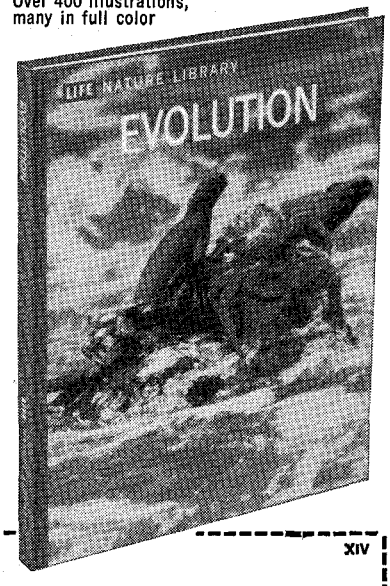
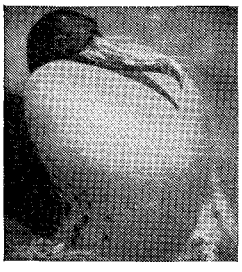
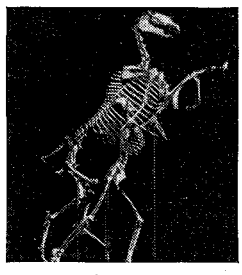




MALE FRIGATE BIRD displays bright red gular pouch to attract females. Attractive sex characteristics increase mating success, are more likely to be passed on.

OFF TO BED goes the gorilla with leaves and branches for bedding. Though constantly on the move, gorillas build new nests on ground or in low branches nightly.



SKELETONS OF HORSE AND MAN reveal similar bones in similar positions. In such relationships Darwin saw echoes of a primeval pattern, modified by evolution.

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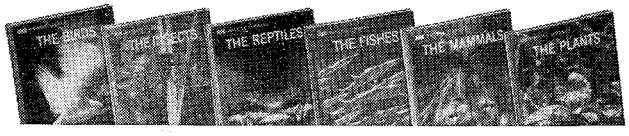

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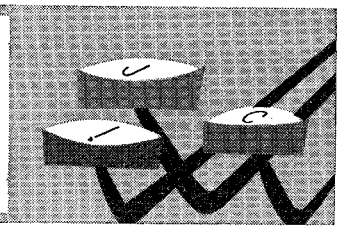
Manner of Speaking



An Open Letter to Twenty-Seven Irate Virtues:

Dear Irate Virtues:

The belated memorandum I filed with the former United States Army Air Corps in this column for November 9, 1963, discussed a large quantity of .50-caliber belted machinegun ammunition that accumulated at Mather Field in 1944-45, a surplus resulting from the custom prevalent among B-29 crews of stripping their ammunition cans in order to load them with bottles of whiskey before taking off for the Pacific. May I stress the point that I was discussing a custom of the tribe and not only my own arrangements within it.

As far as I know, the ammunition went back to the ammunition dump for whatever audit awaited it, the whiskey went to Saipan, Tinian, or Guam, the war went on, and no one aware of this change in the bill of lading found cause to think the aerial offensive against Japan had been damaged.

No one, that is, until my memorandum moved twenty-seven of you to thunder against my character, to charge me with sabotage, and even, some of you, to demand that I be tried for treason in time of war.

To the charge against my character, I plead lack of interest. To the charge of sabotage, I confess that my induction was an obvious blow at the war effort and I throw myself on the mercy of the court. To the charge of treason, I plead Patrick Henry—if this be treason, make the most of it.

I am not sure, as a matter of fact, of what I am charged with, except that your indignations are involved. To clear the record, let me say that I did not take my supply of whiskey overseas in order to sell it. On that point I need not even plead honorable intention. In the first place, had I sold the stuff on the black market, I should only have had to buy it back later at the same prices—a transaction to no purpose. I did trade some of it for minor luxuries of the good life in the jungle. And I managed to get rid of surprising amounts of it in two memorable parties—one on Christmas Eve of 1944 and one on New Year's Eve of approaching 1945. Must a man give up a civil social life simply because the Army in its uncertainty decides to call him a soldier? I was under such powerful civilian compulsion to play host and did so in a civilian sport shirt and loved it. In any case, I had no notion of trading my snug whiskey for anything so random as money.

In the second place, it is a fact known to all informed citizens that the Army is a floating crap game followed around by a few sharks and swarms of minnows. The trick of staying clear of the sharks is probably beyond the reach of pure virtue, but no wary man need go broke and thirsty for long. The minnows will provide.

I did, as a matter of fact, run out of my original supply long before my almost-year on Saipan was up. In a squeeze, I suppose, I might have used my minnow-money to buy on the black market. But I was never squeezed that hard. In one way or another, I managed to lay hands on various amounts of officers' whiskey. (Remember, dear Virtues, that officers were getting whiskey at $1.10 a fifth and that GIs were buying the same stuff on the black market at $35 a fifth.)

LET me particularly thank General Emmett (Rosie) O'Donnell for several generous contributions, nor will I dishonor the spirit of a fighting man's generosity by suggesting that he was unaware of his own largesse. And let me thank, too, various brass-bound specimens who regularly offered me bribes of whiskey when I was taken off my crew and put in charge of Awards and Decorations for the 73rd Wing. Since it was my job to write up all decorations, and since all brass was ribbon-happy, these senior guardians of virtue obviously felt that a well-oiled friend at court could do no harm, and they paid up hopefully. Let me assure them (and you) that they never got so much as an extra adjective for it, and that wherever possible they got nothing but the truth to sit blank beside their theatre ribbons. In any case, as I hope I make clear, I kept myself supplied. Supply, as you may gather, is one of my hobbies.

Is that part of the charge you bring? I am, I confess, a man of fixed tendencies. I happen to like whiskey in holdable amounts. And at the end of any day on which I have been seriously shot at, I tend to crave it to the point of a relaxing fuzziness. If, that is, I have not been punctured—and I am happy to say I never was.

One of the troubles with trying to drink when you have been punctured is that the stuff might leak out. Conversely, one supreme reason for drinking when one has not been punctured is the simple and grateful celebration of the fact that one is still a non-leaky container. What a lovely skin it can be when it is still whiskey-tight!

There is even, I shall argue, a social contract involved, and that on the evening of any day in which my country asks me to get shot at for the public good, the country is left with a certain courteous responsibility to offer me a drink, circumstances permitting. On Saipan, circumstances always permitted the country to be generous in its dispensation to officers, whereas citizens in merely GI skins had to make do with one can of warm beer a night.

On that point, dear Virtues, I must hold the country to be in default. I was in the Army as a civilian-in-transit. It was my civilian sense, and still is, that I had paid off my end of the social contract, at least for that day, in putting my civilian hide on the line. My dues thus paid, I was under no moral compulsion to take officers, or the Army, at their own evaluation of the social order. What's whiskey for one is whiskey for all.

From where I sat (behind the wing at the right blister) it was clear that the Army had misread the social contract, and I, accordingly, took civilian precautions in defense of democratic principle. The terms of my contract are clear enough: a skin put up at auction entitles bearer to a partial skinful when off duty. These terms, I can report, made for a peaceful coexistence, left my efficiency unimpaired by thirst neuroses, and allowed me to leave the Army with no regrets on either side. A clear gain: by my own free-enterprise I made up for the Army's shortsightedness and so helped to maintain a working balance. The defeat of Japan, I submit, was inevitable.

SO much for duty and the social contract, to whatever extent this much may answer your charges. If I have, in fact, located the root of your charges and indignations.

If on the other hand, you are suggesting that the United States Army is an intellectual principle of social justice to which it was my duty to bow without question, and that those brass-bound fruitheads at the Officers' Club Bar were a fatherhood to which I was obliged to respond with nothing but obedient devotion, then you, dear Virtues, must allow me to think of you as having all the social and intellectual acuity of a cereal-stuffed meatball, and I shall insist that you further permit me the pleasure of signing myself:

To your negligible damnation,

T/SGT. J. CIARDI, 11069345 (ex).

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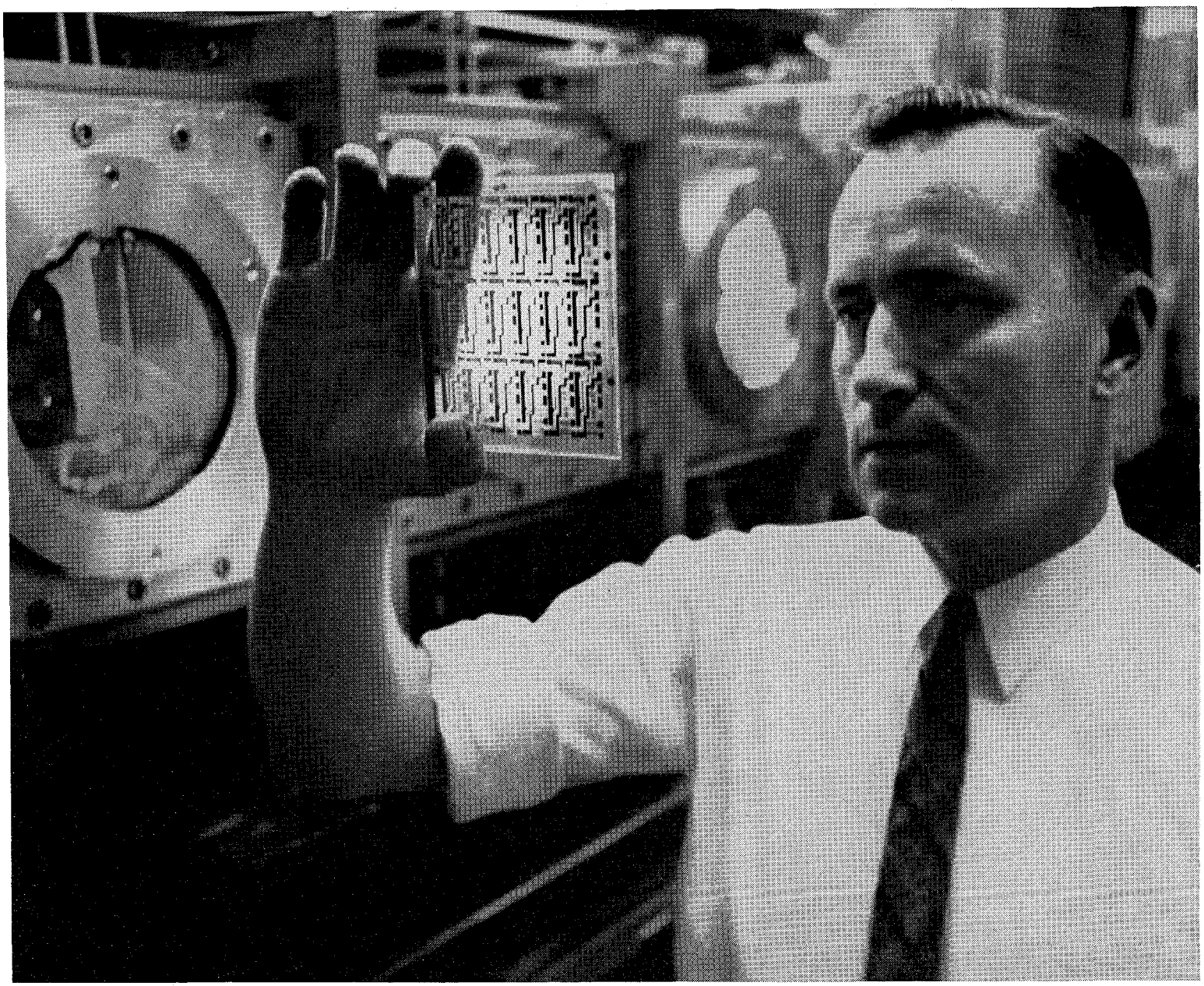

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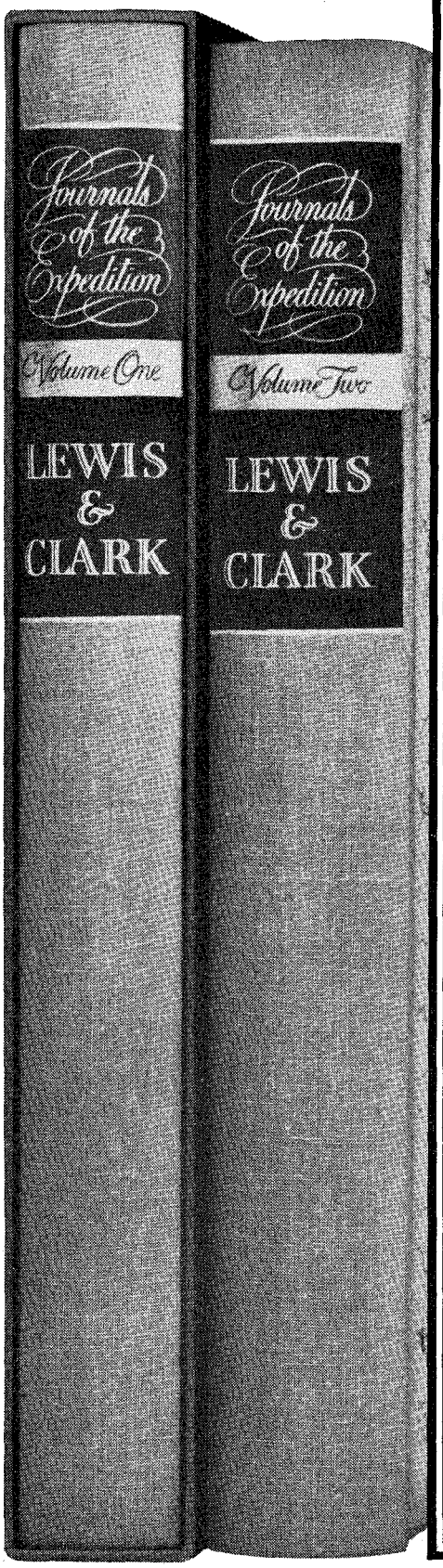

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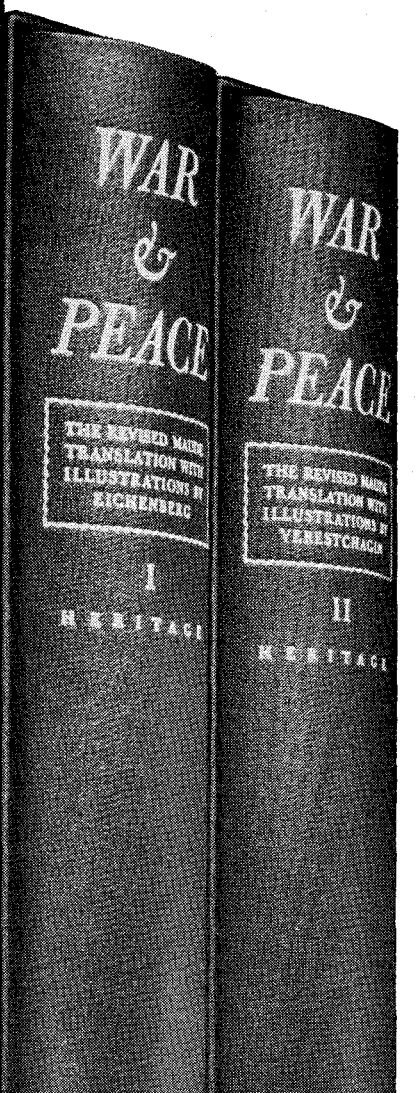

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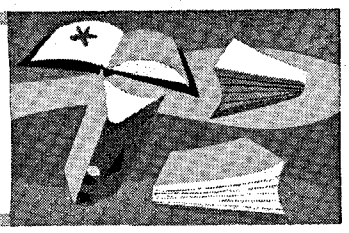
Trade Winds



On a recent trip to Beirut, Cyril E. Bryant of Washington, D.C., found himself at a dinner party seated next to Miss Renuka Mukerji, president of Women's Christian College in Madras, India. Mr. Bryant broke the ice, remarking to Miss Mukerji on the popularity of Madras cloth in America, especially because the colors run together so fashionably after washing.

"Does this material originate in your home town?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "but we don't like it in India. It fades so badly."

Some News About the Red Menace: The New York *Herald Tribune* has referred to Cuba as "an outlawed country," which only leaves up in the air the question: by whom?

Cuban refugees reported the death of 1,123 children there from gastroenteritis, which indicates Cuban refugees are an amazing source of medical statistics.

How Castro fools kids: A Communist enters a classroom and asks the students to pray to God for candy. When the prayers are over, they look up. No candy. "Now bow your heads and pray to Castro for candy." The Commie tiptoes around the room, placing candy on the desks. The kids look up from their prayers and find it. Moral: Castro, not God, answers prayers. The source of this fascinating story is Frank O. Sloane, director of information for Dade County, Florida, who is not suffering from gastroenteritis but from something else.

Kyle Rote, the athlete and author, has asked for government subsidization of our Olympic program because if we don't get it we'll lose the Olympics to the Russians again. "If Russia wins," he says, "they will point to it as evidence that their way of life is superior to ours." Let's hope America wins, so we can point to our subsidization program as superior to theirs.

Mrs. William Melton wrote to the Lewiston (Montana) *Argus* that "the Communists are making an all-out effort to put *Catch Her in the Rye* in every U.S. high school."

In New York a disc jockey who calls himself Big Wilson because he weighs 300 pounds told his audience that he watched a circus performance from Poland on television. "The kids weren't laughing at the clowns," he said. "In Poland the circus is run by the state and it takes all the fun out of your life when anything is run by the state."

If all these experts stopped their subtle commentaries on the Red menace, it would take all the fun out of my life.

I have just discovered what must have been the most futile bit of travel publicity in the last thousand years. I read about it in a book written in 1926 by Frederic J. Haskin, in which he soberly explained why Greenland, under ten thousand feet of ice, is so named.

"Greenland," he wrote, "was named by the Norwegian explorer, Eric the Red. Upon his return from Greenland

in 985, he gave the new country that name in order to make people more willing to go there."

Solace for Us Dunces: The American Mathematical Society has for some time granted to its members a 25 per cent discount on all books it publishes. In its catalogue the society always gave the list price of each book, leaving to its members the task of calculating the discount price when they ordered it.

So many errors were made in these computations by the mathematicians that the society's current catalogue gives for each of its books both the list price *and* the price to members, so that all they have to do is copy it down.

A friend of mine who calls himself John Norment is a name-dropper. He might be termed an expert on the names of people and who they were. The names that interest him are ones that stump most of us, and he loves to drop these names just for that purpose. Here are some of the names he drops. Can you identify any of them without looking at the answers at the end of the column?

1. Alice Rutherford. 2. Mme. Cochet-Cochet. 3. Bors & Lionel. 4. William Penn Adair Rogers. 5. James T. Osborne. 6. Zerobabel Endicott. 7. Roger Lopez. 8. John W. Draper.

While you are thinking about that, let me pass on to you Churchill Satterlee's reaction to the controversial book *Honest to God* (Westminster), by which Bishop John A. T. Robinson has aroused British and Americans from atheists to saints. Satterlee finds as follows:

In the book's 149 pages there are 69 *op. cits.* and a scattering of *ibids.* On page 50 we find an *op. cit.* within an *op. cit.*, followed by an *op. cit.* to the first of these two *op. cits.* The editor himself gets lost in his maze of *op. cits.* and on pages 46, 55, 57, and 80 repeats the full title of Paul Tillich's *The Shaking of the Foundations,* the title of which, as the work cited by nine subsequent *op. cits.*, first appears on page 9, not in a footnote at all, but in the text. One work, by Bonhoeffer, first mentioned on page 23, is honored with 26 *op. cits.*

Honest to goodness!

Sharps and Flats: Next to a couple of Volkswagen owners trading automobile stories, the funniest conversation to listen to is two people talking about their electric blankets.

► Some friends in Phoenix said they'd be glad to give the Russians all our surplus wheat if Arizona could get some water in return.

► H. Allen Smith tells me that there has been a spurt in the sales of his latest book, *A Short History of Fingers,* because of a *Herald Tribune* review which states that the book contains "an off-color sketch of Roy Rogers." The author says people are rushing to find out how it was done.

► Here is the identification of those names that are dropped: 1. Tarzan of the Apes' mother's maiden name. 2. A French hybrid tea rose. 3. Uncles of Sir Galahad. 4. An American humorist and actor. 5. The tenor sax player in W. C. Handy's first dance band. 6. A son of Governor Endicott of Massachusetts by his second wife. In 1659 Zerobabel was fined for being a common drunkard. 7. Queen Elizabeth's personal physician. She had him hanged in 1594. 8. He took the first photograph of a human face, in 1839.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1553)

M. Edgeworth:
CASTLE RACKRENT
(Suggested by Leon Robinson)

On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself.

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Crime, Suspense

THE BRASS KEY. By Francis Swan. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN CRIME. By Allen Churchill. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50.

REPORT FROM ARGYLL. By Allan MacKinnon. Doubleday. $3.50.

TEACHER'S BLOOD. By Ivan T. Ross. Doubleday. $3.50.

Drama

THE FLOWER AND THE CASTLE: An Introduction to Modern Drama. By Maurice Valency. Macmillan. $8.95.

Education

ARE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS THE ANSWER? Catholic Education in the Light of the Council. By Mary Perkins Ryan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.

Fiction

BELMARCH: A Legend of the First Crusade. By Christopher Davis. Viking. $3.95.

A CANDLE IN THE SUN. By Marguerite Steen. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE DEVIL'S PROFESSION. By Russell O'Neil. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE MARTYRED. By Richard E. Kim. Braziller. $4.50.

MORE ROMAN TALES. By Alberto Moravia. Farrar, Straus. $4.75.

THREE BEDS IN MANHATTAN. By Georges Simenon. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE VOLCANOES OF SAN DOMINGO. By Adam Hall. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

VON RYAN'S EXPRESS. By David Westheimer. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

A HISTORY OF MODERN GERMANY: 1648-1840. By Hajo Holborn. Knopf. $8.75.

Miscellany

THE ART OF SPAGHETTI COOKERY. By Myra Waldo. Doubleday. $4.50.

BIRDS' NESTS IN THEIR BEARDS. By William Stevenson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

THE COMPLETE SCANDINAVIAN COOKBOOK. By Alice B. Johnson. Macmillan. $5.95.

I WALK WITH LIONS: The Story of Africa's Great Animal Preserves, the Royal National Parks of Kenya, As Told By Their First Director. By Mervyn Cowie. Macmillan. $4.95.

MUSICAL ITALY REVISITED: Monuments and Memorabilia—A Supplement to Guidebooks. Macmillan. $5.95.

RETIRING TO THE CARIBBEAN. By Wesley Edson. Doubleday. $4.95.

Personal History

AFRICAN CREEKS I HAVE BEEN UP. By Sue Spencer. McKay. $2.95.

"Cheer up, Martha. Surely you can't be the only one who's ever flunked an adult education course."

FIFTY YEARS IN THE DOGHOUSE. By Lloyd Alexander. Putnam. $4.95.

THE MANY LIVES OF OTTO KAHN. By Mary Jane Matz. Macmillan. $5.95.

MY YEARS WITH GENERAL MOTORS. By Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. Doubleday. $7.95.

ONE FOOT IN WASHINGTON: The Perilous Life of a Senator's Wife. By Ellen Proximire. Luce. $3.95.

PLEASANT COMPANY ACCEPTED. By Rita Anton. Doubleday. $4.50.

Poetry

THE BUZZARD AND THE PEACOCK. By Ned O'Gorman. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

Reference

WORLD ALMANAC AND BOOK OF FACTS, 79th Edition. Doubleday. $2.50.

Religion, Philosophy

CHAPTERS IN A LIFE OF PAUL. By John Knox. Abingdon. Paperback, $1.25. (Reprint.)

THE CIRCLE AND THE CROSS. By George W. C. Thomas. Abingdon. $2.75.

HE BECAME LIKE US. By Carlyle Marney. Abingdon. $1.75.

HOW CAME OUR FAITH. By W. A. L. Elmslie. Abingdon. Paperback, $2.25. (Reprint.)

HUNGERS OF THE HUMAN HEART. By Kermit L. Long. Abingdon. $2.

THE LOST IMAGE OF MAN. By Julian N. Hartt. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $4.

MY ROOM IN THE WORLD. By Kathryn Sisson Phillips. Abingdon. $2.75.

PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEMS OF SPACE AND TIME. By Adolf Grünbaum. Knopf. $10.75.

PHILOSOPHIES OF JUDAISM. By Julius Guttmann. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50.

THE RIDDLE OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM. By Jaroslav Pelikan. Abingdon. Paperback, $1.50. (Reprint.)

SEEKING THE MIND OF CHRIST. By Royal F. Shepard. Abingdon. $1.

THE SUFIS. By Idries Shah. Doubleday. $5.95.

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THE HUMAN BRAIN: Its Capacities and Functions. By Isaac Asimov. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

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THE AMERICAN IRISH. By William V. Shannon. Macmillan. $7.95.

FACES OF AFRICA. By Thomas Patrick Melady. Macmillan. $7.50.

GOD'S OWN JUNKYARD: The Planned Deterioration of America's Landscape. By Peter Blake. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $2.45.

ONE-DIMENSIONAL MAN. By Herbert Marcuse. Beacon. $6.

RURAL REVOLUTION IN FRANCE: The Peasantry in the Twentieth Century. By Gordon Wright. Stanford Univ. Press. $6.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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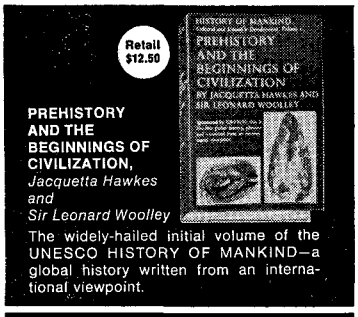

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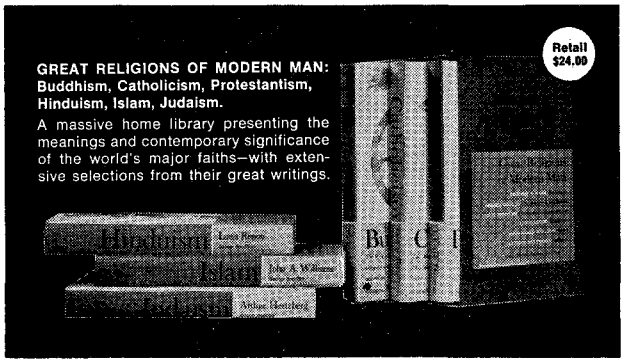

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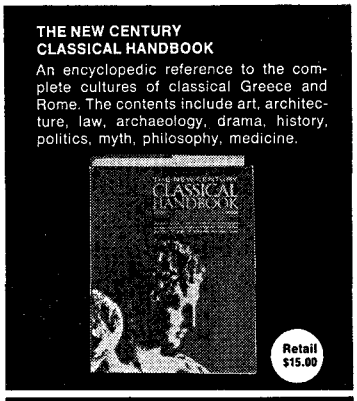

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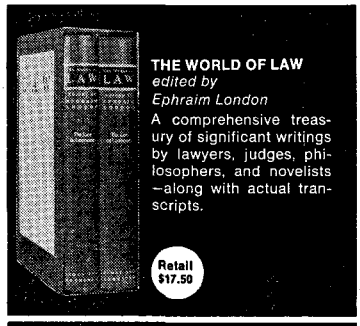

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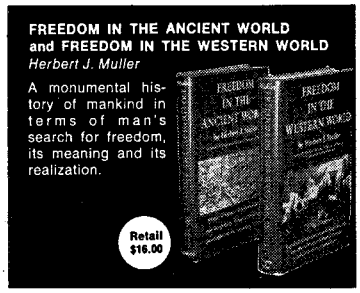

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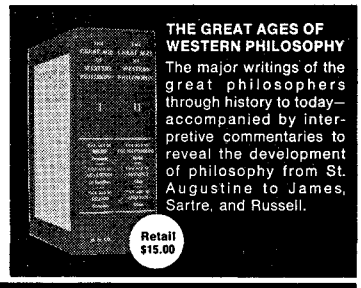

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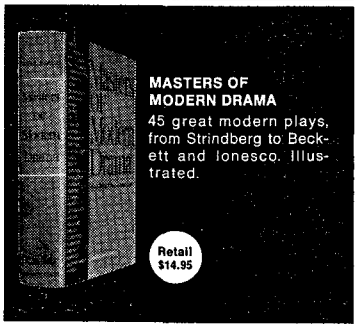

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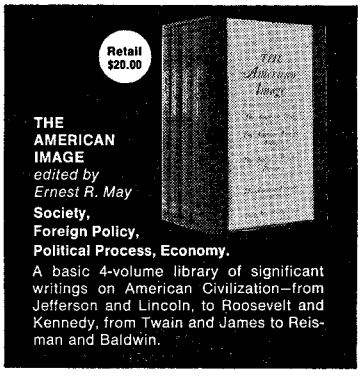

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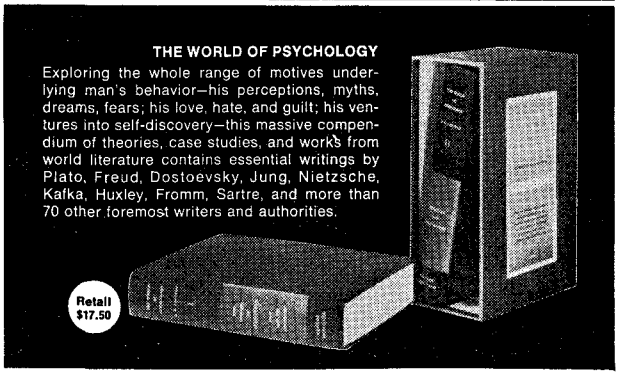

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THE BRAIN VS. THE MACHINE

A dissent from the view that man's mind is merely a predictable combination of chemistry and physics.

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE most inclusive of all the questions commonly asked today is not "Does God exist?" but "Is man a machine?" The answer given by some scientists and often accepted by the general public is "Yes." No other form of atheism is quite so absolute or holds so many implications for the future of our species. It banishes from the universe not only God but humanity itself. Before we accept it, we should examine the evidence very carefully.

Mechanism is, of course, as old as Lucretius, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Descartes and Malebranche gave it a new turn. But it was not until the nineteenth that enough props were put under the theory to make it seem other than inherently preposterous. Even then, the more responsible—Darwin and Huxley, for instance—sometimes hedged slightly in parentheses, but others were, or had been, completely dogmatic. I don't believe in the existence of the soul, said one, because I can't find it in my test tube. The brain, said another, is merely a gland that secretes thought—just as the liver secretes bile. Novelists and playwrights sometimes followed suit, and our own Theodore Dreiser thought he really said something when he indulged in such pontifications as the statement that love was merely a matter of chemistry—as though that told us anything at all.

Very few responsible scientists would today make any of these absurd statements. Though most of them may find the concept of "soul" unnecessary and unsatisfactory, they would readily admit that if it did exist the test tube would not be the place to look for it. And most of them would agree also that whatever the relationship between the brain and "soul" may be, the analogy with liver and bile is not very apt. Even during the heyday of simple mechanism the physiologist who said he could make a better optical instrument than the eye was answered by another who replied, "But you couldn't make it see." And even though we have, in recent years, learned more and more about the mechanical processes that accompany life, there is, among many, a greater willingness to admit that something eludes explanation and that we are less and less sure that we know what "material" and "mechanistic" means.

Every explanation leaves something unexplained. Consider, for example, the mystery of heredity. When Mendel's neglected laws were rediscovered we were inclined to say, "Now we understand." But we understood only the laws governing certain of the processes, not what lies behind them. Thomas Hunt Morgan then discovered the role of genes, and at last we said, "We really do understand." But how do the genes do what they do? "Nucleic acids," says the latest theory, and we are satisfied again. But how does nucleic acid do what it does? Only an act of faith can convince us that there is an answer to that question and that it is at last a real answer.

Without that act of faith we are left wondering if we are not following a will-o'-the-wisp, so far as ultimate understanding is concerned. We are merely learning more and more about the describable processes without coming any closer to understanding what they mean or what legitimate conclusions may be drawn concerning the ultimate mystery of life.

In the light of science many old metaphysical questions require restatement in new terms. But they do not vanish as some scientists try to believe that they do. Consider, for example, the old dispute between materialism and what was called idealism. To the arguments of the materialists, the idealists objected that no bridge, no contact even, can be imagined between the universe of consciousness and that of matter. They are incommensurate and no communication between them is possible. Because we cannot see how matter could become thought we are forced, so it was said, to assume that one must be some sort of shadow of the other. Consciousness, said Thomas Henry Huxley, must be some sort of illusion. It is more likely, replied idealists like F. H. Bradley, that the material world is illusory. After all, our own consciousness is the only thing of which we have direct consciousness and therefore the only thing we know to be real.

Nowadays we may prefer to state the

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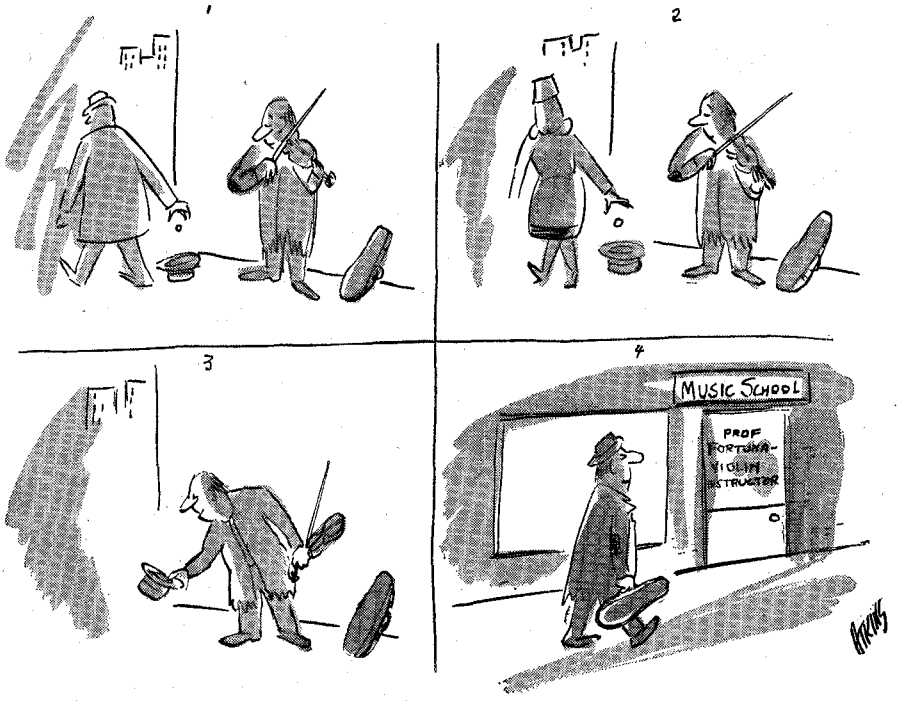
problem in different terms. We may even suggest a different solution to it, namely that just as matter and energy may be equally real aspects of the same convertible ultimate, so may matter be a form of thought, or vice versa. But the problem arises again in connection with any attempt to present physical or chemical process as an *explanation* of consciousness. Recently *Life* magazine gave to an otherwise excellent account of the most recent discoveries in biochemistry the indefensible title "Scientists Close In on the Secret of Life."

The discoveries in question concern the role of certain chemical substances in the most intimate functionings of the living cell. They may make it possible for the biochemist of the future to change the hereditary characteristics of man himself and, as the *Life* article recognizes, the implications of such a possibility are terrifying. But to me it seems no exaggeration to say that, despite all the new knowledge concerning the processes that accompany life, life itself is still just as unique and inexplicable as it was before biochemistry was even thought of.

DOUBTS something like these have arisen in a sufficient number of first-rate contemporary minds (including first-rate scientific minds) to provoke a suggestion. If we look back to the middle of the last century as the time when men became convinced that man, as well as the universe in which he lives, is a machine, then the twenty-first century may look back upon ours as the century when the structure of materialism as an inclusive philosophy began to crumble.

Biology had, of course, been following physics, but presently physics itself began to reinforce the doubts that were growing in the minds of some biologists. The unpredictability of the individual atom, the transformation of matter into energy, the realization that the experimenter could not be wholly separated from the thing observed—all made even the mechanism of the unliving seem less mechanistic. It would be instructive to compare the opinions on this subject held by some of the most distinguished living physicists. (Incidentally, they will also afford telling evidence against the familiar contention that scientists, unlike humanists, agree with one another because, again unlike humanists, they deal with facts and know what they are talking about.)

HEAR first the mechanist George Gamow, developer of the quantum theory of radio activity and professor of theoretical physics at George Washington University. In a book called *Mr. Tompkins Learns the Facts of Life* (supposedly written down to the comprehension of such as you and me), Professor Gamow sets forth his materialistic conviction in the following words: The mechanistic point of view is . . . that all phenomena observed in living organisms can be reduced in the end to regular physical laws governing the atoms of which that organism is constructed. . . . Basic manifestations of life like growth, motion, reproduction, and even thinking depend entirely on the complexity of the molecular structures forming living organisms and can be accounted for, at least in principle, by the same basic laws of physics that determine . . . inorganic processes."



Now turn to P. W. Bridgman, Nobel Prize-winner in physics and Higgins Professor Emeritus at Harvard. His remarkable, quite different book, *The Way Things Are* (1959), is almost a *mea culpa,* since it gives his reasons for rejecting mechanism and behaviorism—both of which he formerly inclined to—as embodying the only truth. His treatise (unlike Professor Gamow's) is too long, complicated, and subtle to be analyzed. It admits the utility of mechanistic theories as working tools for the discovery of certain aspects of reality, but insists they neglect other tools that reveal other aspects. I think it would be fair to state one of his most fundamental conclusions like this: About a century and a half ago the great mathematician Laplace announced the thesis of scientific determinism by declaring that if we knew what physicists called the current "state" of everything in the universe we would be able to deduce from that present state everything that had happened and everything that ever would happen. "With earth's first clay they did the last man knead/And there of the last harvest sowed the seed." Professor Bridgman replies not only that we never could know completely the "state" of the universe at any moment but also that, even if we could, there are some realities in human consciousness that could not be so determined. Physical science has no word for these realities and cannot deal with them.

Expressing great admiration for that extreme behaviorist, his one-time colleague B. F. Skinner, Bridgman feels compelled to add: "I do not think that Skinner's solution is the only possible one, or that it is a solution which takes into account all we can see or that is significant." Unless, in other words, you stubbornly deny the reality of consciousness and maintain that it can be dismissed simply because it cannot be dealt with by the methods of physical science, you must somehow take it into account. One might say (I am perhaps risking oversimplification) that Professor Bridgman opts pragmatically for the open universe of William James as opposed to the closed universe of Laplace, Skinner, and other behaviorists. At a minimum, Professor Bridgman is saying that one of the oldest philosophical questions, namely, how immaterial thought may make connection with material objects and what the nature of that connection is, has not been solved; also that it cannot be solved by simply denying the reality or the importance of either.

To this one may add something Schopenhauer pointed out and Jung has re-emphasized: It is logically absurd to say that we "know" the physical world, but not that we know our consciousness, since it is only through the

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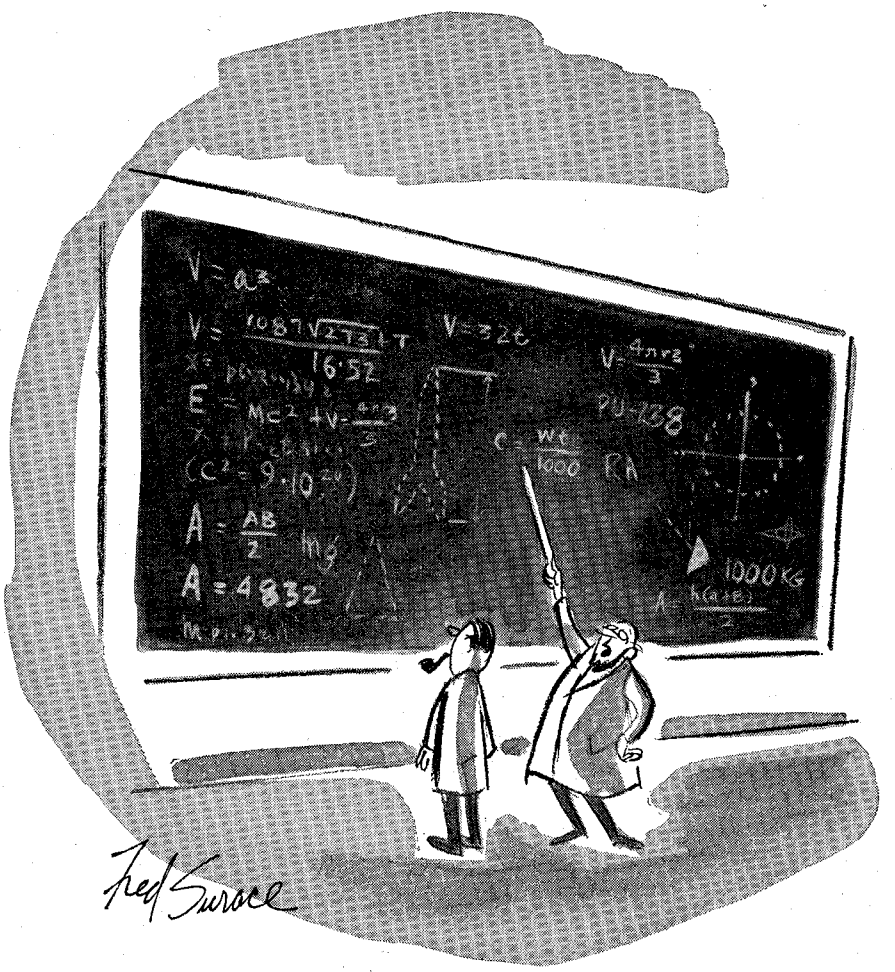
consciousness that we know (or rather deduce) any other reality. From the strictly logical standpoint the most radical solopsism is more easily defensible. Consciousness is the only thing we do know, and it is logically possible that nothing else—no external world and no consciousness other than our own—has any existence.

On the question of whether law may properly hold an individual responsible for his acts, Professor Bridgman says: "At present the only technique we have for dealing with our fellows is to say that they are similar to the sort of creature we are ourselves. We disregard determinism when dealing with ourselves: we have to disregard it also, within reason, in our everyday contacts with our fellows." (Incidentally, the Soviet government, after toying with the theory that no one is responsible for what the forces operating upon him cause him to do, now recognizes the pragmatic necessity of treating malefactors as though they were free and responsible; in the case of the political offenders, it has an ingenious dodge when it calls prisons "mental hospitals" and thus punishes without calling it *punishment.*)

Cautious in its qualifications as Professor Bridgman's treatise is, I think we can call it definitely on the side of those of us who resent being called mere predictable and manipulable machines. But I will not lean too heavily on him because I remember a mildly ironic warning given me by Paul Tillich in the course of a private conversation. Never, he said, rest your philosophical argument upon a scientific opinion. The trouble with scientists is that they reverse themselves too frequently. They may have been against you yesterday and on your side today, but the next theory to come along may very well be against you again!



"Let's flip to see who cleans the blackboard, OK?"

IT is perhaps not surprising that once you say, "The brain is a mere machine," you soon find yourself saying "a mere machine can be a brain"—that is, of course, precisely what some of the more extravagant promoters of the computers and their offshoots do say. But if I may judge from the rather extensive, if somewhat scattered, reading I have done on the subject, the tide has turned here also; some, at least, of the leading experts insist that, remarkable as the machines are, they are definitely not brains. When we make them seem so it is by using a misleading vocabulary—as when, to take the simplest example, we call recorded data "memory," though it is no more memory than is the recording on a phonograph record. Norbert Weiner, inventor of the popular term "cybernetics," has recently warned that we had better not go too far in trusting "feedback" rather than the control of our own intelligence. Mortimer Taube, an expert on data processing machines, has published a book on the subject which concludes that "man-machine identity is achieved, not by attributing human attributes to the machine, but by attributing mechanical limitations to man," and the British neurophysicist Sir Francis M. R. Walshe has approached the subject from the other end.

He wrote: "I give you a simple example in a recent monograph upon *Brain, Memory and Learning* (W. R. Russell, Clarendon Press, 1959), an excellent monograph on its clinical side, where the writer says 'the traditional reasons for separating man from brain seem to be disappearing, and in the same way the separating of psychology from brain physiology has become somewhat artificial. . . . consciousness is simply the occurrence of cerebral alertness.'" To this Sir Francis Walshe replies: "Equating consciousness with 'cerebral alertness' is pure tautology, and the sentence would mean as much or as little if he put it back to front and made it read, "Cerebral alertness is simply the occurrence of consciousness.'"

One might also describe Russell's definition as Polonius-style: "For to define true madness, what is it but to be nothing else but mad?"

As in the nineteenth century, attempts to make man a pure machine come up against the stubborn fact of consciousness—a unique phenomenon as undiscoverable as "the soul" in any test tube. The mechanical brain exists only because a real brain creates and manipulates it.

It is true that certain enthusiasts have gone so far out on a limb as to predict that since consciousness is merely "alertness," we will someday create a machine so alert that it will become conscious. But that is a mere "someday." Until a computer begins not only to propose and answer questions, but also to debate with another computer whether or not they are both mere machines (and loses his temper in the process), sensible men are justified in doubting that anything resembling a brain has been constructed out of tubes, transistors, and cables.

A few years ago I wrote a piece called "The Abacus and the Brain." More recently I had the privilege of a brief conversation on the whole subject

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Hail Automation, Hail Peace

TWO FEARS are stalking America. One is the fear of automation. The other is the fear of peace. They are twin fears, born of foreboding over possible economic paralysis and loss of jobs. These fears are disfiguring the American future. They give opportunity the face of disaster.

There has hardly been a human society on this planet that has not dreamt of a realizable utopia. In almost every case, these utopias have had two things in common—peace and plenty. In such a favored state man would be freed of drudgery. He would be able to develop his most powerful and valuable resource—the human brain. He would regard education as the greatest of all adventures, for one exciting search would lead to another. In such a utopia, he would make a distinction between personal growth and impersonal accumulation. He would come to appreciate the difference between concepts and things. The absence of unremitting and exhausting physical labor would lead not to boredom but to all sorts of useful and satisfying activity. And peace would not be a land and time of nothingness but a period and place for bringing a nation's potential to full life.

All these hopes, misty and unattainable in the past, are now a tangible prospect. The present generation stands apart from all previous generations not just in the harm man can do to man but in man's practical ability to make of the planet a good earth, hunting down and banishing the so-far incurable diseases, nourishing the human body with vital foods grown on once-arid soil, collecting and utilizing energy from matter or from the sun or from the air itself, building schools by the thousands—not just for youngsters but for people of all ages who have come to comprehend that neither knowledge nor the human brain has any boundaries or limitations.

Confronted by this promise, many Americans seem to be reacting as though they had just been handed a sentence of doom. They are responding on the numerical rather than the historical level. They hear the word *automation* and immediately they spew out the number of jobs that would be lost in this or that industry. Or someone mentions *peace* and immediately they think of plants being shut down and salaries being shut off. And so they attach shrill sounds to their apprehensions, making it appear that an ominous blight is about to descend on America, and they cry out that forces must be mobilized to forestall these grisly events.

The time has come to identify and combat this frenzied nonsense. Peace and automation do not have to mean the end of the world. They can mean the beginning of a better one. It is the fear of peace and automation, and not peace and automation in themselves, that can produce disaster. For this kind of hysterical thinking can lead on the one hand to economic stagnation, and on the other to the perpetuation of an arms spiral that could end in war. What is really to be feared, therefore, is not the onset of innovation but the flight of ingenuity and the collapse of the moral imagination.

First consider peace, which is to say, a condition in which it may not be necessary to put upwards of $50 billion into military spending. While the arms program accounts for more than half the government budget, it accounts for less than 10 per cent of the nation's total production. Does anyone seriously contend that this fraction cannot be made up? Are we to accept the proposition that America has no great remaining needs, that there are no cities that have to be rebuilt, no slums to be replaced, no new elementary and secondary schools to be erected, no colleges and universities that have to be expanded, no new cultural centers to be established and developed, no scientific and medical centers and research projects to be initiated? These are not sterile questions; they are full of life and promise. With confidence, imagination, and energy, we can do more than replace the 10 per cent differential. We can multiply the present national output.

The effects of automation embrace virtually all aspects of the national economy. Some experts contend that within a decade or so automation could take over the tasks now performed by more than half the national work force. But this by itself need not produce widespread deprivation or destitution. Only a shrinkage in production or the blighting of our crops need bring about that condition. Automation will not reduce the production of the things people need. It can increase them.

The problem lies not with automation but with our conception of how the benefits of automation are to be realized. Instead of bemoaning automation we ought to be directing our attention to the shortage of imagination and intelligence that stands in the way of the fuller life that is now clearly attainable. It is not too soon to be studying and planning now to keep the greatest potential asset in the nation's history from disintegrating into a liability. It may well be that such study will indicate that a three- or even two-day work week for many millions of the American people is a practical and desirable development.

The fundamental problem will be represented by the ability of people to make productive use of their time. Here, then, is the ultimate test of a free society. What happens when people have maximum freedom? When peace and plenty are genuinely attainable, will this result in suffocating boredom or in a vast release of human creativity?

We make a mistake, therefore, if we look to economics for the answer. We must look to education, to our individual and national purposes, and to the preciousness we attach to human life and the possibilities inside it waiting to be released. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cause and Effect

AFTER READING Paul G. Hoffman's challenging article, "The United Nations Nobody Knows" [*SR*, Dec. 28], I was so impressed that I bought three extra copies of the magazine to circulate among friends. The story of the U.N. struggle against hunger, disease, ignorance, and want is a story that needs to be widely told, and Mr. Hoffman has done a good job of telling it.

If we are really serious in our desire to do away with the evils of communism, fascism, and war, we will support efforts of the U.N. and its specialized agencies to eliminate the economic and social causes of these maladies. This aspect of the world organization's total program deserves to be emphasized, and *SR* and Paul G. Hoffman are to be thanked for bringing it to our attention. We need more articles on the challenge and progress of the U.N. Development Decade.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.

Glendale, Calif.

Hoover and the Russians

N.C.'s RECENT EDITORIAL on continued Russian gratitude for Herbert Hoover's humanitarian works of forty-odd years ago [*SR*, Nov. 9] brought to mind a personal experience with Russians some eighteen years ago. I was then conducting daily excursions into Russian-occupied Czechoslovakia to find and bring back to our lines Allied prisoners of war and other captives from Western Europe, especially wounded and sick ones. Our convoys consisted of ambulances led by a jeep or two, manned by medical personnel. Our entries into the "Russian Zone" had been agreed upon by "higher headquarters." Several times a day we were stopped by various Russian guards, usually at gunpoint, but were generally waved on after "examination of our papers."

One day a Russian lieutenant stopped us and, after studying our papers, arrested us. It was apparent that he no more understood our mission than other guards who had "read" our papers. As the argument continued, we finally established a communication link in German. This did not change our status as prisoners because we were spies, but resulted in a long lecture about how good a man "Russfelt" was and what a terrible man "Koover" was. He was Russia's enemy and we were "Koover's" agents and would be shot. "Koover" was out to start war against Russia (this was before V-E Day). As he talked, he became angrier and his German poorer, so that his threat to shoot us gained credibility.

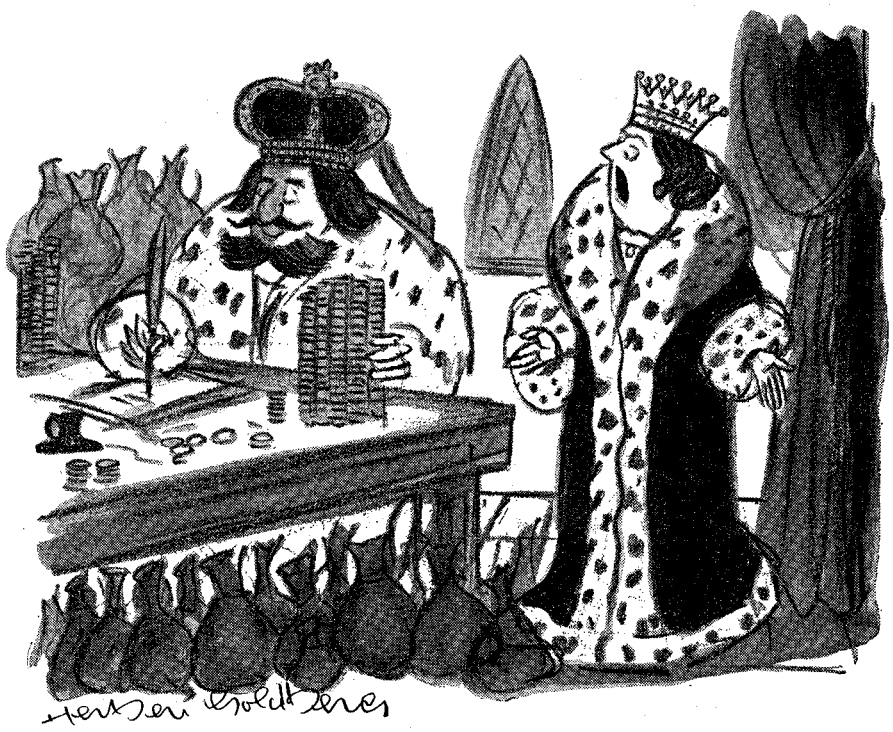
I was interested in who this malevolent "Mr. Koover" was whose destructive aims we were carrying out. This only antagonized the lieutenant, as he seemed to believe that I was feigning ignorance. At last I gathered that "Mr. Koover" was FDR's predecessor and had schemed to destroy Russia even while President. I reminded the lieutenant that neither he nor I might be alive but for Herbert Hoover's food supplies to Europe and Russia during and after World War I, but he disclaimed any such happenings and began to lead us away from our vehicles.

Luckily, a Russian major appeared who didn't know any more about Mr. Hoover than the lieutenant, but at least realized that we were not on a march to Moscow, and that we probably weren't Germans in disguise either. We were not shot—not even jailed.

Aside from the differential history lessons to which different Russians have been exposed, this incident may also remind us of how much mischief minor officials can cause. In an authoritarian country where such mistakes often cannot be admitted or rectified, such episodes not only make travel unsafe, as shown by the recent arrest of a Yale professor, but also can have disastrous, far-reaching consequences. Thus, wearily, we must go on to build bridges of communication, mindful that it can be a very risky business.

STEPHEN FLECK, M.D.
School of Medicine,
Yale University.

New Haven, Conn.



"I'm getting sick and tired of eating bread and honey!"

Formula for What?

A RECENT COMMENT on the British cinema, equally applicable to the American, deserves to be repeated in the context of your section on the "Anti-Formula Film" [*SR*, Dec. 28]: "What the British cinema needs is not new subjects but new ideas about direction."

Economic freedom and "mature" subjects are no assurances of artistry. Such atrocities as *On the Beach* and *The Victors* eloquently attest to the fact that no amount of autonomy can breed talent in men like Kramer and Foreman. It is they who make the true "formula films," the films that every critic in America will praise for their good intentions, their maturity, their "conscious shaking loose from big-studio values." It is to them that the decline of the American cinema, if there is one, can be attributed.

What the new generation of directors—which surely must exist somewhere in this land—should seek is a return to the methods of directors like Hawks, Hitchcock, Ford, Ray, and Fuller. These directors long ago achieved "the personal kind of expression more characteristic of such world-famed film-makers as Bergman, Kurosawa, Antonioni, and others."

Basically, the cinema is divided not into "formula" and "anti-formula" films, but into good films and bad films. It is unfortunate that *SR* has lent its pages to the propagation of a cause that has hitherto given us almost nothing but the latter.

GEOFFREY O'BRIEN.

New York, N.Y.

ALONG WITH the Christmas and New Year's holidays, I look forward at the year's end to *SR's* annual film section.

May I suggest that you make this a biannual report, with another group of articles in June or July perhaps?

Living a provincial existence, I appreciate the opportunity to know what's going on in the cinema world. Thank you for these fine reports.

K. N. BENGHAUSER.

Lincoln, Mich.

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The Talk Garden

ENID BAGNOLD's new comedy is called *The Chinese Prime Minister* because it states and restates the view that old age should be—as it once was for elder statesmen of ancient China—the best and most truly rewarding time of one's life. Miss Bagnold offers us both positive and negative demonstrations to prove her thesis.

A nonagenarian butler named Bent, mischievously played by Alan Webb, dies several times but keeps finding himself unable to resist the temptation of resurrection in order to savor a little more of what Shakespeare termed "mere oblivion." Right behind him in the sixth age of woman is a seventy-year-old actress whose preserved beauty, self-centered but not ungenerous temperament, and unquenchable adventurousness suggest a number of famous leading ladies, including Lynn Fontanne, Dame Edith Evans, and Dame Sibyl Thorndike. She is played, however, by a distinguished younger actress, Margaret Leighton, who projects age by adopting a certain puppetlike rigidity and abruptness of gesture. But at the same time she captures a bird-cage elegance, moving quickly from memory to memory, from decision to decision.

As beautifully as Miss Leighton performs her task, *The Chinese Prime Minister* seems a *mélange* of old memories, nominal decisions, and wise aphorisms. All of its characters are underwritten. These include the actress's financier ex-husband, played with a Shavian briskness by John Williams; a soft-hearted pugilist who pops in from nowhere; one intense, dour son with his beatnik, shoplifting wife; and a too-mothered other son, content to take care of his pretty wife despite her compulsion to make the most of her only talent by giving herself to any man who wants her. The son describes her, saying, "I am only the breath that makes the flute play, and I can only make the flute play for strangers."

These characters seem to challenge the conventional view that youth and sexual attractiveness are the pinnacle of life, after which everything is decline. This part of one's existence the play puts in a perspective often missed in real life because one holds the wrong sense of values. The growing pains of the young and the crises that ensue are, to older eyes, unworthy of intrusion upon an elegantly detached old age. And the aim of Miss Bagnold's play is not so much to sell her point of view as to express with constant wit and deep intuition her own joy at discovering the marvelous years after seventy.

She has achieved penetrating lines such as "It's dishonest to make friends with the next generation" and "You can't make me *feel* what you have *been*." Equally wise and entertaining is the elderly actress's rejoinder to the popular idea that women enjoy being grandmothers: "It isn't the grandmothers who say so." And the dialogue is delightfully wicked when, after remarking that every father wants a son who is not a carbon copy but a surprise packet, she quickly adds that this is "what Joseph must have felt at Jerusalem."

Yet *The Chinese Prime Minister* is a fragile and elliptical play full of verbal summations and observations. One suspects that it will not satisfy those theatregoers who demand constant dramatic involvement. If old age tends to consider dramatic conflict too unimportant to dwell on and prefers to give us the findings rather than the details of exploration, this very fact may restrict the play's audience to those sophisticated people who will ask no more than to enjoy the pleasure of Miss Bagnold's very special company.

NOT nearly so happy about old age was Tallulah Bankhead in Tennessee Williams's revised version of *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*. (After five performances, the play doesn't run here any more.) In an abstract Japanese setting, Miss Bankhead's Flora Goforth appeared more world-weary than tenacious; she came to life only when the actress could use her great talent for snapping off comic, ribald replies. Furthermore, the new version seemed less poetic and less colorful than the old.

Of the others in the new cast, Marian Seldes's Blackie was the most effective, even though her role has now been cut down. Ruth Ford gave us a more hard-boiled Vera Condotti, acting as a foil to the new, bitchy ripostes written for Miss Bankhead. Tab Hunter's inept portrayal of Chris had the effect of changing a worldly-wise angel of death into a callow job applicant.

The softened Mrs. Goforth, the more common Chris, and the artificial devices of abstraction reduced the dramatic force of the play. Where the original almost succeeded as a death struggle between a materialistic Western widow and a compassionate gigolo with an Eastern philosophy, the new edition emerged as a morality play in which a hustler brings God to an only too willing dying woman. It also includes a postscript in which Chris seems to predict the imminent death of the world not with a whimper but a "Boom!"

It is a good thing for our theatre to give a playwright a chance to revise a play and have it recast and restaged. And though the new combination of ingredients was ineffective, Mr. Williams ought not to give up his efforts to put *The Milk Train* on the right track.

—HENRY HEWES.

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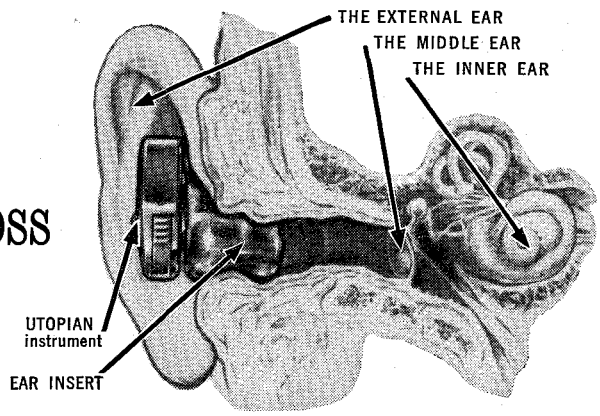
rob you of
Togetherness
with Family
and
Friends?



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The Making of a Documentary

THEODORE H. WHITE, author and journalist, is the Hemingway of political reporting. As Hemingway loved bull-fighting, White is an aficionado of American politics. He finds politics exciting and noble—an art form. The test of skill and the "gut-fighting" fascinate him. He sees a primary election as a "joust for political death." He sheds no tears for losers, and he relishes a contest in which "only one can win." That's the way he perceived the Kennedy-Nixon election, and that's the way he reported it in *The Making of the President 1960*, his vivid best-seller that won a Pulitzer Prize.

White's admiration for the late President, who also loved the clashing tumult of politics, is evident in the book. The author's esteem for Richard M. Nixon, another hard political fighter, is more moderate. White's brand of dramatic journalism accepted the terms of an American Presidential election without challenge—the unabashed pursuit of power, the appeal to instinct and emotion in the electorate, and the end justified by such means. Most of all, he was fascinated by the shifting of political power in a democracy.

The author should have been pleased with the ninety-minute television special that David L. Wolper fashioned from *The Making of the President 1960*, presented recently on the ABC television network. The program, produced and directed by Mel Stuart, closely followed the book; the rowdy, circus aspects of American politics came out even more sharply on film. Mr. White wrote the program's script himself; Martin Gabel narrated. The film clips and videotapes of the 1960 campaign were put together with an effectiveness that was invariably impressive.

Nearly an hour and a half of this kind of footage can be a little hard to take in one lump, even though the mounting rhythm of the election is skilfully exploited. But the program was a documentary at its best—carefully designed, sharply focused, and swiftly moving at all times. The momentary solemnity of the inauguration of President Kennedy at the end of the show was the only event I recall that suggested nobility in the entire political contest. Most of it was, in Mr. White's term, the "sex of politics," unredeemed by love. Placed in perspective, the spectacle of candidates for nomination denying that they actually were candidates before it was expedient to admit it was revealed for what it is: a ritual of double-talk.

Viewers who may not share Mr. White's admiration for the ethos of the Presidential election found other interesting elements in the story of the 1960 campaign: the crucial impact of wealth on the fate of candidates, the cold dealing with the big-city power brokers who control delegations, the posturing before voters, the manipulation of images, the swapping of quips at conventions in order to win big laughs and the impression of cleverness, the compromising of lightly held convictions to maintain party harmony, the empty slogans, and the absence of any attempt to debate real issues. The program deftly caught the degradation of the campaign as it "peaked" to a climax in which the two remaining candidates traded epithets and personal insults. All this we have sensed before in fragmentary fashion during elections; but here, for the first time, it could be seen whole.

Videotapes of the studio preparations that preceded the first of the "great debates" on television between Kennedy and Nixon were especially interesting. The atmosphere in the studio was clearly that of a prize fight: the referee (producer) instructing the champ and the challenger (the candidates); the seconds (advisers) milling around; and the "come out fighting" handshake. The impression of a boxing match was heightened by a narrator's reference to the gray suit worn unfortunately by Vice President Nixon: it didn't photograph as well as Senator Kennedy's black suit.

Television documentaries are usually made by shooting film first, either *ad hoc* or from an outline; then the show is shaped and edited, and the narrative is written last. This is a weakness of the system, often accounting for lack of unity. David L. Wolper was shrewd enough, in this case, to avail himself of a first-rate script already expertly designed and then to adhere to it without change. This was an intelligent turnabout for a producer who had made his reputation by building programs in the Hollywood film-first style. *The Making of the President 1960* should be shown often. Aficionados of gut-politics, like Mr. White, will find in it an affirmation of the virtues of our democracy. Other viewers may see it as a brilliant exposure of some of De Tocqueville's more gloomy predictions.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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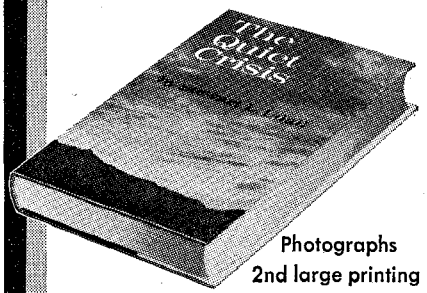

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A Bali H'ai, a Shangri-lo?

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was a young and impressionable sort, a man named Billy Butlin, conservatively described as a British billionaire, swept into the warm islands of the Americas and, not unlike an autumn hurricane, moved onward and upward into the Bahamas, blowing hard. He bought hotels in Bermuda and Nassau and eventually established, on a scrubby pine spit called Grand Bahama, a version of a resort that had made him rich, famous, and the everlasting butt of music-hall skits in London. Mr. Butlin's idea of a vacation was to have guests report to a holiday camp where counselors done up in red jackets would shepherd the masses through calisthenics and over the countryside in search of health and together*heid*.

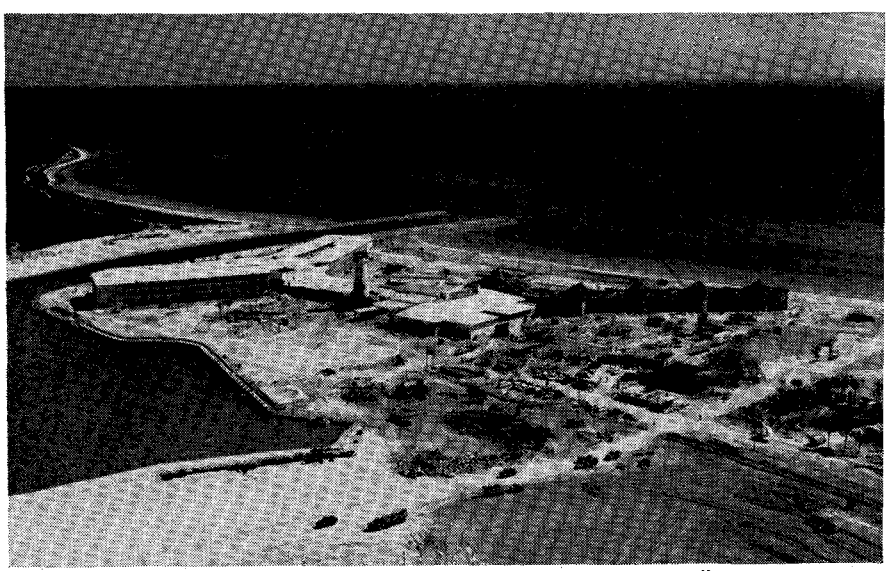
When I reported to his Bahamian edition of a British holiday camp, albeit as an observer from the press and not as an assembly-line vacationist, the redcoats were there, all right. So were a few other accoutrements. For one thing, Mr. Butlin had built a swimming pool more or less the size of Lake Erie. The guests were to be stored in barracks that were cast in molds by island laborers and then hung together. The furnishings were heavy and tweedy, as I remember them, and I recall thinking how well they would have looked in a drafty flat in Liverpool.

West End, on the island of Grand Bahama, was in fact only fifty-odd miles due east of Palm Beach, some 100 miles north of Nassau and ditto from Miami, and 4,668 miles from London. Almost any of those places seemed preferable to Americans who came to see Mr. Butlin's experiment; soon the redcoats went back to where they came from, and Mr. Butlin made the 4,668-mile trip back to London, chastened and less affluent. Grand Bahama, an island of scrub pine and who knows what else, went back to sleep.

Ten years after Butlin's experiment, a pair of Texas whirlwinds blew in. They were Ed C. Leach and a millionaire insurance executive named Charles A. Sammons, both of them doing business under the name of Jack Tar Hotels. They had fifteen hotels in the chain and $10,000,000 to spend on Butlin's preserve of 2,000 acres and nine miles of private beach. They put in twin landlocked marinas, a championship golf course, a trap and skeet range, a $50,000 bowling alley. If they couldn't build a Texas-size swimming pool—Butlin had already built it—at least they renovated his; they began calling it the largest pool in the Western Hemisphere. It might have been the largest in the Eastern, too, if it had not been for the Caspian Sea.

To make sure no guest died of thirst en route to the well, Jack Tar put in four bars. They also doubled the dining room, and, for those not keen on flying even the twenty-minute hop from Palm Beach, they brought in a 250-passenger, ocean-going packet steamer and set it to plying back and forth to Palm Beach three times a week. Grand Bahama Hotel and Country Club blossomed as a family and convention resort, the largest preserve of this kind in the Bahamas. "So near and yet so foreign," it liked to scrawl across its stationery.

But this year new money came to scrubby old Grand Bahama. This was Canadian money, and it rested in the pocket of one Louis Chesler. Thirty miles away, at Freeport, Mr. Chesler built a tidy little inn of his own. He called it Lucaya, after the early Indians of that name. He brought in architect Herbert Mathes, who had done airport hotels at Miami and Birmingham and an extension to the Fontainebleau at Miami Beach. But whatever the Lucayan Beach Hotel had when it emerged this winter (and it did have a lot), it had one thing no one else had for miles around: a real-life, legal as a beagle, hopefully honest-to-goodness gambling casino.



Lucayan Beach Hotel—"first of a promised Riviera."

NOW, it must recalled that gambling in the Bahamas had previously been limited to a rather raunchy setup in Nassau, where, in an effort to keep it all dignified if not downright grand, guests were required to put on dinner clothes in order to attend the wheel-spinning. As a carriage driver once told me, long ago, "You loses your money formal." How Mr. Chesler managed to crack the starchy colonial codes no one is willing to say. Sir Robert Stapledon, Governor of the Bahamas, issued a number of forthright warnings to the U.S. gambling world to stay in Las Vegas, or at least to stay out of the Bahamas. Elaborate rules were put in denying employment in the casino to any North American. The apprentice croupiers were hustled off to Europe to learn how to spin wheels and shake dice the refined way. "We don't anticipate any trouble," the Governor was quoted last summer by the Miami *Herald*. "We have made our little arrangements," he said. The Crown, which has as good a set of antennae as anyone, had heard reports that Sam (Mooney) Giancana had been apportioned the Grand Bahama territory by the underworld syndicate. It was also said that, the syndicate's vote notwithstanding, the territory had also seemed appealing to one Charley (The Blade) Tourine of Miami.

Those who had taken even a fleeting glance at the history of the Bahamas might well have expected some sort of loophole in the law. Pirates and buccaneers hid in its coves from the very earliest days after the Spaniards had arrived and forced the Lucayans into slave labor in Haitian gold mines. Bahamians have been flaunting legalities for a century and a half since then. Soon after the island was settled in 1806, the principal industry was wrecking: raising false signals at West End's famed "Witch's Light." Later, the island became a supply center for ships running the Union blockade of Southern ports. And, when that was over, the islands had to toil honestly until the U.S. passed the Volstead Act. West End then

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became a prosperous base for rum runners. From all this nefarious history Grand Bahama emerged briefly in this century on the side of public benefaction when it provided a reception center for the return of two astronauts, who floated into the sea on the Atlantic Missile Range.

Lucaya and its parent venture, Freeport (the over-all name of an emergent community), began with the Hawksbill Creek Act, passed by the Bahamas Legislature in 1955. The act granted a number of unique concessions to the Grand Bahama Port Authority. For one thing, the Authority was awarded 200 square miles in the heart of the island. For another, there were to be no taxes within this area for thirty years and, except for articles of personal consumption, no customs duties either. The companies brought in by the Authority were given the free right to import without duty all raw materials for assembly or manufacture and to bring in skilled labor from any point on the globe.

On its part, the Authority agreed to build a harbor and to encourage industrial and commercial ventures. U.S. Steel, Gulf Oil, and both British and Canadian banks saw opportunities. In 1959 Freeport's harbor and bunkering operation opened for business, servicing ships traveling between the New World and the Old, particularly those from U.S. Gulf ports and from Europe going through the Panama Canal. That year seventy-two ships visited the terminal, but the next year 818 ships called and took aboard 4,500,000 barrels of oil. By 1961 the callers numbered 1,210 ships, and oil sales were nearly half a billion gallons.

In 1960 the Crown awarded an increase in its original grant to the Port Authority, provided a 200-room resort hotel would be built. The next year a new company formed by Chesler put up $12,000,000; the Authority put up 102,000 acres restricted to residential and commercial recreational development. The Lucaya community was set aside with about 6,600 acres divided into 2,000 plots for home building, put on sale at $2,000 to $16,000 a lot. They run from a quarter to a half-acre each. Some are strung out along the water, Fort Lauderdale style; others, in the Bahamian Alp section, are on a ridge line forty-five feet high.

The Lucayan Beach Hotel, which opened New Year's Eve, occupies sixteen acres strung along 1,000 feet of beach. The ocean in front, a lagoon in back, and a channel alongside the hotel offer a marine view from every room in the house. A shopping center called Lucaya Landing has been laid out on a man-made atoll, with a bridge connecting to another floating plot fashioned as a marina with slips for 142. An aviation country club is planned close to the Lucayan Beach Hotel, and a 150-room boatel for those who come by yacht—they segregate the flyers and the mariners down here—is expected to be ready late this year. The Lucayan Country Club Golf Course engages Craig Wood as pro and boasts a thirty-foot change in elevation—a difference that in the Bahamas could send the locals off in search of oxygen tanks.

As for the hotel itself, it cost $6,000,000 and has 250 rooms, including a string of lanai suites set sawtooth fashion between the main house and the beach. There is a large nightclub with a revolving stage, a lobby that offers (ah, Miami!) an indoor tree growing up and an indoor waterfall falling down. No baggage is ever seen in the lobby, and a concierge functions as a sort of traveler's chaplain in the accepted European manner. Six roulette tables and six crap tables fill the large circular casino where no minors, no Bahamians, and no persons engaged in business in the Bahamas may join the play.

The Lucayan Beach is only the first of a promised Riviera full of hotels along the beach. Other Canadian interests are talking in terms of another beach hotel and golf course on 400 acres with 1,400 feet of beach; a 500-room Holiday Inn-type motel has been penciled in alongside the Lucayan.

For those who come to Lucaya on a winter holiday and stay to build ($17,000 buys a tax-free house and lot), there is a new supermarket, an Anglican church, a Village Inn, several apartment houses, a TV repair shop, a local press, a paint company, a clinic, and some fabulous homes inhabited by wealthy neighbors. Guerlain is bottling perfume on the island, West End has half a dozen tailors from Hong Kong in residence, and there are plans for an English boys' school to be modeled along the lines of Gordonstoun, where Prince Philip was educated and his son, Prince Charles, is currently enrolled. The proposed school is to be austere in character, the boys spending much of their time outdoors preparing themselves, no doubt, for a life on the beach.

All in all, Grand Bahama, eighty miles long and seven miles wide, and occupying 450 square miles (compared with the twenty-one square miles of Bermuda), would seem to have almost anything anyone could ask for—except perhaps a leafy maple. I do not take lightly the fact that there will be no capital gains or personal property taxes and no income or real estate taxes until 1990, and no excise taxes or customs duties, except on personal goods, until 2054. As they say down there in their quaint calypso twang, you should live so long. —Horace Sutton.

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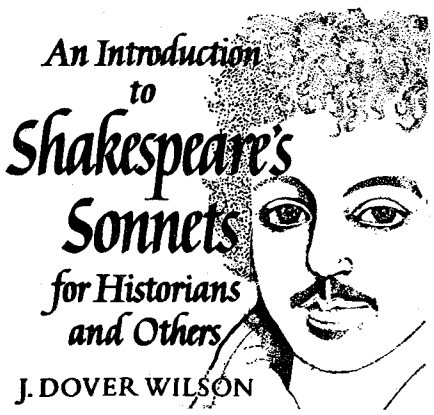

J. DOVER WILSON

Who was he, the subject of Shakespeare's Sonnets? A. L. Rowse is sure he was the Earl of Southampton. Here is the case for the Earl of Pembroke, presented by the doyen of Shakespearian scholars.

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Rashomon Goes Western

AKIRA KUROSAWA, often called the most Western of Oriental directors, has received a curious confirmation of this natural bent in the fact that, following the all-star *Magnificent Seven*, Hollywood has chosen to Americanize another of his films, the classic *Rashomon*, henceforth—after such previous titular attempts as *Rape* and *The Outrage*—to be known demurely as *Judgment in the Sun*. Significantly, both adaptations have been made into that most American of all film forms, the Western, without excessive strain or loss of credibility.

Recently, on location in Tucson, Arizona, to which MGM had dispatched the *Judgment* company in search of ample sun and suitable backgrounds, I asked director Martin Ritt why he was venturing a remake of a picture that critics the world over agreed was very nearly perfect as it stood. "I realize I can have my head bashed in," Ritt replied. "Particularly by critics who haven't seen the original for a dozen years or more—or who haven't seen it, period. That's a chance I've got to take.

"But *Rashomon* originally played here in the art houses only, and at a time when there were considerably fewer art houses than there are today. I'd be surprised if more than 100,000 people saw it in this country in its first release. But I thought then—and, obviously, I think so even more strongly now—that its question of the nature of truth could intrigue a much wider audience than any Japanese film could ever hope to reach. After all, in addition to the language barrier, how many Americans could possibly identify with a group of characters from ninth-century Japan?

"Then Michael Kanin, who had adapted the play, sent me his version of our present script. He had transplanted the action to the American Southwest in about 1870. The Japanese nobleman was now a ruined Southern aristocrat, headed West with his wife to begin a new life. The bandit had become a Mexican outlaw with a price on his head, wanted for other crimes even if they couldn't hang him for this particular rape and murder. For the ruined temple where the trial is discussed, he had substituted a railway station; and the men who talk over the trial together are a preacher, a prospector, and a con man, a cynic. Kanin had even found an equivalent for the medium who told the dead man's version of the attack—an old Indian who goes into a trance during the trial.

"I sent the script to Paul Newman, my partner, who liked it and wanted to try the part of Juan Carrasco, the outlaw. Then I got in touch with 20th Century-Fox, because I owe them a picture. They turned it down. It is, after all, a risky kind of picture. It deals with ideas, it has no hero as such, no love story. But finally, with Ronnie Lubin, we got MGM to back it to the tune of $3,000,000. And so here we are, spending Christmas in Tucson."

Christmas is not all that the company spent in Tucson. In their two weeks of location shooting in the Sahuaro National Monument, with its eye-

filling towering cacti, and at the privately owned Rancho Romero, an impressive spread about sixteen miles north of Tucson, a company representative estimates that MGM left behind roughly a quarter of a million dollars—exclusive of sums contributed out of their own pockets by MGM personnel for meals, souvenirs, and sundries. Supplementing the hundred or so stars, technicians, artisans, and truck drivers sent out by the studio were another hundred or so locally hired extras, drivers, carpenters, cooks, and electricians—all needed to transform and populate an expanse of semi-desert into a living, sun-washed Western community.

Ritt, a heavy-set, compact man with the build—and occasionally the roar—of a truck driver, admitted that, for all its many inconveniences, he enjoys and prefers location work. Prowling through brush and loose stones in the icy chill of pre-dawn on the desert, searching out a camera setup to be used hours later when the sun was full up (and the temperature with it), he paused to fling out an arm at the distant, encircling hills. "Look," he exclaimed. "Could you ever get anything like that in a studio?" He turned to tiny, white-haired James Wong Howe, the veteran cameraman who had worked with him on *Hud*. "When do you think we ought to shoot it?" he asked.

Howe scanned a pink-tipped mountain, just barely tinged by the sun's first rays, then glanced at the stony entrance to a mine shaft where the scene was to

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be filmed. "It's a ten o'clock shot," he answered positively, then gave his crew orders to move in a mammoth camera crane before hurrying back to prepare some town shots in the interim. As Ritt turned to follow, he looked once more at the craggy horizon. "I just wish we could shoot this entire picture on location," he said. "It may be a little inaccessible for the cameras, a place like this—but it sure keeps studio executives out of your hair."

AND that, for the moment, was the film news from Tucson. Elsewhere, the screens were already ablaze with some instructive examples of movie art and artifice, which it is my duty to report on as follows:

Granting that it would be rather difficult to reproduce on the screen the greater part of Irving Wallace's sex-oriented study of a peculiarly libidinous group of Nobel winners, *The Prize*, still the scenario that Ernest Lehman has improvised on Wallace's theme is such a *mélange* of claptrap melodrama and purply passion that the film could better be titled *Dr. No in Stockholm*.

Arriving in Sweden to receive his award, hard-drinking, non-writing author Paul Newman is promptly embroiled in the suspected disappearance of refugee scientist Edward G. Robinson. Another, pro-Soviet Edward G. Robinson has been substituted for the original by a swarm of Russian agents. Because Newman is known to have a vivid imagination and an acute drinking problem, he has no success in convincing the authorities that anything is seriously amiss—which means, in the great tradition of mystery melodramatics, he must solve the crime himself.

Substantial enough as a point of departure for a straight adventure yarn, it soon strains both patience and credulity as the script involves other international prize-winners in the shadowy proceedings. Biochemist Micheline Presle, turned blonde for the occasion, uses Newman to excite the jealousy of her husband and co-award winner, Gerard Oury. Two doctors, Kevin McCarthy and Sergio Fantoni, reluctantly sharing the same award for their independent research in heart surgery, eventually earn each other's mutual respect by restoring the real Edward G. Robinson to life. (And the hard blinking of the eyes by which their respect is conveyed to the audience must itself get some kind of award for overt subtlety.) Subplots abound, and all of them do more to hobble than help the central story.

The central story needs all the help it can get. Delayed by the prolonged introduction of perhaps half a dozen irrelevant prize-winners, supplemented by perhaps half a dozen more impassive, unidentified onlookers who eventually turn out to be Russian agents, the action is clouded from the very start. It breaks into the clear for some fairly exciting chase sequences in which Newman is shoved off a tall building, trapped in a nudist meeting, and hunted through the hold of a scabrous Russian ship. (Director Mark Robson has not forgotten completely his apprenticeship on the Val Lewton thrillers.) But then come the explanations and reconciliations: complicated, confusing, and unlikely. All could have been solved so simply, it would seem, if at the climactic presentation ceremonies someone had only thought to ask, "Will the real Edward G. Robinson please stand up?"

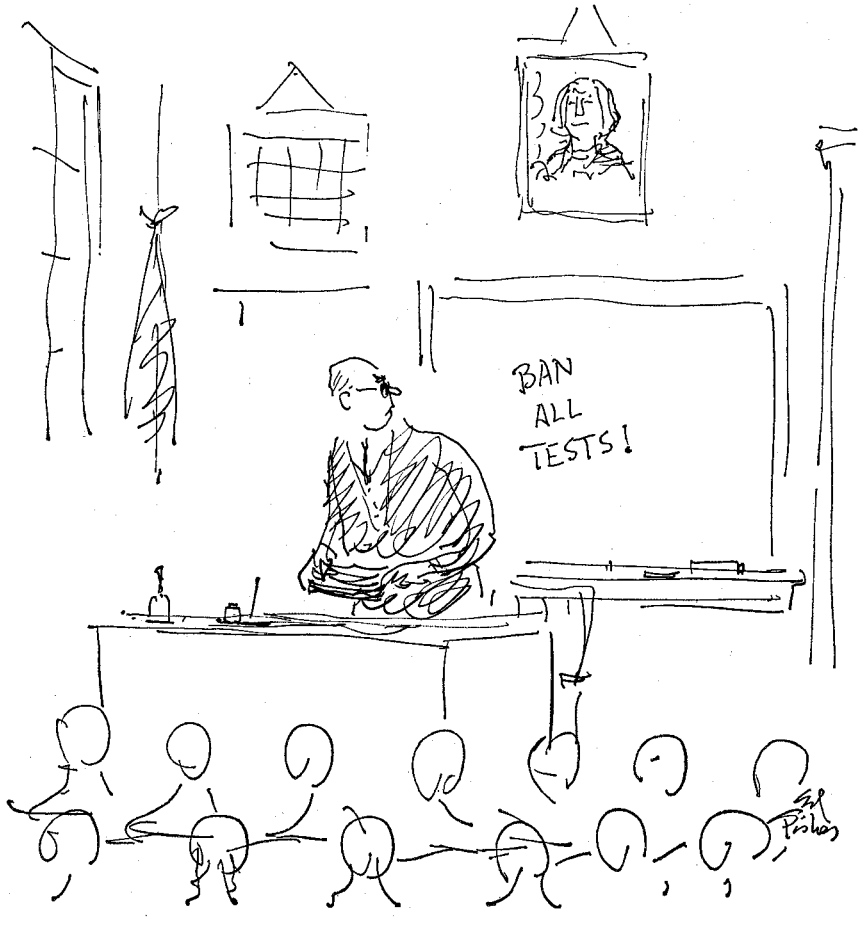
Actually at fault in *The Prize* is a confusion of purposes. Neither the writer nor the director was quite certain whether he was serving his hokum straight or for laughs, or how strong was his commitment to Wallace's novel. Veering abruptly from plane to plane, they lost the novel, diluted the excitement, and will probably be getting laughs where least expected.

THE confusion of Laurence Harvey's *The Ceremony* goes deeper. Ultimately it is more shattering because Harvey obviously intended and wanted more from his picture than anyone connected with *The Prize*. The "ceremony" referred to is a ritual death, a retributive death demanded by the state in the name of law and order. The film concentrates on the last hours of the condemned man (played by Harvey, who also produced and directed). At first resigned to death, he is induced to escape, resolves to live for himself alone, and finally—in a deliberately Christlike gesture—gives himself up when he learns that his brother is to be executed in his place. Harvey prizes humanity above law, people over processes.

All well and good; but in styling his film, Harvey wavers continually between the real and the symbol, between people who are flesh and blood and people who "mean something," between the blacks and whites that would clarify his special language and the shades of gray that signify characters in motion. Curiously, the film succeeds best in its moments of sheer, horrifying brutality and least when it is expounding its central message of the interdependence of men.

And finally, in *Kings of the Sun* we have the kind of vast, aggressively stupid spectacle that Hollywood's spokesmen keep assuring us they don't make any more. Eschewing W. H. Prescott (historian of Mexico), it shows that Mexico's tragedy was the father-son rivalry of Yul Brynner and George Chakiris. But as my collaborator on these columns, Hollis Alpert, so justly observed, at least it *does* take a strong, progressive position against the use of human sacrifices in organized religion.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Avant-Garde, Rear Echelon—Bumbry—Opera

LEONARD BERNSTEIN in nearly all his variety—"all" would have been too much—returned to the Philharmonic at the beginning of the new year as a kind of token that all was well with his particular part of the musical world (even though "his" orchestra had been getting along without him for all the time since October 20). He conducted and he talked, he interpreted—verbally as well as physically—the material of a musical sandwich that surrounded an inner, crunchy, fowardlooking filler with a leavening of Beethoven (Symphony No. 2) and three pieces of the French violin literature in which Zino Francescatti was the soloist, all in the name of a survey of "avant-garde" music.

At the end of such an exhausting series of metaphysical quick changes, one was disposed to be as understanding of Bernstein as of any other prophet who endeavors to be all things to all men. For the conservative in mind, there was a pulsating but rather rough-shod performance of the Beethoven Second Symphony; for those who count an evening in a concert hall lost without a portion of virtuoso acrobatics, there were Francescatti's assured performances of Saint-Saëns (Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso), Chausson (*Poème*), and Ravel (*Tzigane*); as balm to the intellectual ego, there were premieres of pieces representative of "New Orchestral Sounds," as the program had it, by the Greek Yannis Xenakis and the Hungarian Gyorgy Ligeti. (The evening began with a memorial tribute to Paul Hindemith, from his *Mathis der Maler.*)

Rather than letting these "New Orchestral Sounds" speak for themselves—as they were well capable of doing, and have, under different names, in the not too distant past in programs of Dimitri Mitropoulos and others—Bernstein was impelled to preface them with a fifteen-minute discourse that was witty, informative, and not without frank bias ("There are still some reactionaries hanging around, like myself, clinging arduously to the old beloved F majors and modulatory harmonies"). The wit was pointed, the talk informative, the bias refreshing; but with all the sophistication there was more than a little sophistry, centering on the pieces which he chose to begin his month-long survey.

For all its division into forty-six individual string parts—plus wood block, xylophone, and low register trombones—Yannis Xenakis's *Pithoprakta* did not sound any more adventurous, in its exploitation of mathematical formulae, than did Boris Blacher's *Ornaments,* which the Philharmonic played nearly a decade ago under Mitropoulos. Its players plopped out pizzicatti, rapped away on the back of the instruments, whistled harmonics, and otherwise agitated the air in a manner apprehended by Mahler, Schönberg, and Webern, but not deemed by them sufficient to support a piece of such length. Undoubtedly it was as hard to play as Bernstein suggested—"No human conductor is capable of hearing all these different notes. . . . Every member of the orchestra is on the honor system"—but the result, honorable as it was, hardly seemed worth the effort.

Ligeti's *Atmosphères* was both a shorter and a more imaginative piece. Clearly derived from the examples of Edgard Varèse, it utilizes the orchestra simply as a source of air-in-motion, producing layers of vibration in which common concepts of themes, tonalities, form have no part. Could one imagine all the sounds of Debussy's *La Mer* arranged *en bloc* and exposed from page to page without intermediary links or transitions, it might sound like this—ear-tickling, surprising, evanescent, but without subject or predicate, in a common sense of musical grammar.

For all of Bernstein's entertaining monologue—his television Young People's approach upgraded slightly to a sub-adult level—the substance of this exposition, if it related to the musical avant-garde at all, was definitely rear echelon. The spoken regret for the omission of the German Stockhausen and the American Schuller from the series merely emphasized the willingness of Bernstein to barter purpose for convenience while letting the word take the place of the deed. Here as in so much else, the failure of Bernstein was not so much in his impulse as in its compromise with any possible objection—save from those unavailing cross-patches, the critics.

In the year or so since her last recital in Carnegie Hall, Grace Bumbry has either been singing too much, or too much of what is not right for her voice. Or, for a third possibility, perhaps it was a program that required her to follow a sequence of Durante (*Vergin, tutto amor*), Handel ("Lascia ch'io Pianga" from *Rinaldo*) and Allessandro Scarlatti (*Già il sole del Gange*) with a Schubert group that offered *Die Forelle, Ave Maria, Gretchen am Spinnrade,* and *Dem Unendlichen* in sequence, which left her sound bereft of vocal character and mostly unpleasant to hear. When she was challenged to sustain a legato as in *Ave Maria* or "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix" from Saint-Saëns's *Samson,* Miss Bumbry did well enough, but there was much that was quavery in *Gretchen am Spinnrade,* vocally unsupported in *Dem Unendlichen,* and wide of the tonal mark in Handel. Until Miss Bumbry has her equipment more securely in hand, comment on interpretation would be superfluous. Franz Rupp was the pianist.

In replacement for a performance of *Lucia,* which vanished from the Metropolitan schedule when the opera was withdrawn from the repertory, Joan Sutherland offered as diverse an evening of singing as even a benefit audience (for the West Side Synagogue) could ask. Miss Sutherland performed the Mad Scene in company with Richard Tucker, preceded by the first act of *Traviata* (Sándor Kónya was the tenor) and followed by Act III of *Sonnambula* (with Nicolai Gedda and Giorgio Tozzi). It was all on a level of virtuosity accessible these days to Miss Sutherland only.

The most recent *Magic Flute* might be passed by in silence were it not for some cast changes that provided Leontyne Price as Pamina, John Alexander as Tamino, and David Ward in his debut as Sarastro. The last of these was easily the most consequential, not only for his service to this particular part but also for the promise the English artist gave for things to come. When he had adjusted himself to his surroundings, Ward demonstrated not merely a sonorous voice with a secure cushion on the low F required for "O Isis and Osiris," but also the authority and musicianship to make the sounds meaningful. As an exhilarating plus, he spoke the English text as well as he sang the notes, which is to say, better than anyone else in the cast.

Miss Price's Pamina was typically musical, conscientiously artistic, but it is a part that requires her to play down her dramatic impulse and to this extent is against her nature. She made a successful adjustment, though the impression persists that getting her voice to do what she wants it to do is more of a problem for Miss Price this season than at some times past. John Alexander as Tamino (like William Walker, whose Papageno was his second) has adaptable materials from which a performance of quality could be molded, but it must wait upon a conductor who is more of a molder than Silvio Varviso.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Realism Versus Romance

IN HIS foreword to *The Sense of Life in the Modern Novel* (Houghton Mifflin, $5) Arthur Mizener speaks of his "conviction that our ideas about the novel are confused and contradictory." I am afraid that at the end of his study the contradictions have been multiplied and the confusion made blacker, although along the way he offers many suggestive comments on a variety of writers. I approve of his method, which is to discuss particular novelists and particular novels, but I am bothered by his generalizations.

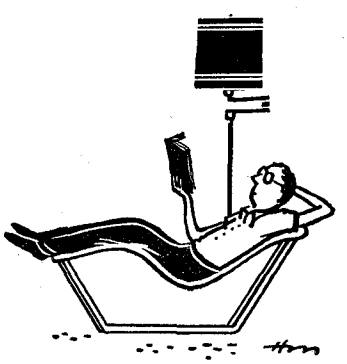
He begins with Anthony Trollope's series of Paliser novels, for which he has great admiration and about which he writes with fine enthusiasm. I have not read any of these novels, and Mizener makes me want to. From what I have read of Trollope, however, I feel that he achieved his excellence in part because of the narrowness of his range, and that this has to be acknowledged. Mizener does acknowledge it, but then he suddenly shifts his ground: Trollope gains, he says, because he makes no doctrinal commitment. The observation is irrelevant: the issue is awareness, not doctrine.

This bit of fast footwork leads Mizener into a discussion of "The Novel of Doctrine in the Nineteenth Century." Dogma, of course, both theological and political, has spoiled many novels; but Mizener chooses a strange example, Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*: what is wrong with the book, as he sees it, is Hardy's commitment to meliorism. But Hardy was a meliorist of the most half-hearted sort; he never argued that things were bound to get better, merely that if we worked hard and were lucky they might. One may feel, as indeed I do, that Hardy's sense of life was often faulty, but that has, in his case, nothing to do with doctrine.

Coming to the present, Mizener makes an extraordinary statement: "It is not easy to find twentieth-century novelists with imaginations so fine that they have never been frustrated like Hardy's with a doctrinal commitment. Perhaps the best examples are James Gould Cozzens in America and Anthony Powell in England." Mizener writes briefly but interestingly about Cozzens and at length and extremely well about Powell. I like both writers, and I have several times expressed in this column my belief that the latter does what he tries to do with great success. But Mizener seems to be saying that Cozzens and Powell have the finest imaginations of contemporary writers, which is ridiculous.

Like Richard Chase and other critics, Mizener believes that much of the important fiction written in America has been what he calls "metaphysical romance" rather than realism. He praises highly some of the romancers—Hawthorne and Melville, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald—but he is never wholly at ease with their work. Instead, however, of dealing squarely with the issue of realism *versus* romance, he raises a new issue: the conflict between the private world of the author and the public world in which he and his characters have their being. He sums up:

> The problem posed for novelists in the twentieth century is, then, the same problem that was posed for Wells and Conrad and James, the problem of how to absorb into the felt, personal awareness out of which genuine fiction comes the huge, impersonal world that otherwise exists for us only as journalism or social history. Yet the efforts of most talented writers of our time have gone into expressing the intense, personal appreciation of experience or the collective social apprehension of it. They have seldom been successfully devoted to combining the two.



This strikes me as the flattest sort of commonplace. Probably there have not been many periods since the beginning of civilization when the private view and the public view have coincided, and the problem has grown worse and worse with the acceleration of technological change. When Mizener speaks of "a reasonably satisfactory solution to this problem," I don't know what he

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can be thinking of. My guess is that John Dos Passos was the last novelist of any stature to devote himself to "the collective social apprehension" of experience, and Dos Passos, though more effective than Mizener is willing to grant, had, even at his best, distressing shortcomings. From now on, for a long time to come, the world of public affairs will be left to the Allen Drurys and the Eugene Burdicks.

Mizener, however, goes on to worry the question through a series of chapters on American heroes. He begins, for example, with Faulkner's Gavin Stevens as "The American Hero as Gentleman," and, for the purpose of understanding and appreciating Faulkner, I cannot imagine a poorer choice. He is better on Monroe Stahr, central character of Fitzgerald's unfinished novel *The Last Tycoon*, for obviously he finds Fitzgerald more congenial than Faulkner. On Hemingway's heroes he is substantially just though not exactly original. He describes Salinger's stories of the Glass family with precision, but he is tripped up by his imprecise conception of the community. Finally, though I share some of his doubts about Updike's use of mythology in *The Centaur*, I question his diagnosis of Updike's failure.

MIZENER concludes by discussing Allen Tate's *The Fathers*, a novel that I do not know. Even, however, if the novel is all that Mizener claims it to be, I am skeptical of his generalizations. If, he says, Tate "has the American sense that the meaning of a novel, like the meaning of life itself, transcends the 'literal level of meaning' immediately implied by the realistic novel's image of life, he also knows that the best means the novelist has for embodying that meaning and giving it life is the realistic novel's conventionalized representation of nature." The slippery word there is "conventionalized": after all, Mizener has said that "Shakespeare's plays are, within the limits of the established theatrical conventions of their day, above all realistic depiction of people and events." By that standard it is hard to know what couldn't be called realistic. But it would seem that Mizener, with his fondness for Trollope and Powell and for certain elements in Fitzgerald and Salinger, really has in mind something not far from "the literal level of meaning." His scheme has little place for the wildness of Melville and Faulkner, for the allegorical elements in Hawthorne and Malamud, for the calculated distortions of Nathanael West and John Hawkes, and for much else that is important to our literature. I, too, have an appreciation of realism, but Mizener's devotion shuts out too much else.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FICTION

A Candle for Melancholy

***Castle Corner**, by Joyce Cary (Harper & Row. 424 pp. $4.95), an early work of the author, seeks a universal pattern of meaning in human possibilities. Irving H. Buchen is assistant professor of English at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

By IRVING H. BUCHEN

JOYCE CARY is a master of vital despair. It is true that his world appears poised for imprisonment and in it heroism is ultimately an accident, individuality a cultivated illusion, and heaven an embarrassing metaphor. And yet, it is equally true that his vitality, equilibrium, and art mediate the darkness and impart a redemptive luminosity to his melancholy. Although this special brand of bright tragedy characterizes all of Cary's works, it perhaps makes its first extensive appearance in this early novel, just reissued here.

Castle Corner was initially published in 1938. It was to have been the first part of an ambitious trilogy that would chronologically cover the period from 1880 to 1935, genealogically trace three generations of the Corner clan, and geographically range from Ireland to England to Africa. But, because of its poor critical reception, Cary decided not to publish the two subsequent volumes (*Over the Top* and *Green Jerusalem*, now housed in the valuable James Osborn Collection in the Bodleian Library).

Although the early criticism of *Castle Corner*'s sprawling character is just, the critics failed to comprehend Cary's faults in terms of the magnitude of his undertaking. In *Castle Corner* he set out to write nothing less than the Anglo-Irish version of *War and Peace*. What he sought to discover and to present in his cross-section of human possibilities was a universal pattern of meaning that would embrace almost limitless diversity. Existence *per se* yielded no such order. As Cary noted later, "Life, as it occurs, has no meaning. It is too full of chance, too stupid. We give it meaning by choosing from it what we call significant patterns."

And what patterns emerge from *Castle Corner*? At least three, all of which are intimations of mortality. First, we are prisoners of our own uniqueness:

—*Mark Gerson.*

Joyce Cary "special brand of bright tragedy."

"We are alone in our own worlds. We can sympathize with each other, but we can never completely understand each other. We are not only different, we don't know how far the difference goes."

Second, all politics is merely the externalization of private psychological problems into larger public forms. Thus the fundamental apartness between man and man appears in the gulfs between generations, between political parties, between the haves and have nots, and between countries. One of the central insights of the novel emerges in the ease with which Cary shifts his scene from Ireland to Africa, made possible by the fact that the barbaric relationships between the Corner lords and their Irish tenant farmers were exported intact.

Third, there is a tragic ratio between success and suffering. Life being richly endowed with pain, he whose desire for life is keenest fulfills himself by expanding his agony. In short, man's ideals, especially the simultaneous desire for freedom and peace, are in the final analysis incompatible.

Such a catalogue of griefs hardly seems uplifting, and yet the final impression of the novel is neither wretched nor blasphemous. Indeed, Cary's reverence for life and art is so immense and stirring that, though the sting remains, the poison fails to numb. And, because such judiciously balanced despair has the ring of truth, we accept it as coming straight from the horse's mouth.

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In Hope of Understanding Horror

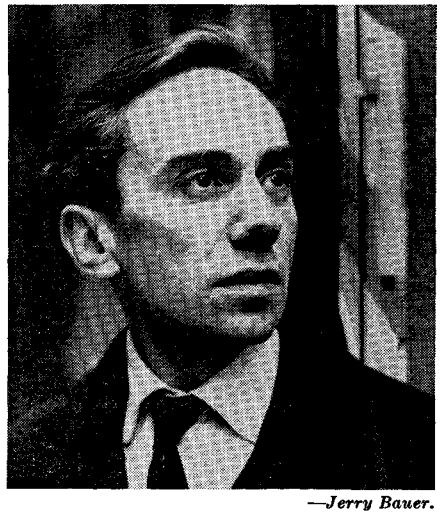
***Blood from the Sky,** by Piotr Rawicz, translated from the French by Peter Wiles (Harcourt, Brace & World. 316 pp. $4.95), uses the sufferings of victims of the Nazis as an emblem of horror at human existence in general. Robert L. Stillwell teaches English at Ohio State University.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

WITH *Blood from the Sky* there is at hand yet another fictionalized attempt to thresh meaning, and perhaps a kind of terrible salvation, out of the Nazi extermination of Eastern Europe's Jews. Piotr Rawicz is a Ukrainian-born journalist and poet, now living and working in France, who himself survived the savageries of Auschwitz and other death camps; and grim strains of autobiography run through a good many pages in this, his first novel. However, Rawicz's largest theme—for which, ultimately, the sufferings of his Jewish victims become only a collective emblem—seems to be a nausea at the verminous horror of human existence in general. All his characters, the persecuted as well as their persecutors, are in some way diseased and monstrous, strangled by what his narrator calls "the filthy intestines of the universe."

At the core of the story is a strange, tormented wraith of a man, identified only as "Boris," who writes manuscripts and pursues interminable monologues in hopes of understanding the jumbled, nightmare fragments of his previous life. Sensitive and cultured, but poisoned now by misery and deracination, Boris is made to reconstruct the slow massacre of his periods of flight and hiding, accompanied by the girl he loves (or tries to love); his inevitable capture by the Germans, and the existential dark night of his months in prison, which culminate in the protracted degradation and absurdity through which he is finally adjudged an "Aryan" and set free.

The burden of the novel is one of unrelieved sadism and ferocity. Nazi soldiers gouge out the eyes of children with penknives and bury corpses so that the heads protrude from the ground like frightful cabbages. Yet Boris's fellow Jews emerge as only a little less twisted and bestial. There is David G., for instance—an appallingly psychotic



—*Jerry Bauer.*
Piotr Rawicz—"a kind of terrible salvation."

eighteen-year-old who stokes the furnaces at a doomed hospital and keeps a voluminous diary, excerpts from which form some of the most ghastly passages in the entire book.

By the time of his release from prison (which is not, of course, a release from the searing obsessions of his memories), Boris has seen hell. He has become, as he puts it, a "witness." The question that his witnessing causes him to ask, again and again, is the hagridden question beyond which there are no others: Does survival, does life itself, really matter? And his answer, although not necessarily the answer of Rawicz, would appear to be that it does not—a verdict that our age has embraced with unprecedented fervor.

Less massive than *The Wall*, not so sweeping as *The Last of the Just*, Rawicz's novel possesses a certain roughly carpentered strength of its own. Nevertheless, despite its admiring reception among French critics—and despite its considerable force as a human document—I do not believe that *Blood from the Sky* entirely succeeds in comprehending its traumatic anguish through the power and compassion of literary art. The figure of Boris has been rendered with too many clichés of alienation, of outsider-ism, of the self-consciously absurd, while most of the minor characters triumphantly resist their creator's every effort to kindle them into piercing reality.

One can only hope that Rawicz will yet achieve the truly apocalyptic work of fiction that, for all his pains, he has fallen short of producing here.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE STARS AND BARS: LITERARY SIDE

Since a literary career in the Old South was part of a leisurely way of life rather than something to be pursued with professional zeal, the names few ante-bellum writers, Poe excepted, are familiar today. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, presents the following Confederate worthies and challenges you to identify them. Answers on page 33.

1. An officer on Jeb Stuart's staff, the Old South's leading novelist (*Surry of Eagle's Nest*) carried on the tradition of Walter Scott in romantically painting "the Virginia phase of American society."
2. "Poet-laureate of the Confederacy" (in whose army he served as a private), this young writer ("Magnolia Cemetery Ode") and newspaperman (Columbia's *South Carolinian*) survived the Confederacy by only two years.
3. Only son of a United States President, brother-in-law to Jefferson Davis, Yale graduate, and brigadier general, C.S.A. (war memoirs: *Destruction and Reconstruction*), this Mississippian was described by Douglas Southall Freeman as "the one Confederate general who possessed literary art that approached first rank."
4. Authoress of the most popular novel written by a Confederate (*Macaria*), this Alabama woman published in 1866 the most popular book—(barring *Uncle Tom's Cabin*)—published in America up to that time (*St. Elmo*).
5. Native of Georgia, Yale graduate, and president successively of Emory College, Centenary College, and the Universities of Mississippi and South Carolina, this jurist contributed to local newspapers many "humorous sketches," later collected and published as *Georgia Scenes*, highly praised, among others, by Poe.
6. Charleston novelist and highly chauvinistic editor, the "Southern Cooper" turned out many frontier romances dealing with Revolutionary War times in his native state (*The Yemassee*).

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Best of All Possible Monarchies

***Henry of Navarre: The King Who Dared,** by Hesketh Pearson (Harper & Row. 249 pp. $5), portrays a colorful sixteenth-century monarch who "would be accepted today as an intelligent contemporary." Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University, is currently a fellow of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences.*

By LEO GERSHOY

HENRY OF NAVARRE, the glamorous Henri IV of France, has never lacked for admirers among his many biographers; and Hesketh Pearson, the latest in a long line, yields to none of his predecessors. Indeed, as the preface states and the vivid story of Navarre's life is elaborated in full detail, "with the single exception of his grandson, Charles II of England, he was the only monarch in history who had a thoroughly civilized outlook, who would be accepted today as an intelligent contemporary."

Far ahead of his time, Henry was "the rarest of mortals," benevolent and gentle, without a streak of the fanatic in him, gay, courageous, witty, sensitive, humane—and also diligent, realistic, and rational, a great leader of men who always worked for the benefit of his people. True, his sensuality, from which he prayed the Lord to deliver him, clouded his judgment and dulled his mental alertness; but there was no petticoat rule in his day, no inamorata to wrest the making of decisions from his hands.

After performing prodigies of valor, patience, and heroism in the field, his plume flying in the wind, he turned to the tasks of peace. With his own wisdom and the efficiency of his dour, honest, and ever loyal Baron of Rosny (better known under his later title of Duke of Sully), Henry ended the shambles that forty years of horror during the interminable civil and religious wars had made of France. Indeed, we are told, by 1605, seven years after he brought the war against Spain to a victorious close and negotiated the magnanimous Edict of Nantes which ended the religious strife, the miracle of salvage had been largely accomplished. State debts were mostly paid off; peasants no longer groaned; the poorest

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Henri IV—"the rarest of mortals."

tradesmen rejoiced in their profits; the nobles were busy cultivating their estates; the embezzlements of financiers were suppressed, the kingdom tranquil, the king's authority supreme, the country affluent. And in his foreign policy, too, Henry looked ahead, developing his famous "Great Design" to organize Europe in a kind of League of Nations confederation in order to check the aggression of the Austrian Habsburgs (who sought to dominate the Continent), gain freedom for the member states, and keep the peace of the civilized world.

Perhaps various "dull historians," to whom the author pays his respects in passing, may cavil a bit. They may wish for a little more shading of the emphatic story, a little less personalizing of historical developments, a little more, too, on institutions and impersonal forces, and some more convincing evidence than Mr. Pearson presents for his sweeping conclusions.

Perhaps, also, even the most ardent *aficionados* of the episodic and the anecdotal may bog down in the rich profusion of Henry's campaigns on the field and in the boudoir, in the seemingly endless intrigues, plots, and murders with which Mr. Pearson regales his readers. But it is only right to say that he had no intention of writing a life-and-times biography or of engaging in learned disputation over moot points of fact and interpretation. Within his self-imposed limitations, Mr. Pearson has given us an exuberant, entertaining, full-bodied, and often witty account of a fabulous career that will doubtless hold fascination for many generations of readers to come.

Politics as Pursuit of Happiness

***The Party of Humanity: Essays in the French Enlightenment,** by Peter Gay (Knopf. 290 pp. $6.95), conjures up an age concerned with devising means for people to live together happily. Henri Peyre's books include "Literature and Sincerity."*

By HENRI PEYRE

IF THE publication, within a few years, of a number of significant books by widely different authors on a certain era of the past may reflect, or initiate, a convergence of interest in that age, no period is closer to us today than the Age of Enlightenment, particularly in its French representatives. There appears by contrast to be something timid and insular, even spinsterish, about many a British figure of the time: Walpole, Sterne, Beckford, even Gibbon and Hume. But Diderot is at present the French writer most avidly studied by American scholars. Rousseau has, in the last two decades, been the subject of a score of important volumes, all of them aglow with sympathy and admiration. Harold Nicolson three years ago wrote with contagious zest on *The Age of Reason.* In this country, Lester Crocker gave a remarkable synthesis of the philosophical and ethical thought of that *Age of Crisis,* matched only by the great work of Ernst Cassirer on *The Philosophy of the Enlightenment.*

Peter Gay, the Columbia University historian, came as a young man from Germany to the United States. He writes English with brilliance and with the same sensuous as well as intellectual pleasure in the deft handling of words that has marked the style of the late Albert Guérard, of Jacques Barzun, and of Frances Winwar. History, for him, is literature; the writing of it is an art. But history is also close to political thought when it conjures up an age which, from Locke and Mon-

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tesquieu to Rousseau and the Revolution, was haunted by politics as the science or the art of devising means for human beings to live together in society with tolerant happiness. Gay has already published books on *Voltaire's Politics* and on *The Dilemma of Democratic Socialism*. The range of his knowledge, which extends to religion, philosophy, and sociology, is vast. He bears it with gleeful ease and is not afraid to be controversial. History with him, as with other moderns, loses nothing for being written with anger and passion, *cum ira et studio*. Like Voltaire when he indicted Pascal's "sublime misanthropy" and the throwing of a curse upon this vale of tears, Peter Gay sides with "the party of humanity."

The unity of the volume is the informing point of view of a modern who, intelligently skeptical, blessed with the gift of irony that is more valuable, because more courageous, than the overpraised and often too evasive sense of humor dear to Anglo-Saxons, turns nostalgically toward an age that deemed it possible to defeat fanaticism. The diversity of the fare offered is, however, more striking than its continuity. Nine separate essays, published previously elsewhere, are grouped under three headings: "Voltaire," "Toward Synthesis," and "Unfinished Business." A brief introduction attempts to join the pieces and to define the present position of the author. Some of the chapters, notably in the third section, read more like polemical addresses delivered at a meeting of historians, or like extensive review-articles, than like solidly integrated parts of a whole.

One of them is a refutation of a work that has been too long overpraised: Carl Becker's *Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers*. The Age of Enlightenment certainly shows far fewer similarities to the century of Thomas Aquinas than Carl Becker had paradoxically contended. Gay concludes that Becker's critique of the eighteenth-century thinkers, like Samuel Johnson's critique of Shakespeare as viewed by Lytton Strachey, had every virtue save one: the virtue of being right.

The survey of recent works on Rousseau is well informed and discerning, but not altogether fair to *La Nouvelle Héloïse* with its acute analysis of love. Gay chides Rousseau's characters for being sincere with each other but dishonest with themselves.

The Columbia historian is more at home with Voltaire, and more lenient than most Voltairians to Voltaire's political ideas, whose coherency is dubious. The universal scoffer failed through petty jealousy to acknowledge the greatness of Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws* and Rousseau's peremptory and passionate logic. He also lacked the courage to perceive the timorousness of the deists, who dared not espouse atheism and would not propose an ethic without God nobler than that practiced by many a Christian. Gay is excellent on the *Philosophical Dictionary*, that great book in which, far from proving shallow as his enemies have often hinted, Voltaire launched far-reaching views on anthropology, exegesis, history; his entertaining and earnest work was, in Gay's terms, "the most savage rubbish-clearer of the age." Renan, a century later, scornfully spoke of Voltaire as though he had been incapable of understanding the source of religious feelings; and Baudelaire, deserting Paris for Brussels, jotted down in his notebooks that he was bored by France because everyone there resembled Voltaire. But Voltaire's impact was immense and far-reaching on Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Hugo, Michelet; some of his casual remarks on Emperor Julian and Jephtah inspired De Vigny.

Peter Gay stands on more slippery ground when, in his third chapter, he attempts to exonerate Voltaire from the charge of anti-Semitism. The Enlightenment, he asserts, "converted the Jew from a victim into a problem." Voltaire's quips against the Old Testament and the myth of the chosen people obviously served as a weapon against Christianity. But they also evinced his repugnance toward the superstitions of Israel and his preference for paganism. Some of the best pages in *The Party of Humanity* are those in which Voltaire's and his whole century's affinities with the ancients (and particularly the Stoics) are stressed.

This is, in fact, a Voltairian book: rich in flashes of insight, in entertaining and bellicose barbs aimed at narrow-mindedness and credulity; uneven, disconnected, written with brilliance, and handsomely produced. The relevance of the French eighteenth century to the Americans of the same era, and to those of today, is obvious. Our servility to gregarious conformity, to vulgarity, to a soulless, lip-service acceptance of religion, might well be jolted by a new Voltaire or by some rereading of the old.

(*This category is continued on page* 80)

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Individualism ad Absurdum

***The McLandress Dimension,** by Mark Epernay (Houghton Mifflin. 128 pp. $3.75), carries some current political and economic arguments to their insane conclusions. William Winter is a West Coast news commentator for ABC TV-radio.*

By WILLIAM WINTER

IS THERE really a Herschel McLandress, "former Professor of Psychiatric Measurement at the Harvard Medical School, and now chief consultant to the Noonan Psychiatric Clinic in Boston"? Of course there isn't, but Mark Epernay is congratulated for having invented him.

Is there really a Mark Epernay? Since there isn't (the publisher says it's a pseudonym for a distinguished American diplomat), it is likely that Professor John Kenneth Galbraith should be congratulated for having invented him.

This delightful, brilliant, and sometimes hilarious spoof takes some of our current political and economic arguments to their logical but ridiculous conclusion. The author reflects his comprehension of the Affluent Society and of the incomprehensibility of the State Department.

But first we are introduced to the McLandress Co-Efficient ("pronounced Mack-el-see"), which measures how long it takes for a person to start talking about himself. Elizabeth Taylor has a rating of three minutes; so has David Susskind—and Nikita Khrushchev. Martin Luther King has a rating of four hours, while Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Reverend Billy Graham "turn up in the middle minute range." Dr. Robert Oppenheimer has a remarkable Co-Efficient of three hours, thirty minutes; Dr. Edward Teller gets a rating of three minutes, ten seconds. Chief Justice Earl Warren gets highest rating in the federal government: four hours, thirty minutes; while "The lowest was that of Professor J. K. Galbraith, American Ambassador to India, at one minute, fifteen seconds."

McLandress offers a service to rich businessmen who, because they have lots of money and position, are assumed to be authorities on world affairs. When about to make a speech they call on him. Dr. McLandress gives his standard advice on China as an example: "You can't be for recognizing China. That is politically impractical and still a little dangerous. But you can't advocate all-out support for Chiang. That marks you as a relic of the China lobby. So the average executive doesn't know what to say." McLandress advises the "responsible position," which goes something like this: "What self-interest and enlightened policy do require of the United States at this juncture is a candid recognition of what Communist China is and where it is going. For too many Americans the assumption has seemed to be that China's absence from the United Nations could mean its absence from their minds."

There is also a proposal for a fully automated foreign policy, with answers fed by electronic computers. Every contingency is anticipated. For instance:

"Geneva. Code UNRM 4.55. Speech by Soviet delegate calling for general and complete disarmament.

" 'The United States stands committed to the principle of complete and general disarmament. It will not compromise the safety of the free world.' "

We are told about a "confidence machine" to restore businessmen's confidence in the President of the U. S., which is "inversely related to the state of business. In laymen's language this means that confidence will always be high when business is poor and low when business is good." Epernay also describes the "Sonic Support Apparatus," which is a tiny device worn by business executives under their clothing. It plays back, on command, recorded speeches or statements by Presidents Hoover, Eisenhower, William McKinley, or Chester A. Arthur, to restore confidence.

But the most rib-tickling *reductio ad absurdum* is the CAI—"Crusade for Athletic Individualism." The menace of collectivism as advocated by the Communists threatens our American Way of Life, our rugged individualism. None of the sinister Red plots is more dangerous than the teaching of socialistic team play in sports to red-blooded American youth. This obviously makes baseball, football, and basketball dangerous and un-American. Hence, the CAI attacks all sports "where the individual submerges himself in the socialistic environment of the team and accepts authoritarian direction from a captain or some other control apparatus," but strongly endorses sports like swimming, diving, boxing, and wrestling, which "nurture individualism and the spirit of individual enterprise."

Mr. Double You Is Watching You

***The School for Dictators,** by Ignazio Silone, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Atheneum. 244 pp. $5), makes available a modernized version of the novelist's 1938 "Socratic dialogue" on contemporary politics. Warrington Winters, a free-lance critic, teaches a course on the contemporary novel at Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.*

By WARRINGTON WINTERS

IGNAZIO SILONE was, and is, one of the great humanitarian socialists of this century. Even his communist interlude in the Twenties—though he himself often probed for a dark, secret motivation—was rooted deeply in the urgent and immediate needs of his family, his people, his times.

But a great man is not of necessity a great novelist. *Fontamara* (1934) and *Bread and Wine* (1937) were good, rich tales of people under stress; they were great only in their splendid exposure of the evils of fascism. Consequently, they lose when the author attempts to modernize them.

This is also true of *The School for Dictators,* a Socratic dialogue written in 1938, which the author has revised so that it will, presumably, encompass the problems of right now. Here we meet the would-be American dictator, Mr. Double You, who is touring Europe in the company of his tutor, Professor Pickup. They pause in Zurich to engage in paid conversations with a modern sophist, Thomas the Cynic, who doubtless reflects the thoughts of the author.

Certainly there are good sayings here, such as this regarding *Das Kapi-*

(*Continued on page* 81)

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Of Lunch and Letters

By ALICE DALGLIESH

JUST before Christmas 1963 the members of the Children's Book Council invited reviewers to lunch. It was a pleasant and an unusual occasion. Many editors and publicity assistants were there—and eleven reviewers. The lunch was for reviewers in the New York vicinity; fortunately others from Boston and Chicago happened to be in the city and were also present.

I felt slightly schizophrenic, for, while I am now a reviewer, a few editors at my table had been, with me, among the group who had laid the foundations brick by brick for this burgeoning industry, through the Depression and World War II. We tried to remember how many of us there were when we first organized—thirteen? Fifteen? No one recalled exactly. Some are retiring this year; Eunice Blake of Lippincott is going to India to help with their children's book publishing program, and she seems very happy about it. What a wonderful opportunity she has!

After lunch I went over to the table where Ruth Viguers, editor and one of the reviewers of *The Horn Book*, was sitting, to congratulate her on the fine article she wrote for the December 1963 issue of *Harper's*, in which she says:

> Exploitation of children did not end with child labor laws. It is their exploitation, not as a labor force but as a market that has had the deadening effect on the reading habits of this country. No doubt children are being exploited as consumers in many ways, but since only in childhood do books make any deep impression on the human personality, exploitation in this area is a major destructive force.

With this article I agree in general, though not in all the specific points. Children *are* exploited by other markets, especially those that can pay for intensive TV advertising. Toys, with which children have always dramatized the world they live in and tried it on for size, may have an even closer and more general effect on child personality. Most toys are valuable; but, as Norman Cousins wrote in *SR*, Dec. 7, 1963, "We can ask why our favorite gifts to children are toy murder weapons."

That is a question in itself, one that has often been discussed without much effect. Let us talk about it later in relation to violence in children's books. The need is to distinguish between violence in the disguise of a "cautionary" tale, used simply to provide excitement and action, or that which is a necessary part of the narrative, employed with restraint and intelligence. It was so used in *The Faraway Lurs*, by Harry Behn (World, $3), a book that lingers with pleasant sadness in the mind.

One hopeful sign is that parents are again beginning to read to children, instead of leaving it entirely to school or library. This shows up in letters I have received. Two of them I am answering here, because they may be of interest to others.

—*From "Ukrainian Folk Tales."*

Mrs. Joan Worley writes from Dallas, Texas, that she wants one hardcover book with all the first stories and folk tales for young children, and it must have color pictures. She remembers her "old story books with the delightful 1930 illustrations," and one in particular. I believe she is thinking of *Chimney Corner Stories*, by Veronica Hutchinson, illustrated by Lois Lenski (Putnam, $3.95). It did—in 1928—have color pictures inserted among the black-and-whites; now, I believe, it has only a color frontispiece. But here are the old stories she wants (except for "The Gingerbread Man" and "Three Little Kittens"), and young children are listeners as well as lookers. Many of these much-loved tales are available with color pictures in separate books that are light and easy to handle. Pay a visit to your librarian; bookstores will order, but you need to know what you want first, as few shops keep backlist books.

Mrs. Delbert Fisher of Little Rock, Arkansas, wants a Bible story book "appropriately and intelligently presented." This is a bit more difficult; many Bible stories are retold in flat language and illustrated with sentimental pictures. There are two I would recommend, both very close to the King James Version, both time-tested. One is *A First Bible* (Walck, $4), selected and arranged by Jean West Maury, illustrated by Helen Sewell with handsome pictures in black-and-white. The other is *The Lord Is My Shepherd*, by Nancy Barnhart (Scribners, $4.95), which also has fine pictures, some in black and red, and a text based on the King James Version. One thing should be mentioned: there are no pictures of Jesus in the New Testament section. This is the way the artist wanted it to be. Jesus's presence is reflected in the faces of the people listening to him.

For the many others who will take up

—*From "The Return of the Twelves."*

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the responsibility of Bible readings there is always the Bible itself—King James, Douay, Revised Standard, whichever you prefer. On my eighth birthday I was given a small Bible, which made me very proud because it had my initials in gold on the leather cover. The type was very small. I couldn't read it, but I carried it around with me and took it to church, feeling quite grown up. I have it still.

What Time Is It, Jeanne-Marie? *By Françoise. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. In this, the last of her adventures, Jeanne-Marie goes through the hours of a happy day. We meet her school friends, and see her eagerly raising one finger when she knows the answers. At noon she goes to her aunt's house for soup served from a big tureen. After school there is playtime, and then comes dinner. As Jeanne Marie goes to sleep,

"La lune rit.
Bonne nuit."

There are a few French words in the story, with explanations on the last page. Young children can take it as a story; older ones may like to use the clocks on the pages opposite the pictures to tell time. Children could make their own books with the hours of their own days. Ages 4-8.

Peter's Pony. *By Lee Kingman. Pictures by Fen Lasell. Doubleday.* 36 *pp.* $2.95. Peter Brown, who was five years old when we first met him in *Peter's Long Walk*, is now ready for school. In this story he wants to ride to school as his father did. The pony arrives, and Peter learns to ride him; but when he goes to school where is the hitching post his father had used? Peter "hitches" his pony with the bicycles, and when it walks into the classroom while the children are having an arithmetic lesson (first grade, first day—addition?) they all discover that Mr. Gray has been a circus pony and knows how to add. His name was Jenkins, the Wonder Horse. The story stretches probability quite a bit, and the teacher is called "Miss Love"; otherwise this is an attractive book. Ages 5-8.

The World Is Round. *Written and illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Viking.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Sometimes an informative picture book can be very handsome; this is one. While it would seem by now that every child of the space age knows such a fundamental fact as that the world is round, this is a short, effective history of man's beliefs and misconceptions—the latter graphically pictured. The text is brief; a statement like, "Columbus, by putting into action ideas that had been known to scholars for centuries, ended forever the image of a flat world" needs amplification. Incidentally, this is one of the finest artists' conceptions of Columbus to be found in any book. The last double-page spread of the earth as seen by a man who has just landed on the moon is spectacular. Ages 7-10.

J. M. Barrie's Peter Pan: The Story of the Play. *Presented by Eleanor Graham and Edward Ardizzone. Scribners.* 175 *pp.* $5. A new edition of *Peter Pan* always makes one wonder at the resilience of a story that becomes more dated with the years but seems to have that mysterious something children want.

The present book, with illustrations that fit like a glove, is the story written by Eleanor Graham from the play. It has the advantage of going right into the story (the play came first; Barrie elaborated the beginning when converting it to narrative, and it is rather dull) and keeping it going through action and dialogue. Converting to narrative necessitates setting the dialogue in some framework, and this version abounds in such phrases as "said cheerfully," "replied confidentially," "said loyally," "mumbled doubtfully," *ad infinitum*. But only adults will notice this. I do disagree, however, with the editor's discussion of Peter's character in the afterword (oh, those afterwords!). As an editor I have also lived close to this book, and know that Barrie did not say of Peter only that he was "Happy Boy caught wild," but also, with regard to his not growing up, "That unfortunate boy." Ages 7-11.

Drums and Trumpets: Poetry for the Youngest. *Selected by Leonard Clark. Illustrated by Heather Copley. Dufour Editions, Chester Springs, Pa.* 96 *pp.* $3.95. Of this the author tells us:

"This is a book for grown-ups to read to and to share with very young children . . . It is a book that will not lose its appeal when childhood is over, for the drums and trumpets of poetry can be heard throughout the whole of life, rousing the blood to beat a little faster . . . and the heart to sing with thankfulness for what has been created out of words."

Leonard Clark is an English poet and writer; his book is not really for the youngest children. Except for a few nursery rhymes, he believes in poems and pulls no punches with what he calls "the world of tinery-tottery." Attractive and colorful jacket, blue line illustrations. Ages 6 or 7 up.

The Return of the Twelves. *By Pauline Clarke. Illustrated by Bernarda Bryson. Coward-McCann.* 254 *pp.* $3.75. "Max sat on the bare stairs below the attic, wondering whether to tell anyone."

An auspicious beginning, promising a mystery, and leading into a story that is mystery-fantasy. It is a "special" story and presupposes a special reader, though the hero is only eight years old.

Max and his family have moved into an old farmhouse near Haworth, the house where the Brontës lived, which is now a museum. In the attic he finds twelve old wooden soldiers, and makes the remarkable discovery that they can come alive, talk, or freeze into immobility. They tell him their names; each has a distinct personality.

Max is completely in the dark about these soldiers. He has to share his secret with his sister Jane, who is reading *Jane Eyre* and is on her way to becoming what Max calls "a brontyfan." The soldiers tell him they are in a book, *The History of the Young Men*, written by Branwell Bontë at the age of twelve. There are many ramifications of plot: the old soldiers are valuable and an American professor offers a reward for them ($5,000; he must have been a rich American professor!). Max knows that they belong in the Brontë Museum and helps them to get there, though they travel mostly under their own steam.

The story has charm, especially for an adult and for English children (it is the Carnegie Medal book for 1952). American children might have to be introduced to it by a story about the Brontë family. The pictures by a fine artist make it an attractive book. Ages 8-12.

Ukrainian Folk Tales. *Translated by Marie Halun Block, from the original collections of Ivan Rudchenko and Maria Lukujanenko. Illustrated by Hnizdovsky. Coward-McCann.* 78 *pp.* $3.50. These folk tales differ from many; they amuse rather than instruct. They were originally taken down "from the lips of the people," as were Grimm's fairy tales, and here they are translated by one who listened to them as a child.

They are sprightly, too. The book receives added distinction from its illustrations by a Ukrainian-born artist. We have had many folk tales lately, and, while we welcome them, some seem to have been put through a blender. These do not. Ages 6-9.

A Hound, a Bay Horse and a Turtle-Dove: The Life of Thoreau for the Young Reader. *By James Playstead Wood. Pantheon.* 172 *pp.* $3.75. This year there are two biographies of Thoreau; the second is *Henry Thoreau: American Rebel*, by T. Morris Longstreth (Dodd, Mead, $3.50). They are quite different; the emphasis in Mr. Wood's is on Thoreau and "Civil Disobedience," while in Mr. Longstreth's it is on his writings about nature. I find the Wood more attractive in format and more closely connected with present events. Both books point out the fact that a "rebel" is not always easy to live with.

Nikolenka's Childhood: An Edition for Young Readers. *By Leo Tolstoy. Illustrated by Maurice Sendak. Pantheon.* 174 *pp.* $3.95. It is difficult to tell exactly where this first, partly autobiographical work of Tolstoy's fits into young people's reading. At the age of twelve most of them are not reading *War and Peace* or *Anna Karenina*, and later on won't they resent "An Edition for Young Readers"? Ernest J. Simmons's introduction attempts to place it by giving facts about Tolstoy and especially about his school for peasant children at Yasnaya Polyana. The book is handsome, with Sendak drawings, and interesting to an adult. It is amazing that Tolstoy (or Nikolenka) remembered so many facts about his mother's death. It was probably a collective "family" memory, because he was either two (front of book) or three years old (back of book), but a child of his intelligence might keep some memory of such a sad event. He was later obsessed by the idea of death, and the loss of his mother undoubtedly figured in this. The portrayal of a Russian household before the Revolution, the character sketches, and the boy's awareness of his own growth are worthwhile in themselves; but an adult always wonders what was left out in a "Young People's Edition."

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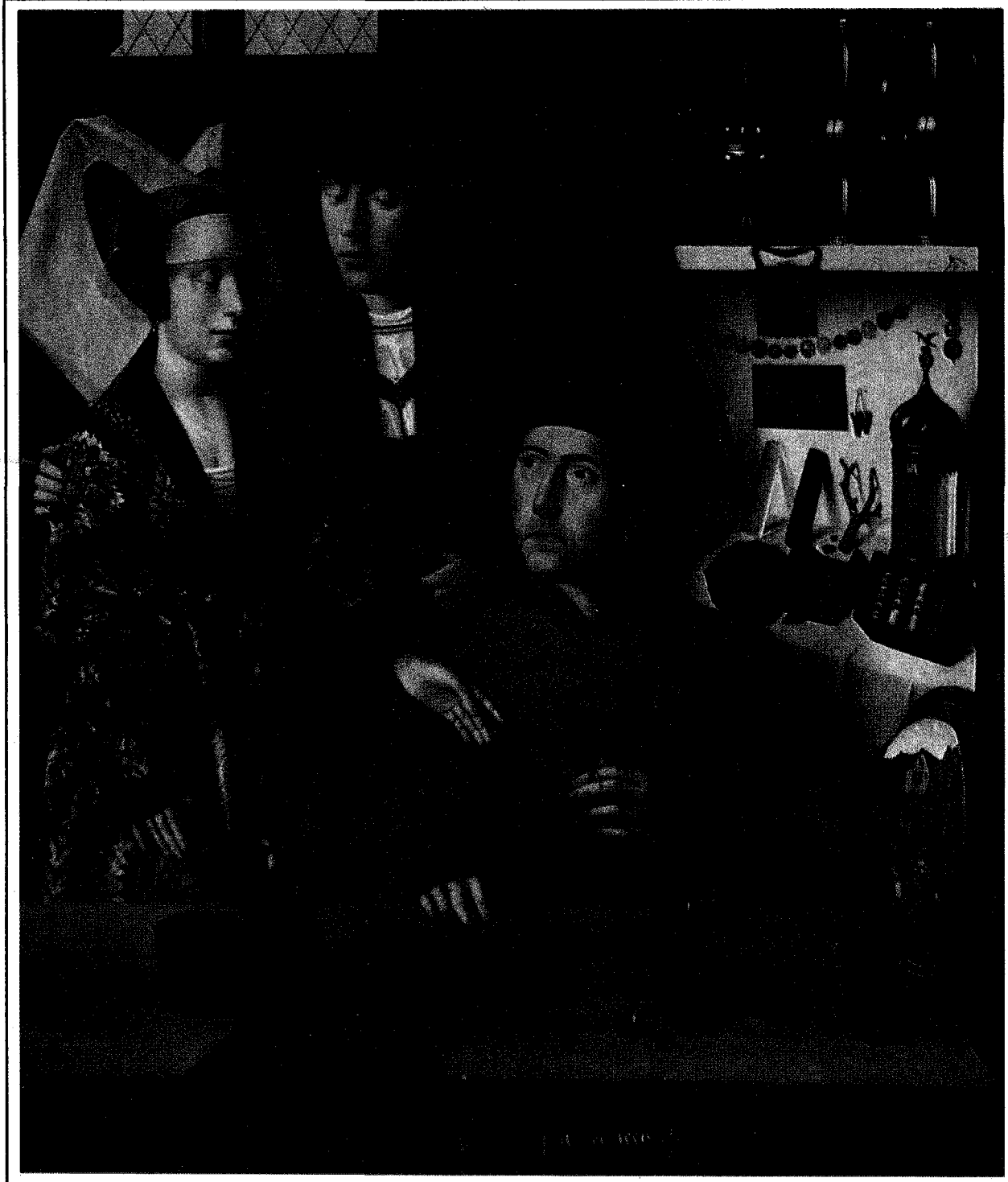

The Legend of St. Eligius and Godeberta by Petrus Christus, about 1410–after 1472 [*Robert Lehman Collection*]

The Art of Collecting

BY KATHARINE KUH

Since Malraux proposed that works of art can sometimes be better explored by the camera than the unassisted eye, we have come to realize how vitally close-ups, blow-ups and selective details provide fresh insights and new perspectives. Familiar masterpieces take on additional significance when seen specially lighted, isolated and slowly evolving, inch by inch. Areas we may never have noticed before emerge with sudden meaning.

A television program launched by NBC proves again the dynamic possibilities of audio-visual mobility. Five private American collections scattered over the country from coast to coast represent the personalities of five men—

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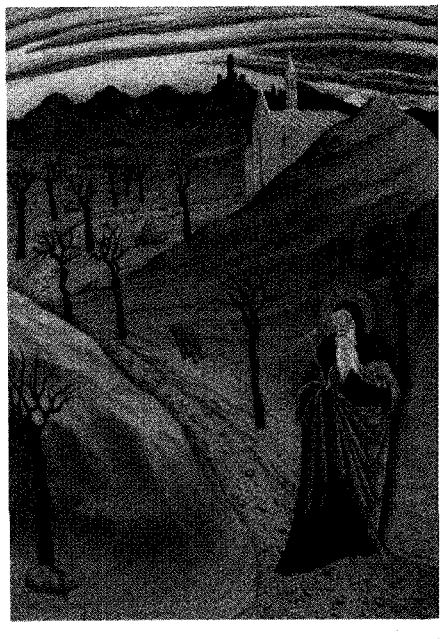
The Expulsion from Paradise by Giovanni di Paolo, 1403?–1482 [*Robert Lehman Collection*]



St. Anthony in the Wilderness by Sassetta, 1392–1451 [*Robert Lehman Collection*]

Robert Lehman and Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, Norton Simon of Los Angeles, John Denman of Seattle and Alexander Girard of Santa Fe. Paintings, sculpture, tapestries, primitive artifacts and folk art spanning hundreds of years and thousands of miles reflect a variety of preferences. Faced with the dilemma of too many riches, *Saturday Review* is limiting its comments to a few top paintings from the Lehman, Rockefeller and Simon collections.

Certain American abstract artists have long maintained that unless viewers are catapulted into a painting, unless they share the secrets of its direct production, full emotional impact is lost. In a sense, this is precisely the kind of personal involvement that takes place when sensitively oriented

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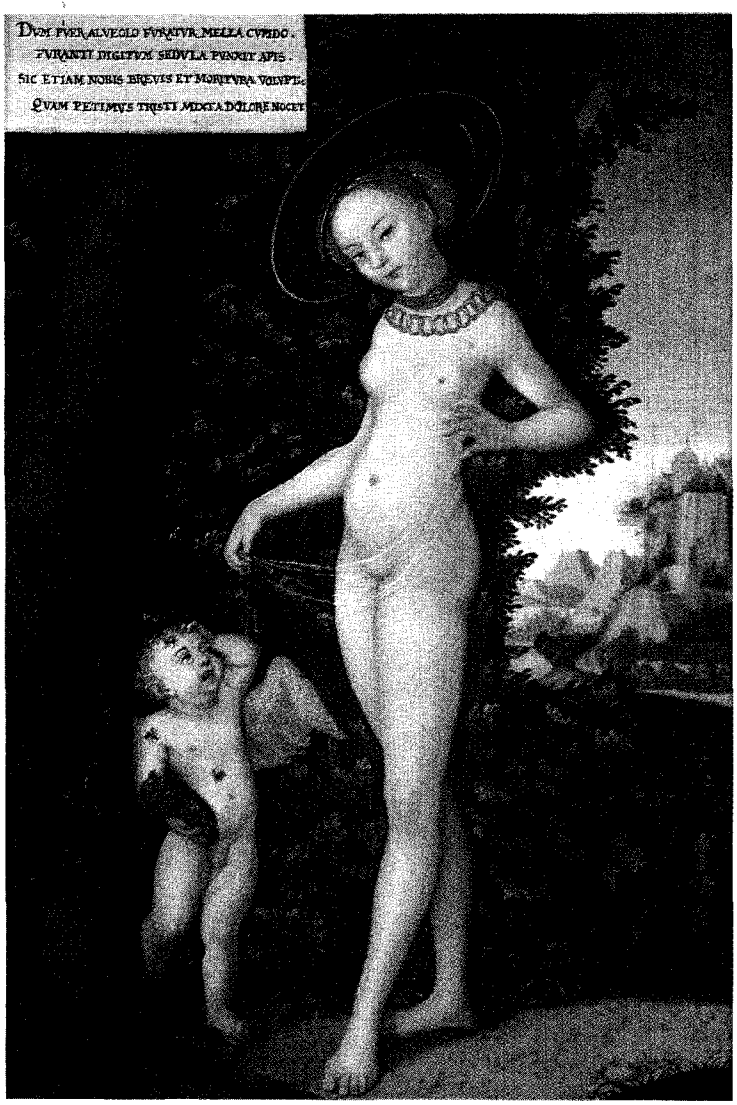
The Annunciation by Sandro Botticelli, 1444–1510 [Robert Lehman Collection]


DVM PVER ALVEOLO FVRATVR MELLA CVPIDO
FVRANTI DIGITVM SEDVLA PVNXIT APIS
SIC ETIAM NOBIS BREVIS ET MORITVRA VOLVPTAS
QVAM PETIMVS TRISTI MISCEA DOLORE NOCET

Venus and Cupid by Lucas Cranach, the Elder, 1472–1553 [Robert Lehman Collection]

TV cameras traverse a canvas, sometimes starting from far away only to close in on a salient detail, sometimes traveling over the entire surface of the picture, brushstroke by brushstroke. I do not claim for one moment that television can compete with original paintings, but I feel it can sometimes add a valuable dimension, partly by introducing wide audiences to great works of art not otherwise available, partly through the unexpected discoveries of a searching lens. Still photographs of paintings, no matter how astutely selected, edited and cut, no matter how faithfully reproduced, often limit the viewer to a static experience. In television a mobile element is added, originally, to be sure, the result of cinematic experiments, but at last coming into its own as a valid TV technique.

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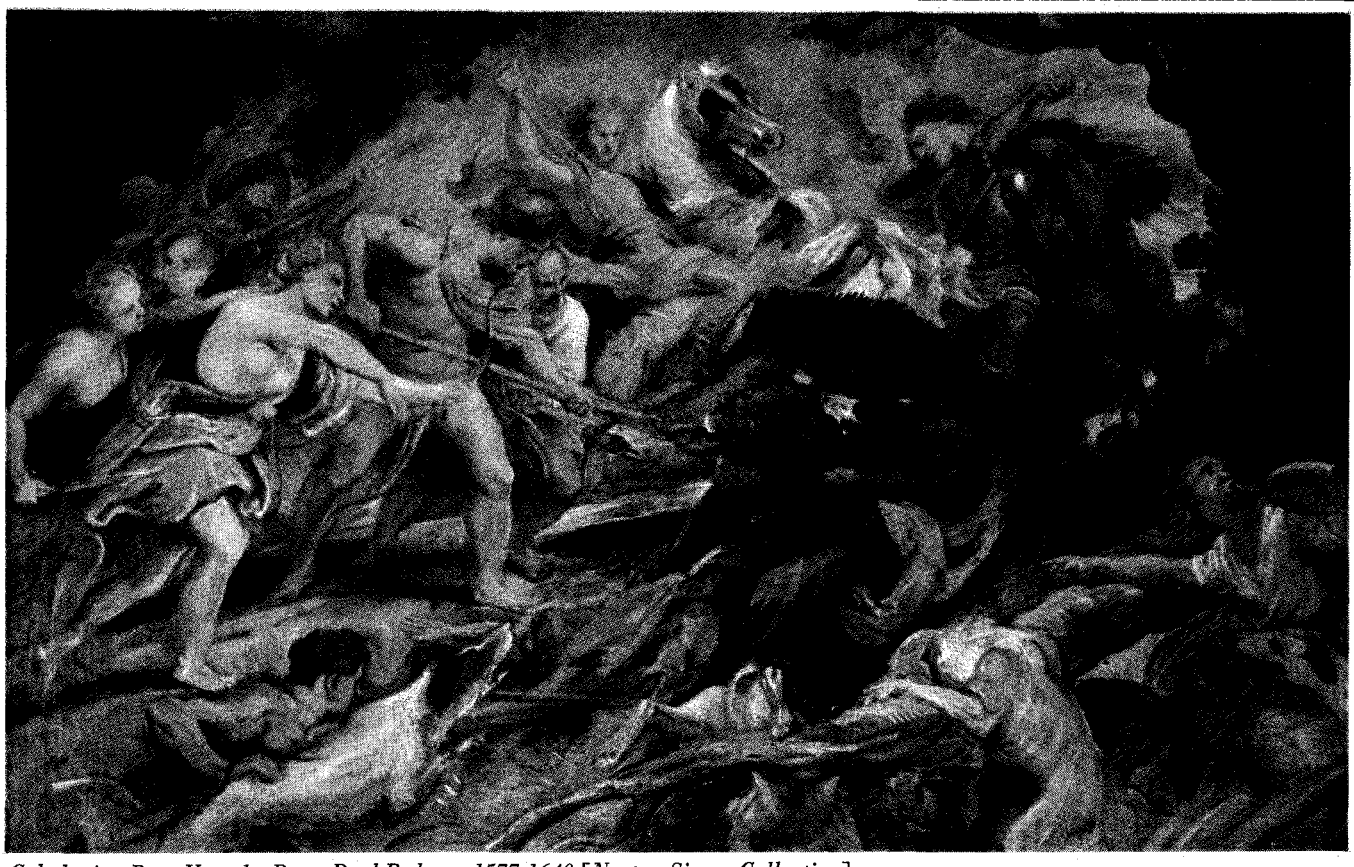

Calydonian Boar Hunt by Peter Paul Rubens, 1577-1640 [Norton Simon Collection]

To move in from a distance, to focus on an unremembered area, to wander at will over the surface of a canvas can finally result in authentic revelations. Take, for example, a small Rubens oil sketch from the Norton Simon collection which is studied by the camera in such profuse depth that the meaning of this artist is condensed into a brief span of looking. We see his assured draughtsmanship, his daring pattern of moving figures, his juicy pigment, his agitated emphasis on attack and counter-attack; we see his sensuous color. We see how every brushstroke adds up to the restless ebullience that is Rubens. For those who have never visited the European galleries where his work is abundantly represented, this exploration of a single small sketch is admittedly not a substitute. However, it is a useful introduction to Rubens, and one that mercifully requires no words.

Even from a brief television encounter, one gathers that the Lehman, Simon and Rockefeller collections have been motivated by different drives. Robert Lehman's collection (the finest group of privately owned old masters in America) is distinguished by an extensive survey of early Italian artists with particular emphasis on the fifteenth-century Sienese painter, Giovanni di

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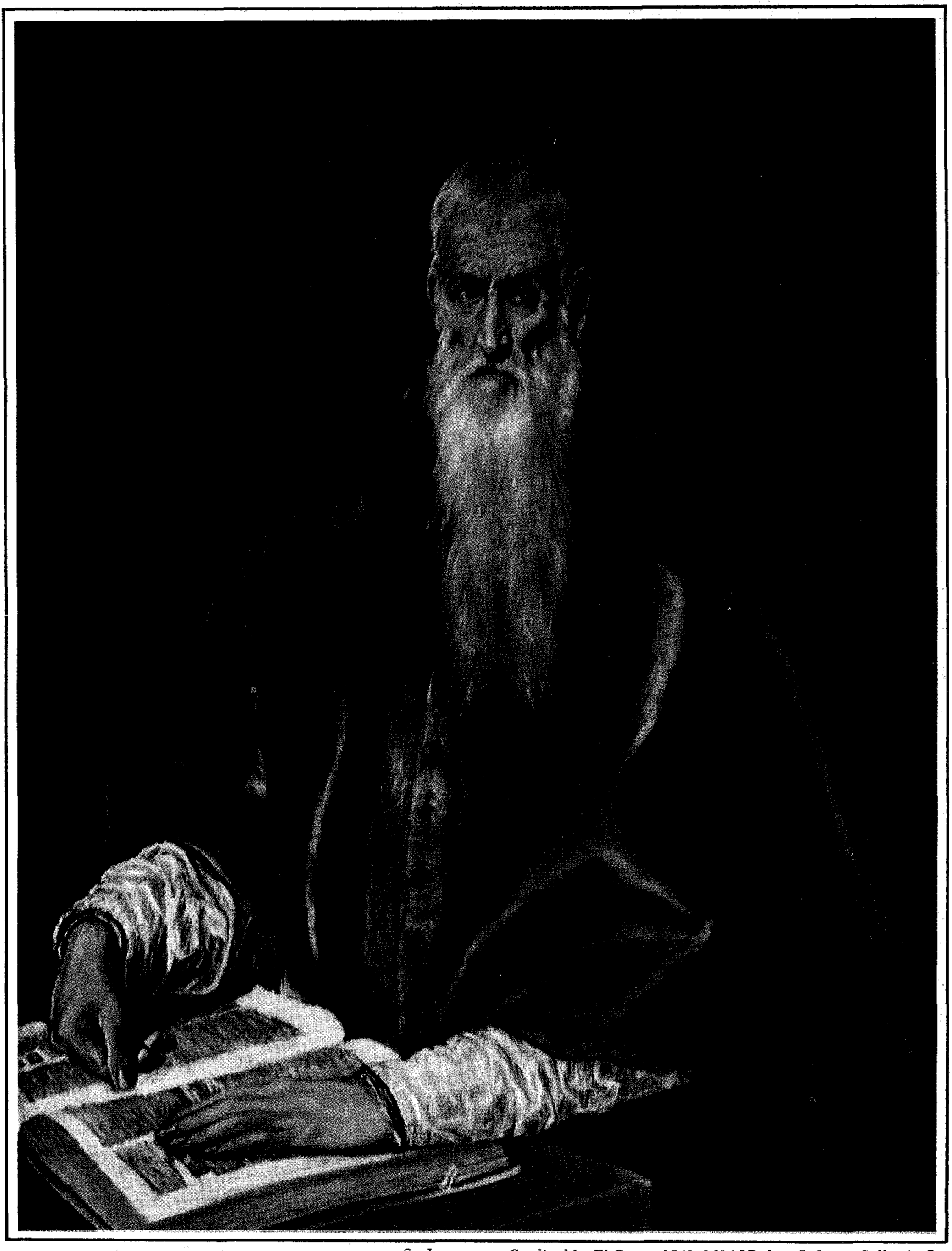

St. Jerome as a Cardinal by El Greco, 1541–1614 [*Robert Lehman Collection*]

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Gerard de Lairesse by Rembrandt van Rijn, 1606–1669 [*Robert Lehman Collection*]

Paolo. Today, pictures from this period are seldom pursued, due to their rarity, their gentle recessiveness in an age geared to continual visual shocks, to their unremitting demand for specialized knowledge. The selection of the Lehman paintings, accompanied by the utmost refinement and scholarship, has resulted in an extraordinary concentration of art covering hundreds of years, including our own century. Mr. Lehman, himself an authority, is a unique collector who does not need the usual behind-the-scene guidance to steer his course.

Many of his most monumental works measure only a few inches, their modest size hardly commensurate with the magnitude

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Hendrickje Stoffels by Rembrandt van Rijn, 1606–1669 [Norton Simon Collection]

of their meaning. Undisputed small masterpieces like Giovanni di Paolo's "Expulsion from Paradise," Sassetta's "St. Anthony in the Wilderness" and Botticelli's "Annunciation" hold up nobly when magnified on television. Outstanding is Giovanni di Paolo's "Expulsion," if only for its highly original interpretation of a familiar Biblical scene. We see the world as a wheel surrounded by the four rivers of Paradise, a wheel about to roll over the banished Adam and Eve. Sassetta's "St. Anthony in the Wilderness" is steeped in Sienese tenderness, a small panel of such incandescent fervor as to become an indelible memory. These paintings were constructed with an architectural integrity that even extreme enlargement cannot dissipate. So, too, a

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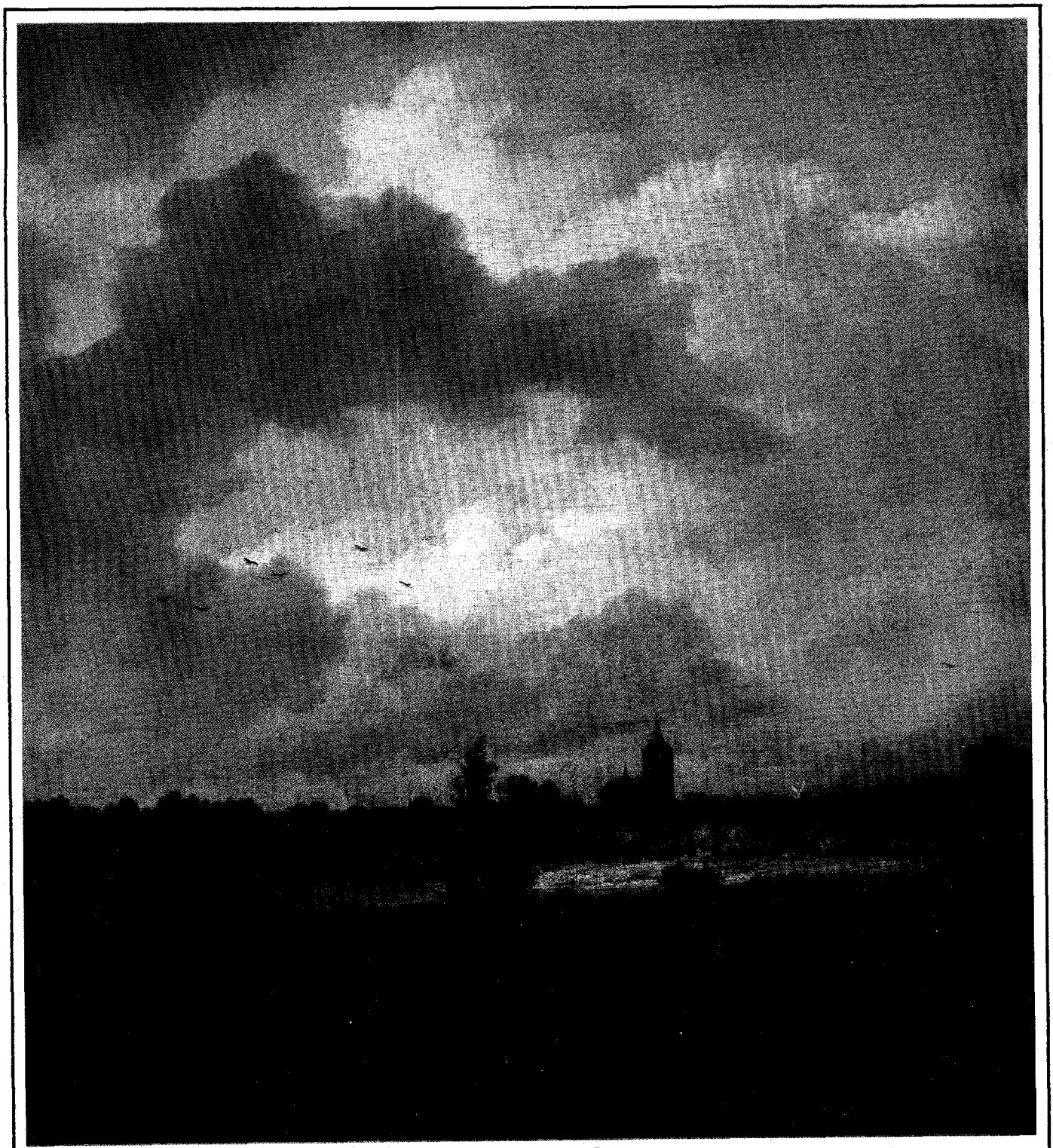

Landscape by Jacob van Ruisdael, 1628/9–1682 [Norton Simon Collection]

diminutive nude Venus by Cranach, a favorite subject of this German sixteenth-century artist who here outdid himself. His perversely seductive figure contrasts paradoxically with the purity of its execution. Very few modern Surrealists have ever equaled Cranach's ironic, irrational content.

Often considered the most celebrated work in the Lehman collection, "The Legend of St. Eligius and Godeberta" by Petrus Christus is renowned both for its impressive size (this artist depended, as a rule, on small dimensions) and its unorthodox handling of a traditional legend. Though the bride-to-be is given a gold ring betrothing her to Christ, the composition is not conceived in the accepted religious terms of the period. The interpretation, colored by the realistic vision of Flemish bourgeois life, breaks with popular medieval manuscript techniques to set the pace for many later humanistic prototypes. Petrus Christus, born early in the fifteenth century, is a rarely encountered artist. Authentic works by him are few and far between. To come on one is no small experience.

A late Rembrandt portrait of Gerard de Lairesse, a gnome-like artist younger than the great Dutch master who painted

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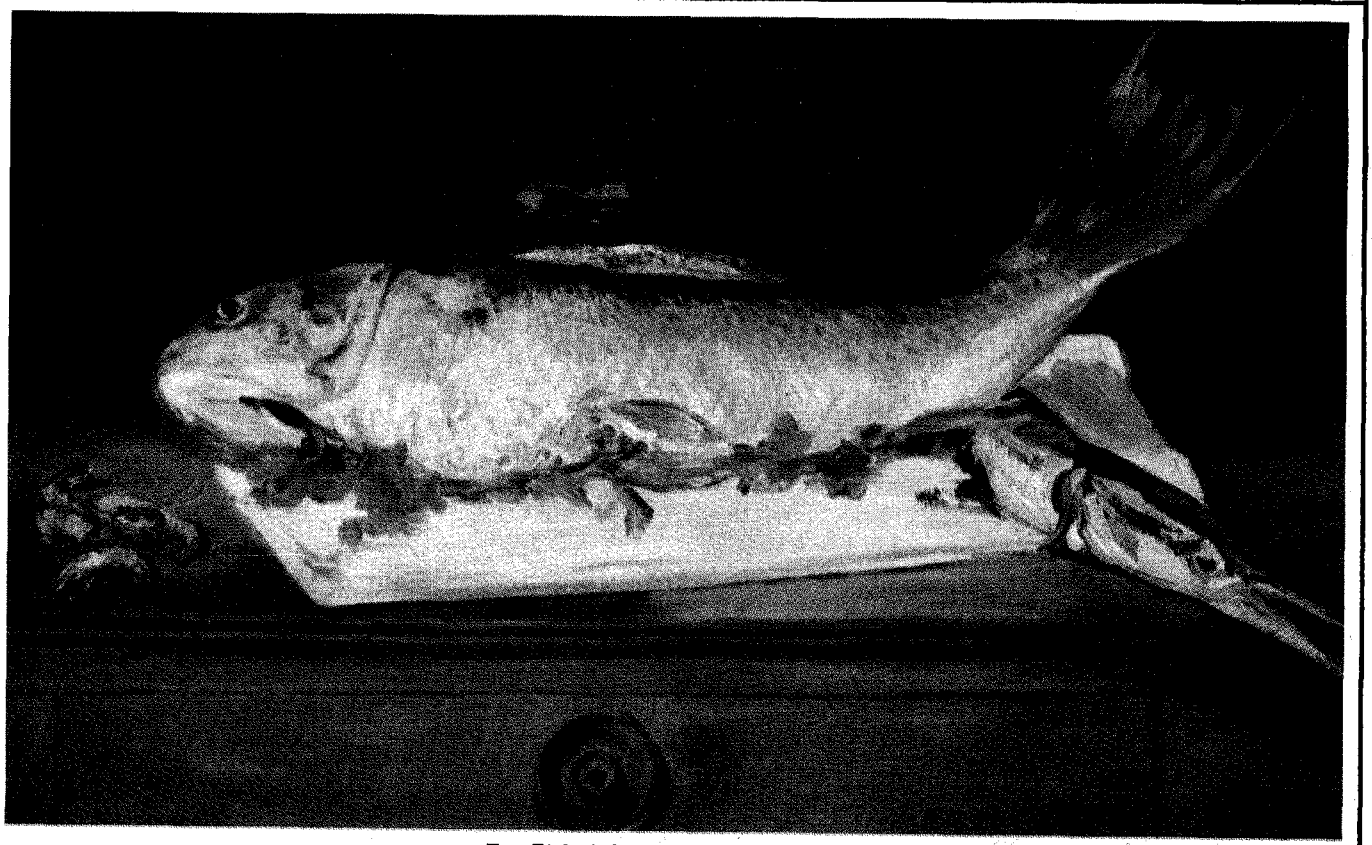
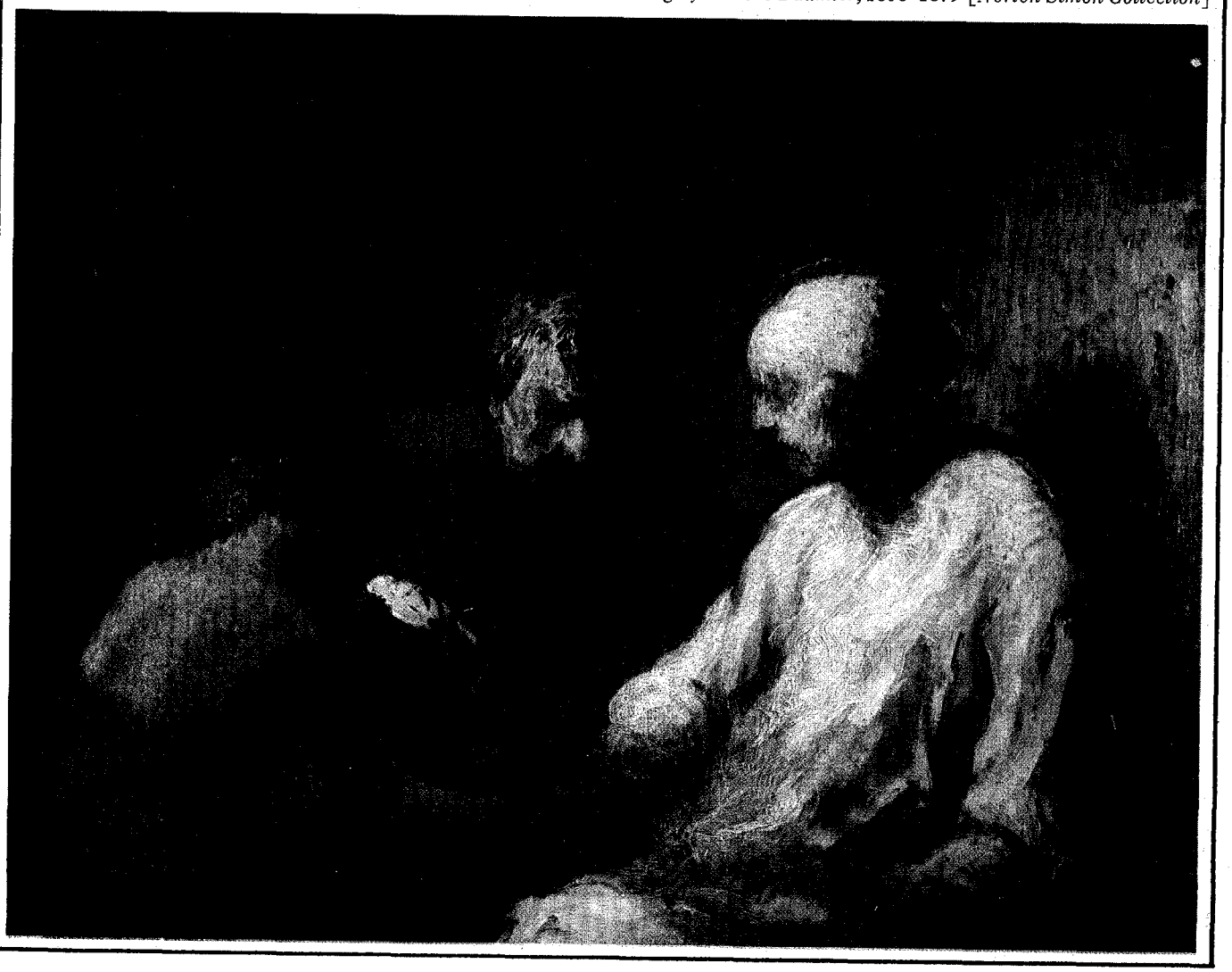


Two Fish, Salmon and Pike by Edouard Manet, 1832–1883 [*Norton Simon Collection*]

Montebanks Resting by Honoré Daumier, 1808–1879 [*Norton Simon Collection*]



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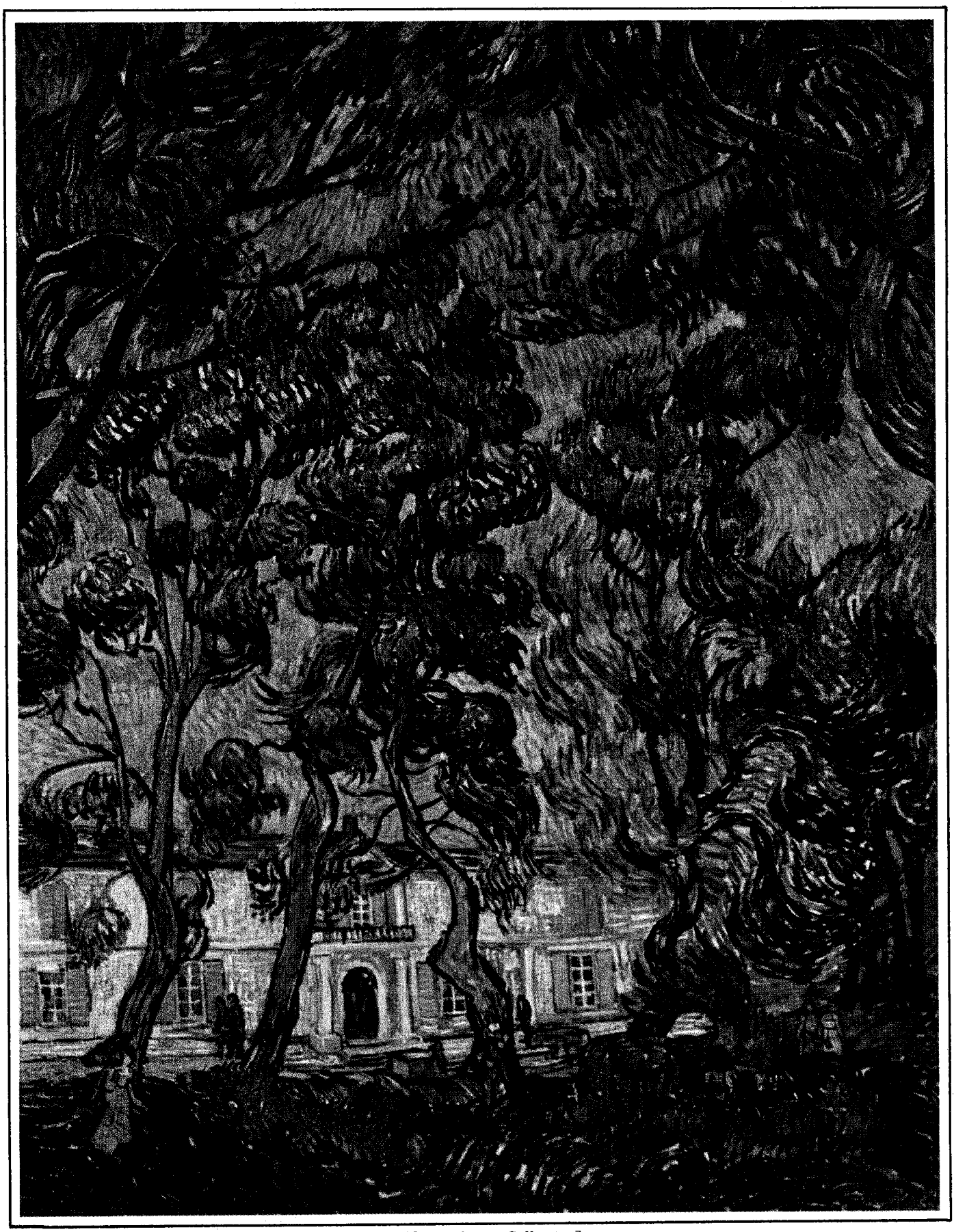

Hospital at St. Rémy by Vincent van Gogh, 1853–1890 [Norton Simon Collection]

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him, attests to the caprices of history. During the years Rembrandt was totally neglected, de Lairesse acquired kudos for his cold allegorical compositions; yet today he is remembered only as the sitter for one of Rembrandt's most penetrating likenesses. After the latter's death, de Lairesse wrote "The vulgar and prosaic aspects of a subject were the only ones Rembrandt was capable of noting . . ."

Another Rembrandt portrait, this time in the Simon collection, demonstrates the artist's range of expression. Thought to be a likeness of Hendrickje Stoffels, Rembrandt's second wife and frequent model, the painting focuses strong light on a serenely tender young woman. In a way, the canvas parallels the general spirit of the entire Simon collection, a restrained group of canvases drawn predominantly from the nineteenth century, but not lacking in distinguished works from other periods. The Impressionists and Post-Impressionists are well represented, usually with thoughtful, non-aggressive works. Cézanne and Degas are specially featured, the latter with several splendid pictures stressing his consummate draughtsmanship. Even

Tapestry after Guernica by Pablo Picasso, 1881– [*Nelson Rockefeller Collection*]

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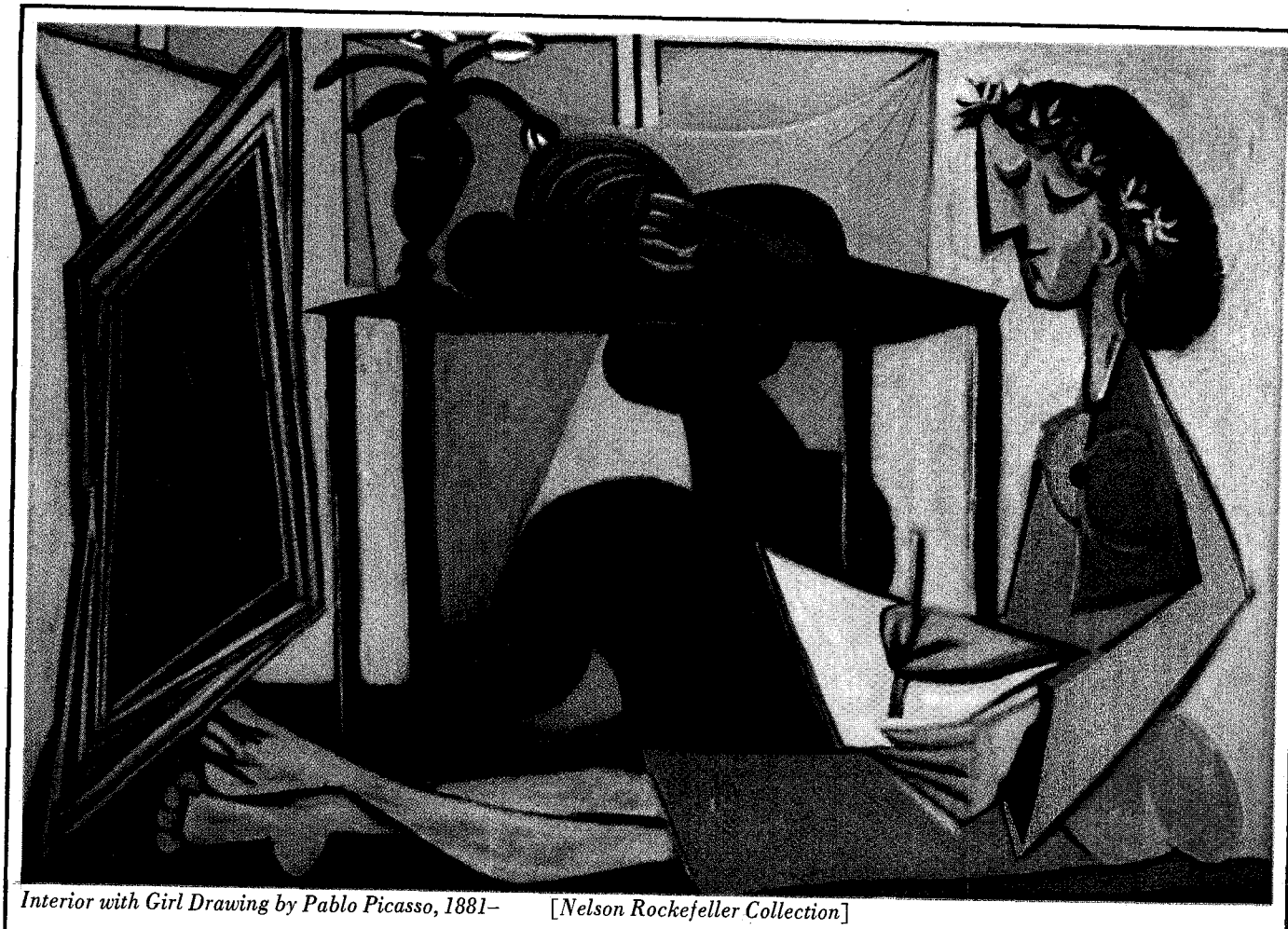

Interior with Girl Drawing by Pablo Picasso, 1881– [*Nelson Rockefeller Collection*]

Mr. Simon's contemporary examples, including a notable Munch and Gorky, are never flamboyant. Each painting seems at home with its neighbor, none competing unduly for attention.

The Rembrandt portrait is not the only Dutch seventeenth-century canvas in this collection. Also important is a brooding landscape with the moody light-struck sky that has become Ruisdael's trademark. As for Manet's "Two Fish," this picture is far more than a brilliant tour de force. Where else can one find so prosaic a subject handled with such luminous intensity? Van Gogh is represented by a late painting, a touching view of the Hospital at St. Rémy seen behind a group of writhing trees, symbolic, perhaps, of the artist's own anguish during that last year of his life.

The Simon paintings, eminently suited to intimate enjoyment, are obviously not intended to overwhelm the viewer. Nor is this a competitive accumulation of masterpieces, but rather a sensitively balanced group that at once reflects and enhances a way of life. Mr. Simon surrounds himself with paintings in both his home and office. He says, "I like working around them as well as living around them." He sees art as a powerful source for "creating understanding." He asks, "Why could a Rem-

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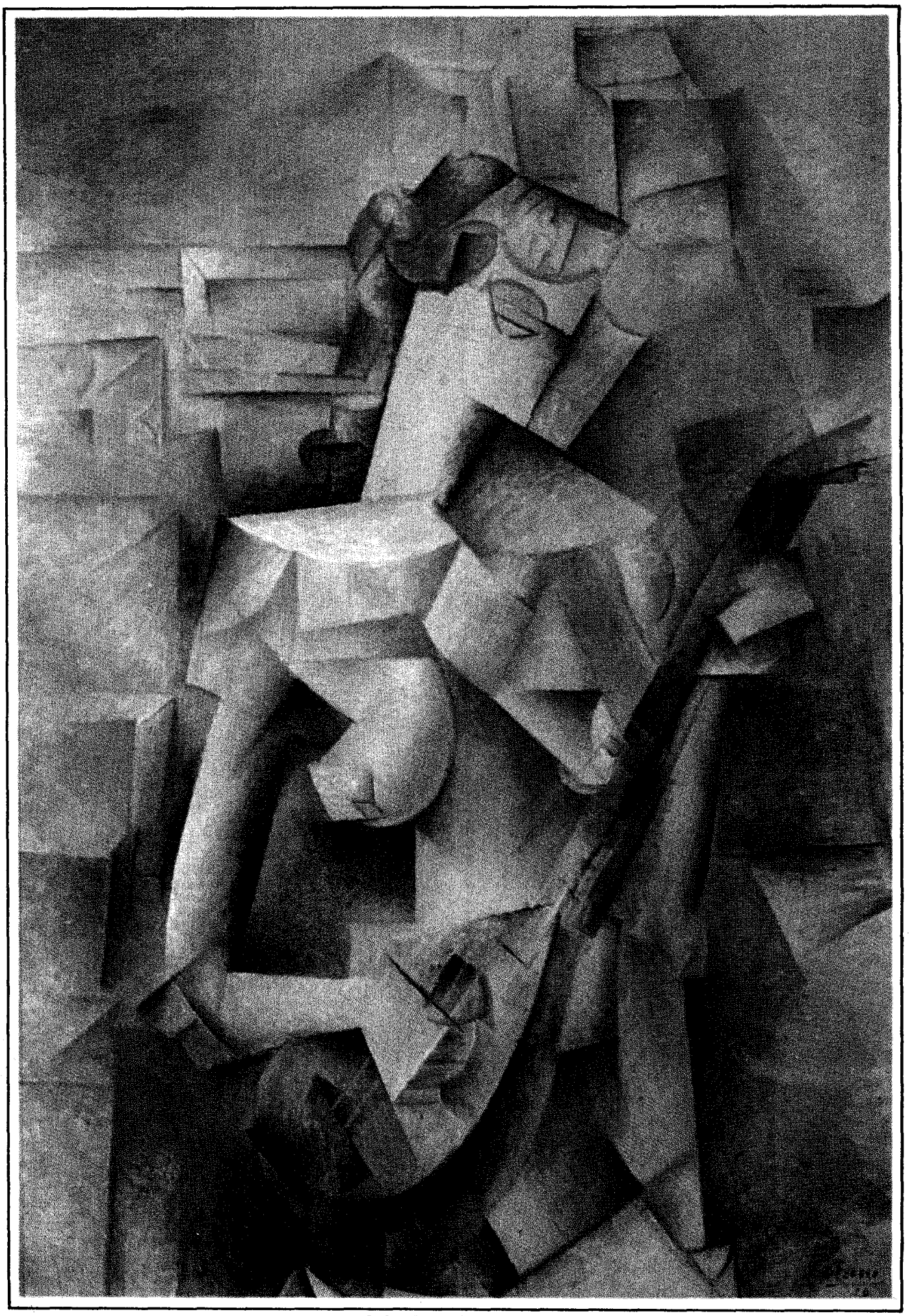

Girl with Mandolin by Pablo Picasso, 1881– [*Nelson Rockefeller Collection*]

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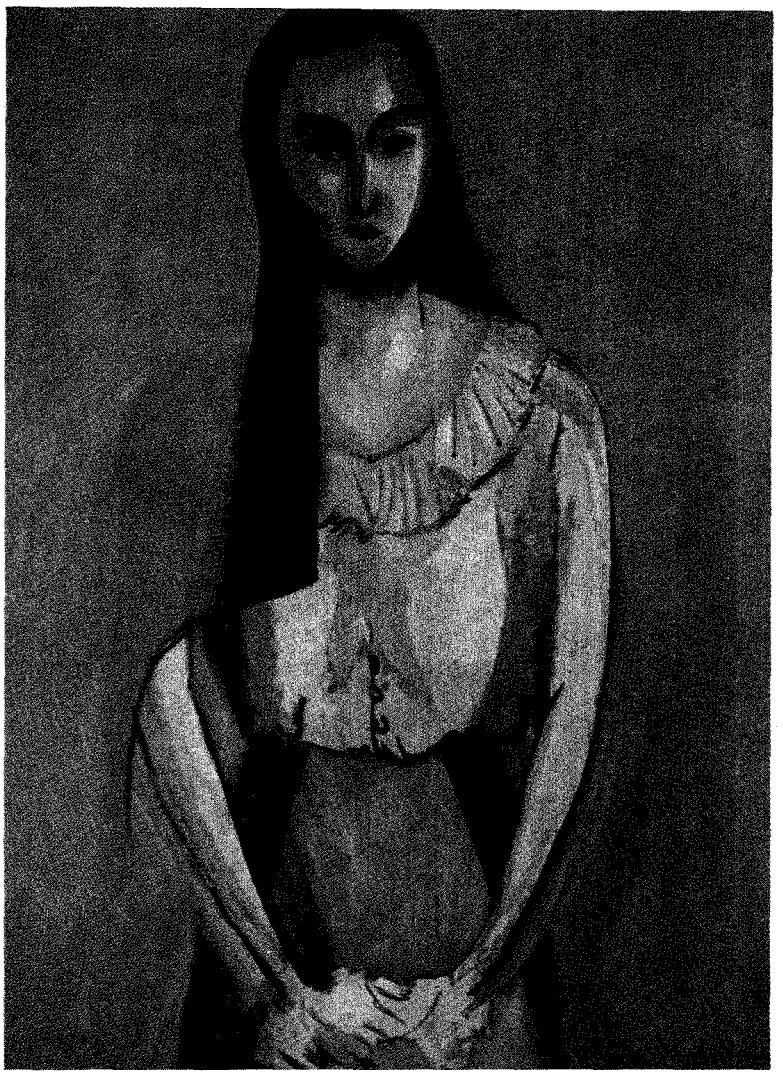
brandt, who wasn't considered great when he died, live so many hundreds of years in the minds of man? What was it? Was it something the artist wanted to say that was beyond himself?"

There are not many contemporary collections in America that can rival the daring of Nelson Rockefeller's modern paintings. Unknown artists are juxtaposed with famous twentieth-century heroes. Governor Rockefeller buys with a zest rarely equalled and with a courage that suggests the confidence of a long-time collector. Like Mr. Lehman, he has been acquiring art since his college days. He is willing to experiment, to accept the challenge of new ideas; he champions the unknown with no less enthusiasm than the established giants of this century. His collection, blessed with imagination, reflects the vitality of our



Italian Woman by Henri Matisse, 1869–1954 [Nelson Rockefeller Collection]

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present-day world. For him the pursuit of art represents "infinite hours of satisfaction, excitement, pleasure and relaxation." He also emphasizes the deep insights contemporary paintings and sculpture can provide.

In this context he turns to a large tapestry of the "Guernica," woven eighteen years after the famous composition was painted, and finds it "one of the great revolutionary works of our time. . . . A powerful expression of opposition to war and suffering." Two other Picassos in the collection are justifiably considered among this star's star works. "Girl with Mandolin," a painting of 1910, is a proto-cubist canvas that reveals the first strategic steps in modern art's historic break-up of form. Twenty-five years later, Picasso painted the interior of a room with a seated figure, a still life and a mirror starkly combined

Corinthian II by Franz Kline, 1910–1962 [Nelson Rockefeller Collection]

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Hirondelle Amour by Joan Miró, 1893– [*Nelson Rockefeller Collection*]

in a new kind of interacting space where constant flux is basic. In pointing out the powerful impact of this picture, Governor Rockefeller compares it to a composition by the American, Franz Kline. "In a sense, you might say the Kline has many similar features. In terms of the Picasso it is, of course, more simplified. But the same strength is there. I find Kline one of the most powerful painters of our time."

Again in an early Matisse called "Italian Woman" we see the Rockefeller predilection for a strong statement. This is not a typical or lyrical painting by the French modern master; it is an austerely reduced, uncompromising canvas from which every nonessential element has been removed. Less somber but equally strong is an early Miró of 1934, a composition that lilts across the canvas with matchless abandon. Frankly erotic symbols and scintillating color turn the painting into a vibrating explosion. Whether the works in the Rockefeller collection are light-hearted, ominous or harsh, they invariably bear the stamp of the owner's strong personal taste.

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Brain vs. Machine

Continued from page 19

with Simon Ramo, engineer-president of one of the great electronics firms experimenting with, among other things, a machine for translating from the Russian—which machine is, incidentally, founded upon a sort of automatic dictionary of words and a similar dictionary of phrases. I asked him "Would you say that one of your so-called thinking machines is more like a brain or more like a complicated, mechanically operated slide rule?" "Definitely," he replied, "more like a slide rule."

Professor Ralph Wycoff is another distinguished scientist who has discussed the general subject with great subtlety. A brief quotation is worth giving, though it inadequately represents the complexity of his thought: "The unique behavior of living matter is not to be foreseen from the observed properties of its inanimate constituents, nor can man's potentiality for conscious thought and feelings be deduced from the simple forms from which he has evolved. . . . Nothing you or I will ever do will be incompatible with the nucleic acids and proteins within us but it does not follow that what we think and elect to do could be predicted if our genetic composition were fully known."

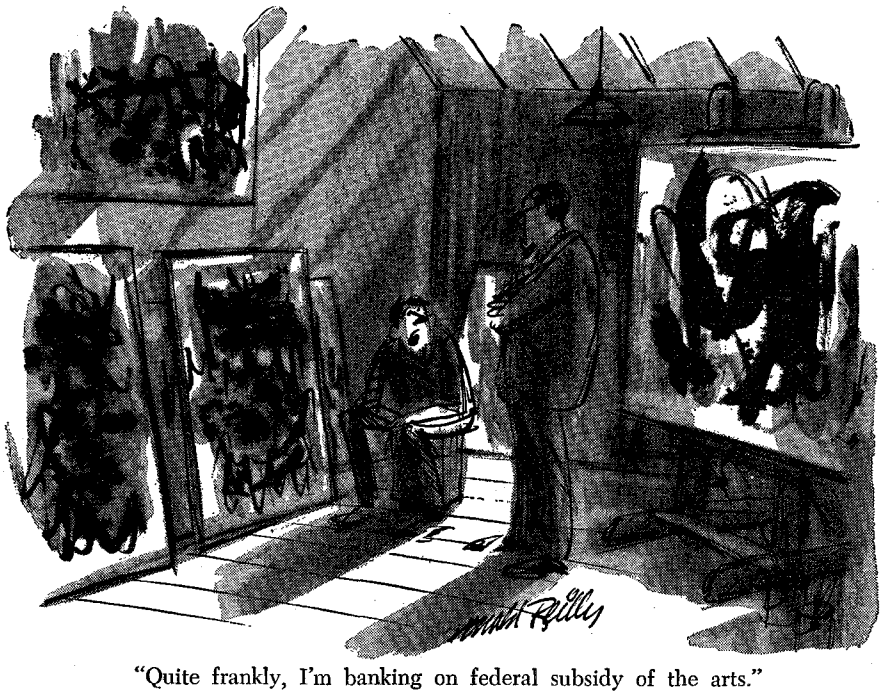
Perhaps the reader began to wonder some paragraphs back why a mere lay essayist should be wading in over his depth to take part in a controversy that is none of his business. In fact, it is or ought to be the business of everyone, layman or expert. Much of the climate of opinion in the age we live in will depend upon current notions concerning the nature of man and the extent of his powers. As the late Richard Weaver put it, "Ideas have consequences."

If the machine can be a brain more efficient than the one we were born with, then we should turn more and more of our decisions over to it, and if our brains are machines then we are indeed no more than what the extreme Marxists say we are—helpless products of an evolving social and technological system that we only seem to direct. If this is true, then adjustment to things as they are turning out to be is the only wisdom. A good deal has been said about the fact that man is becoming the victim of his machines, but to become the victim of mechanism is a worse fate, and one from which there is no escape.

TO me there is nothing more hopeful than the perhaps inconclusive signs that many scientists are beginning to perceive the fallacy in mechanism. But it is also grimly amusing to see how desperately those who do want to believe in it try to explain away whatever seems to cast doubt upon their premise.

Consider, for example, what the distinguished British geneticist C. H. Waddington has to say in an otherwise generally sound and admirable recent book called *The Nature of Life*. In a discussion of target-finding gunsights that seem to exhibit a sort of inherent purposefulness, he compares them with living organisms. He concludes: "It remains true to say that we know of no way other than random mutation by which new hereditary variations come into being, nor any process other than natural selection by which the hereditary constitution of a population changes from one generation to the next. But if one confines oneself to the remark that the basic processes of evolution are not finalistic [*i.e.*, endowed with purpose], this, while true, can no longer be regarded as adequate. The nonfinalistic mechanisms interact with each other in such a way that they form a mechanism that has some quasi-finalistic properties akin to those of a target-finding gunsight."

WHAT Professor Waddington seems to have overlooked is something that to me renders false the analogy he suggests. His machines that, like the target-following gunsight, exhibit "quasi-finalistic properties" do so because they were devised by men who were endowed with a complete, not merely a quasi, finalistic capacity. Until he can show us a cybernetic mechanism that designs itself, no such machine suggests how seemingly purposeful organisms could have come into being—except through the actual purposefulness of something either outside or including themselves. What Professor Waddington's analogy really suggests is the old watchmaker-and-watch analogy, and he is in danger of leading us back to the argument from design as proof that the universe was created by a mind outside of nature—which is a good deal further than I (who have my doubts about orthodox Darwinism) am ready to go.



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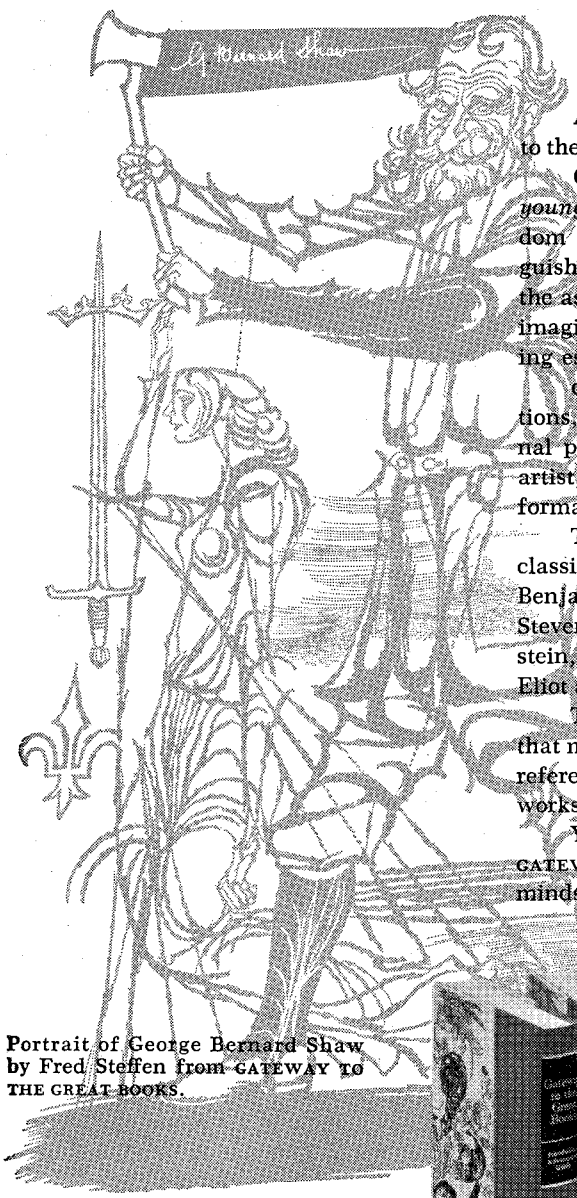

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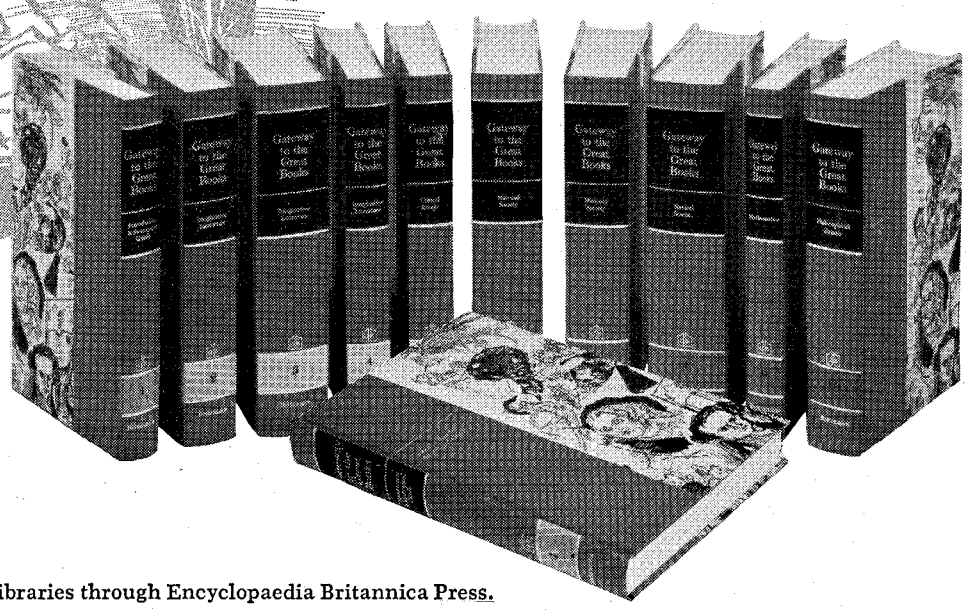

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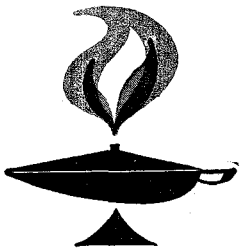

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Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Is There a Teacher Shortage?

FOR a decade we have been reading annual reports of a nationwide teacher shortage of 120,000 to 140,000. Those who read only the headlines have been led to believe that many classrooms are without teachers and many children are going untaught. These figures are misleading and require interpretation.

There are few, if any, teacherless classrooms. The figures are arrived at by counting the number needed to replace teachers leaving the classroom plus those needed to provide for increased enrollments and then adding the number that would be required to provide additional services, reduce class size in overcrowded classrooms, and replace teachers now teaching on temporary or substandard certificates. When the number of new teachers available is subtracted from the total of all these categories, the "need" comes to 120,000 or more.

But there is no current demand for this number of teachers beyond the available supply. Reducing class size and providing additional services requires more money than is now available in most school districts—even if the teachers could be found they could not be employed. Many of those with temporary certificates are competent teachers even though they lack some of the course requirements for standard certification. They will remain on the job and will fulfill the requirements for certification through summer school work. They cannot properly be considered a part of the "teacher shortage."

Today the number of teachers who hold some kind of legal certificates and are willing to teach approximately equals the total number of actual jobs available in the nation. But there is a serious imbalance between the kinds of jobs available and the kinds for which teachers are prepared. This is the real teacher shortage.

According to the NEA's 1963 report on teacher supply and demand, the college graduating class of 1963 included 158,357 men and women eligible for standard teaching certificates. Of this number, an estimated 118,000 or about 75 per cent sought employment as teachers. The rapid turnover plus increases in enrollment created vacancies for about this number. But 60 per cent of the vacancies were in elementary schools, and only 40 per cent of the new teachers were prepared to teach at this level. Sixty per cent of the graduates were prepared to teach in high school, where there is a shortage of teachers in some subjects, but an oversupply in others.

Too many of the men want to teach physical education—not more than one-third of those qualified can hope to teach full time in their specialty. But there is a shortage of women teachers of health and physical education. There is an oversupply of social science teachers, but English teachers are in short supply. There continues to be a vigorous demand for high school teachers of mathematics, science, and foreign languages. But many of the senior high vacancies are filled by experienced teachers who move up from the junior high so that most of the vacancies for new secondary teachers are at the junior high level.

Teachers are not interchangeable units. The man who majored in physical education is rarely well prepared to teach mathematics or science. The high

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school teacher of social studies usually is neither qualified nor willing to teach in the lower grades, where the demand for teachers is greater.

College placement officers are aware of these facts, but when the candidate goes to the placement office in search of a job, it is usually too late for him to change his specialty. If the balance between supply and demand is to be restored, students must change their career plans when they select their college majors. Better counseling for high school and college students is essential.

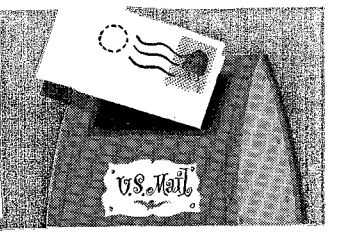
The prospective teacher whose qualifications are exceptionally high need not be discouraged by these facts, whatever his specialty may be. There will always be a demand for superior teachers in all fields provided they are willing to move to where the jobs are. But a beginning teacher can no longer expect to find exactly the job he wants. Some who prefer to teach in high school will find it necessary to prepare instead for the elementary level. Many who would like to teach in the affluent suburbs will have an easier time finding employment in city slums or rural areas. Employers in the more attractive schools are now in a position to be selective. —P.W.

Teacher Supply and Demand

* At the high-school level the chief problem is not total numbers. The distribution of the new supply among the teaching fields is not in balance with the need; there will be an oversupply in some fields, a continued shortage in others.
* The sciences and mathematics, fields of most acute shortage, expect more-than-average increases of 19.7 and 18.8 per cent, respectively.
* English, still in short supply, has a prospective increase of 19.5 per cent.
* Most overlooked fields of extreme shortage are women's physical and health education, to increase only 12.9 per cent, and home economics, where the outlook is for an increase of only 7.4 per cent.
* Most obvious oversupply for many years has been and continues to be in men's physical education. The prospect is for an increase of 7.4 per cent, with the outlook for full-time positions in this field being no more than one-third to one-fourth of the number who will be produced in 1963.
* The other major field of prospective oversupply is social science, where the outlook is for an increase of 14.3 per cent.

—Highlights from "Teacher Supply and Demand in Public Schools, 1963," published by the NEA.

Letters to the Editor



Questions About Aspen

I SHOULD LIKE TO express a certain skepticism concerning some of the matters set forth in John Scanlon s article "Aspen: A New Day for the Humanities" [*SR*, Dec. 21]. I assure you that I am not opposed to doing any good that can be done for the cause of humanistic studies and accomplishments. But I find myself wondering whether some of the matters mentioned in this article provide the desired answers—or any answers.

One of these is the calm, apparently unquestioned assumption in Mr. Paepcke's summation of the purpose of the Aspen Institute that American businessmen are "the leaders of American life." I, for one, question that this is necessarily true—unless the name of "leader" has some curious meanings. When I look over the list of officers and trustees of the Aspen Institute, I am not reassured. Albert Schweitzer leads off as Honorary Trustee, and that is fine—for window-dressing. But from there on I find officers of corporations, some political figures, a professor of industry (!), and an academic administrator. I suppose education is fairly well represented in the president, Mr. Eurich, and a few other persons. And I note one artist-architect. But where are the *real* representatives of the humanities—after Dr. Schweitzer? Where are the truly creative persons, the artists, writers, and scholars? Is it assumed that, of course, they cannot be trusted with the guidance of such an undertaking, that such guidance must be in the hands of "the leaders of American life"?

I shall look forward with interest to the awarding of the Aspen prizes. I shall hope fervently that they make more sense than some of the Nobel awards for literature and most of the Pulitzer prizes. I hope that the award board has an entirely free hand in making its selections, that its selections do not have to be approved by the board of trustees. Certainly the Aspen Award board members are excellent choices.

H. B. ROUSE,
Professor of English,
University of Arkansas.

Fayetteville, Ark.

Boroff on Bennington

DAVID BOROFF'S ARTICLE "Cauldron of Creativity" [*SR*, Dec. 21] contains a revealing inaccuracy. He states, "A Vassar girl, for example, would feel far more at home at Bennington than she would, let us say, at the University of Indiana."

Had Mr. Boroff taken the time even to check a catalogue, he would have discovered that the "University of Indiana" does not exist: it is in fact named *Indiana University*. It would appear that he has seen quite a bit of the Eastern schools (he mentions Harvard, Smith, and Bennington) and not enough of colleges elsewhere.

As a native of Boston and a product of Eastern schools, I am not blindly leaping to anyone's defense. As a future graduate student at Indiana University, where there are many academic resources not available at "Ivy League" colleges, I find Mr. Boroff's choice of antithesis more an example of his unfortunate inability to accept non-Eastern schools as educational institutions than a valid illustration of his point.

NAOMI WARE,
Vassar, '64.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

IF I WERE EVER to meet a Bennington girl (an encounter to which I look forward with some trepidation), I would very likely be inclined to label her an antisocial, arrogant, all too self-analytical, intellectual snob. And she, arguing against me with precise logic, brilliant reasoning—but not, God forbid, feminine deviousness—would prove me exactly right.

Perhaps I am unjustified. Perhaps the Bennington girl cannot, or will not, be stereotyped. But I think not. I have met the "bright" girl, and no matter what her background, intellectual, social, or economic, she has rarely failed to fit the pattern I have described. She is passionately devoted to the display of her high intelligence, a possession that no one denies. She revels in every one of her creative activities, which often turn out to be meaningless. She proudly extols her aloofness from the mediocre social concerns of the less academic of her sex and hence proves herself to be pitifully insecure. Such females exist, and not only at Bennington, but at Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, and Radcliffe; at UCLA, CCNY, and Penn; and, of course, at Reed.

LEE DE COLA, student
Reed College

Portland, Ore.

Baldwin's Talk to Teachers

THANKS FOR OBTAINING and printing James Baldwin's "A Talk to Teachers" [*SR*, Dec. 21]. In violent, personal terms it gives the feel of conditions that so many of us detached whites have always deplored but never suffered from. This means that at last we are being educated and shaken out of the amazingly tolerant attitudes we've nourished for so many generations.

WILLIAM T. BISSELL.

Canton, Conn.

MR. BALDWIN STATES that "the press is not as free as it says it is." True enough, but thank God *Saturday Review* is, for I have never read a more moving, enlightening, and frightening explanation of the reason for the Negro's position in America today.

MRS. JAY B. ETTINGER.

St. Paul, Minn.

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TEXTBOOKS AND TRAPPED IDEALISTS

By FRANK G. JENNINGS, *Editor-at-Large of Saturday Review and educational consultant to the New World Foundation.*

AN educated adult, looking upon a modern American textbook for any grade in any subject, could easily see the work as an insult to the student's potential intelligence. So-called public reaction against the contemporary "look-say" basal readers is a case in point.

Organizations have been established and foundations have given their support to efforts to remove these blights from the American classroom. We know better than to tolerate what the worst of these books stand for. Consider the child who enters the first grade classroom, excited by the hope that at last he will learn to read on his own, coming as he does to the effort, with almost six years of marvelous success in learning how to use his mother tongue. Consider this child, who has a substantial vocabulary enabling him to report on and deal with complexities of experience in the modern world, now being confronted with a book that stutters a few score of infantile words, "Look, Jane, Look! Jack has the ball . . . See, see, see the ball!" Is this the magic of the printed page? Is this the place where heroes contend with ogres?

Consider the child who knows the difference between a rocket trajectory and a satellite orbit, who can distinguish among hundreds of brands of cereals, soaps, and deodorants, who knows families of automobiles with mytho-poetic names; consider this and appreciate his disappointment. We offer him a cup of magic, filled with tap-water.

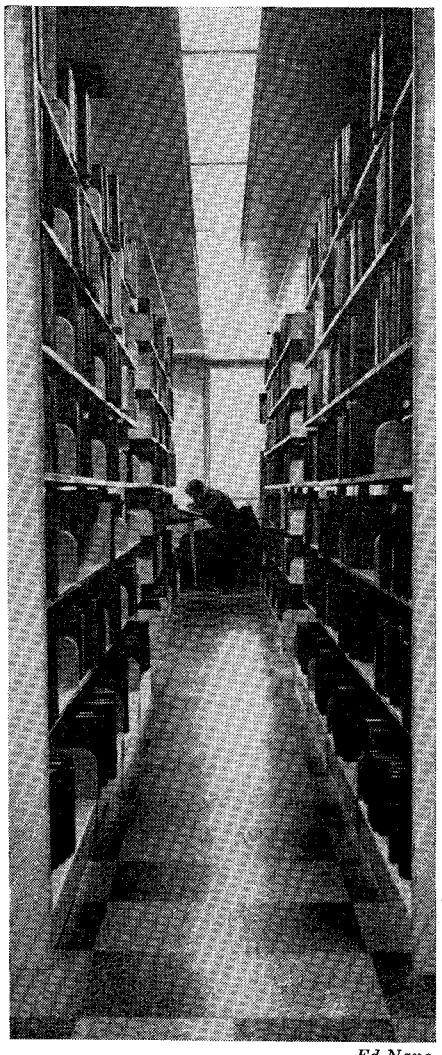
Certainly it is easy to denigrate textbooks. As *books* they were never very good. Remember those of our own youth? They had no titles for us, only authors' names. In math class we opened the beige-colored monstrosity called "Wentworth & Smith"; in English there was "Lang, Leaf, and Meyers." History was simply and forever "Muzzey." Each in its own way was a drudge-making curse. Remember the language of Molière served up to us in a stew called "Chardenal"? Remember those physics books that would have made Newton wince, that never recognized the existence of Einstein or Bohr or Planck?

How did we as a nation survive this assault? How did we, so armed, come through the Depression, fight a global war, sunder the atom, and probe the domain of the stars? We have answers to these questions, and the textbooks do not figure in them. But, are we being fair?

A book comes into being when some author, driven by his private demon, brings forth a manuscript that some editor likes well enough to try to persuade a publisher to print. The book lives or dies by the size and loyalty of the readership it attracts. With textbooks it is otherwise. An editor, a publisher, a salesman, a successful teacher (or an unsuccessful one!), a curriculum specialist, or a committee of many, or all of these people may decide that a new textbook is needed or would succeed in a certain subject if it were done in a certain way.

Another avenue to textbook creation might open with a salesman's report that a competitor's product seems to be doing very well in his territory and that it has certain characteristics of size, shape, color, format, or organization of contents. He strongly urges that his company go forth and do likewise. If he is a good salesman with a reputation for being right in these matters, his report will be considered with care and possibly favor. In either case, some one person's attention is piqued, and the process of textbook creation begins.

Large textbook houses today have staffs that could provide a complete faculty for a fine education department in a good college. In fact many of the editors and other "specialists" are recruited from such faculties as well as from the classrooms and administrative offices of the country's better school systems. These people maintain their professional credentials in the major educational organizations and often participate in workshops, conferences, and



—*Ed Nano.*

"Although curriculum is not immutable, it is the only arena within which the textbook publisher must perform."

conventions. It is their responsibility to keep alert to every shift in the educational climate, to identify the bright young Turks and encourage them, to establish and keep in close working contact with educational leaders, but perhaps their most important assignment is to keep the big series books and best-sellers ready for revision. The money-makers are not the flashy one-shots but the long-term wheel-horses that dominate a field for a generation.

That big book or series is the product of what is loosely called research and development. (Everyone uses the phrase today, why shouldn't publishers?) From the beginning of an idea to the final act of publication will be an intensively active period extending perhaps over six years. If what is being planned is a new series rather than a single text, a publisher's investment might be well over a million dollars. With investments in time and money on such a scale, a publisher has a clear responsibility to his stockholders to hedge his bets against the whole educational universe.

He will see to it that the book idea

This article is taken from a chapter in the book, *The American Reading Public*, published this month by R. R. Bowker Co.

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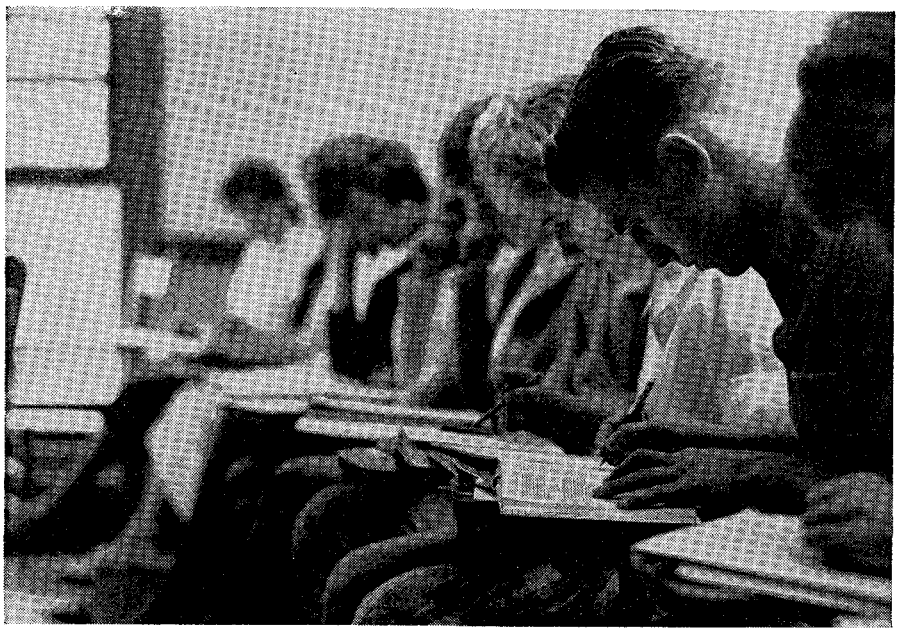

—*M. D. Patterson.*

"The textbook must be for the teacher and student, a better window to current facts and the ways to a better, more desirable world."

is tested in every conceivable way. He will even try it out on his wife and children. There will be brainstorming sessions at the beginning. A pulsating germ of an idea will be nourished to the point at which it can be paraded before some private audience, perhaps of working classroom teachers or trusted authors. If it is viable and shows the possibility of growth, it will be worked up into a memorandum that will be presented to the editorial staff responsible for the book or series, should it come into being. There the criticism can be rough, ruthless, or ridiculous. But any observation, no matter how irrelevant or absurd, will be entertained. A tiny misjudgment can result in a feature that could destroy the work of years, or so it is thought by some editors and publishers. Bitter experience has given them cause for such sensitivity.

If the idea survives the early trying stages, it grows quickly into a kind of scenario. Sections of the book-to-be are worked up. There will be numerous readings of this partial manuscript by various specialists. There will be field tests of special features or related ideas that, if successful, will later be incorporated into the final manuscript. Schools, even whole school systems will be invited to participate. Everyone involved, at all levels of talent and responsibility, will be urged to seek out and report any apparent weakness in the text, in the logic of organization, and often (here is where the persistent sensitivity shows its anxious head again) most important, they are abjured to report on any possibility of any statement, illustration, or even a chart that could somehow cause some offense somewhere to someone.

This last point is crucial because the final act is a sale, but not any ordinary sale of a book over the counter. Textbook publishers need and want adoptions. They want system-wide adoptions. They hope for state-wide adoptions, though these are becoming rarer than they once were. A publisher of textbooks has a daydream (and a nightmare) that his book might be adopted in every region of the country. He is haunted by the voice of the school administrator who declared, "We try to make sure that the books we select are not objectionable to anyone."

Such a comment is not likely to reinforce a publisher's interest in an author's point of view about a possibly controversial matter, nor will he be excited by radical innovation.

Robert Bierstedt, in a very interesting sociological essay, "The Writers of Textbooks," (*Text Materials in Modern Education*, Lee J. Cronbach, ed., University of Illinois Press, 1955) points out that "Banned books are rare in our society; banned textbooks, on the contrary, are numerous." Jack Kough is reported in *Publishers' Weekly* (May 13, 1963) as warning his fellow publishers on problems of censorship that, "As an industry, we have adopted an ostrich-like position. In doing so we have elevated a very vulnerable part of our anatomy, and it's available for anyone to take a swat at."

The textbook publisher who seeks and gets state adoptions, who succeeds in establishing markets in many regions of the country has, by his habitually complaisant response to critics, invited them all to play this game of swat. He says to any potential critic, "Please teach me how not to offend you." It is true, of course, that some gallant soul on some occasion writes a public letter saying that it just is not true that he or his book is un-American, but he is always very lonely and never very loud.

In *Textbooks Are Indispensable!*, published by the American Textbook Publishers Institute, there is the following assessment of the problem. "They [textbooks] also have to keep up with the latest scholarly research—a job that would keep a dozen energetic graduate students overworked in any one subject field. They must fit their material to a particular grade level, keeping within the limitations of vocabulary and understanding appropriate to the age group. They must try to avoid statements that might prove offensive to any economic, religious, racial, or social group; or any civic, fraternal, patriotic, or philanthropic society in the whole United States. At the same time they have to find room for numerous illustrations, strive for attractive format, and on top of all this, do their best to be interesting!"

The following paragraph observes

—*Far West Photography.*

"There is a desperate need for books that display and celebrate our diversity, our pluralism, and the fact that life is not always a sun-drenched Sunday afternoon."

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how surprising it is that textbooks are able to do their job at all. Sometimes books succeed almost by subterfuge. Content is practically smuggled into vaguely sentimental, fictionalized stories about the way people live in some faraway place or some allegedly more pleasant time. In such a book, it comes as a shock that one is looking at a "social studies text," presumably designed to give a seventh-grade child an understanding of "contemporary cultures other than our own." Such books are only intellectually offensive, and so far as the textbook people are concerned, there is as yet no significantly dangerous pressure group carrying the intellectual's banner. Complaints from that social sector as yet cause no great pain.

Yet, even allowing for the many difficulties that face textbook publishers and editors, it is difficult to accept as educationally sound and honorable attitudes and practices like the following:

The textbook editor who says that it is a small price to pay if a book's adoption hinges upon changing the "Civil War" to "The War Between the States."

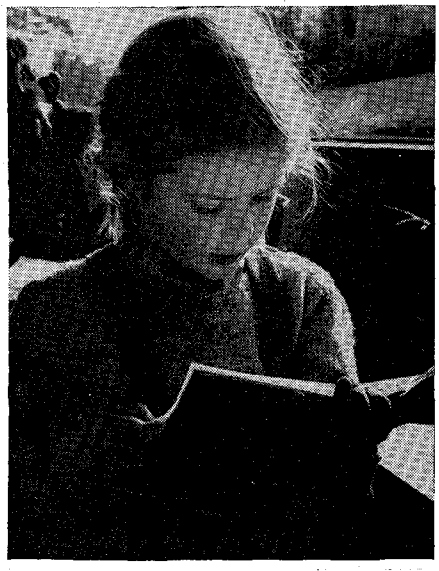
It is hard (for whatever earnest pedagogical reason) to tolerate the re-writing of Shakespeare thus: "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creep on, day by day, to the end of time," or this: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, listen to me."

It is almost incredible that evolution has still to be bootlegged into some science texts as organic development or that a science textbook is distributed in the Northeast with illustrations of mixed classes in a laboratory, while in the Southeast, the same book is illustrated with a different picture showing white students only.

IT is tempting here to cast the textbook publisher in the role of Liza on the snowy river bank. He wants to do the right thing. He wants to do it in a free atmosphere. He wants the independence without which no soul can aspire to selfhood, but he also wants to be safe and to be loved. What does he confront? The snarling dogs of the special interest groups, so well cataloged by the American Textbook Publishers Institute; the inexorable ice floes of educational change; and finally, the Simon Legree of the textbook selection committee.

Each of these characters has a chimerical quality; they are not entirely what they seem. Most of them, too, want to serve and to be loved. But Mr. Legree deserves special attention, for, after the bets are laid, after the presses have deposited their burden on the warehouse floor, after the bush-whacking salesmen have sighted the market, the scene shifts. The book must be laid before a selection committee whose members are often dragooned teachers with other interests, serving after hours without additional pay. This committee has to decide among a large number of competing texts on a variety of subjects which ones shall be bought (adopted) by the school, or the system, or (*pace*!) the state.

What are the criteria for this selection? They may consist of some arcane formula made up of readability scales, interest levels, and the degree of articulation the particular book will have with the rest of the curriculum. There may be no formal criteria, merely a kind of



—*Henry Grant.*

"Too often we offer the student a cup of magic, filled with tap water."

Quaker sense of the meeting. A respected, or feared member of the group says, "I can't explain, but I just would (or would not) feel comfortable with that book in our classrooms."

Textbooks are accepted or turned down because they are profusely illustrated, because they have lavishly colored covers, because they are larger or smaller than the ones in use, because they are written by people with the right kinds of names, coming from the right schools in the right part of the country. Sometimes books are accepted, or rejected, because it is very late on a dreary Friday afternoon.

Of course, textbook selection is not always so capricious. Usually it functions through an efficient bureaucracy. The standards employed may not be educationally relevant. A book can be rejected if the "wrong kind" of materials are used in its manufacture, but the standards will be clearly enunciated. There is gold in being placed on the basal or co-basal lists (giving a publisher a monopoly or semi-monopoly in the school, system, or state). There can be financial failure, on the other hand, if the book's title should appear on the blacklist of one of the societies in the American Textbook Publishers Institute catalogue of anguish.

Yet this must be emphasized: the editor and publisher of American textbooks is a trapped idealist. He knows the role he can and must play in public education. He strives, somehow, to exploit the best of contemporary thought and technology. He wants to do as good a job as his collective talents and resources will allow. At his best, he has a deep sense of commitment to his responsibilities.

The critics cited here, as well as those who address the public from soap boxes, pulpits, and submarines, cannot change the need of public school classrooms for materials appropriate to the curriculum. In this country we assign that task to the commercial textbook publisher.

Although curriculum is not immutable, it is the only arena within which the publisher must perform. The quality of his performance may enlarge or modify the curriculum. Yet rarely will publishers attempt to initiate a radical educational change. The terms "research and development" have special meanings in educational publishing, more accurately described as market analysis. Therein lies a circular dilemma.

In his essay, cited above, Robert Bierstedt quotes a remark made almost forty years ago by Donald R. Taft: "Textbook writers will write the book that publishers will accept; publishers will accept the books that school boards will adopt; school boards will adopt the books that organized public opinion will demand."

This is even more true today.

"But," says Bierstedt, "public opinion itself is determined in part by the contents of the texts used in the public schools." So, within this dilemma we come full circle to the author. Although he is a plural creature in most instances (a committee, in fact, that sometimes does not even meet as a committee), the author of a text is an innovator of sorts. In this respect he can affect public opinion. While it is true that currently the textbook author cannot be a social critic or satirist, he can do some things differently and better than they have been done before. In so doing, his books may even not lose money.

For example, the author(s) of a social studies textbook might write history as Carl Lotus Becker did it back in 1915 in his still beautiful and effective "Beginnings of the American People." The author(s) of an English grammar text might (as some few have recently tried to) write about the mother tongue with some of the excitement and wonder and love that have been accorded our lan-

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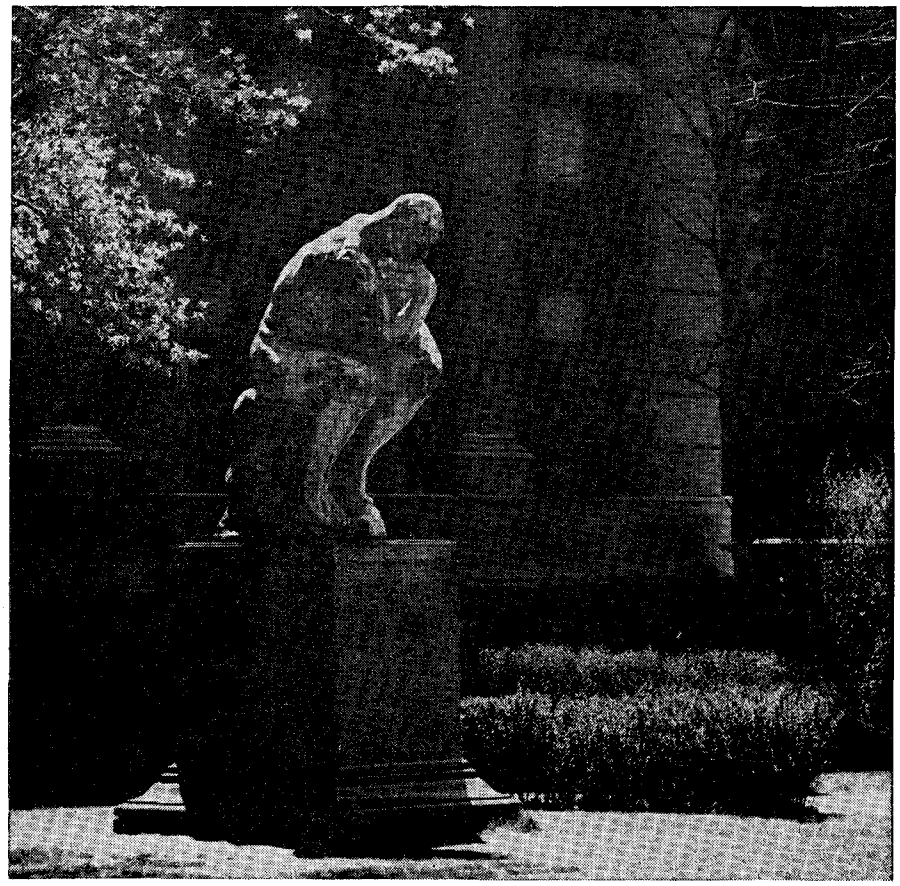
HIGHER EDUCATION: FOURTH BRANCH OF GOVERNMENT?



—*David Plowden.*

Columbia University Campus—"Federal involvement in research did not stop at the end of the war, but grew and flourished."

By CHRISTIAN K. ARNOLD, *Associate Executive Secretary of the Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges.*

WASHINGTON is right now the battleground for an issue the resolution of which will basically effect the colleges and universities of America for a long time to come. The issue, quite simply, is this: what sort of arrangments should—and will—characterize the relationship between the federal government and the institutions of higher education in the land?

The relationship between higher education and the society that, of necessity, supports it has never been an easy one. Higher education must be critical of the society of which it is a part in order to carry out adequately its basic function of social perpetuation and improvement. This leads to a very real dilemma: the need of independence for an educational institution from the source of its sustenance. And this independence must be achieved in such a fashion that the institution doesn't isolate itself from reality and destroy its usefulness through ever narrowing scholasticism.

Here in America we complicated the matter by creating, over 100 years ago, a distinction between "private" and "public" higher education, partly as a result of the emerging free enterprise system. This distinction is not without its ironies. In its very early years, for instance, Harvard resisted incorporation in the belief that this would make it "public" in that it would be subject to governmental control. Today, public institutions seek corporation status in order that they might have legal means of resisting inappropriate encroachments on their independence. One prestigious private institution receives something over three-fourths of its total income from public sources, a percentage that surely tops that for most public institutions in the country.

Without exception, to my knowledge, all colleges and universities justify themselves on the basis of the public service they perform. The private ones maintain that their private status protects the independence they need to discharge this service with distinction. In its "pure" form, these institutions received no support directly from public sources. Subject always to the wisdom of their own boards of control, the demands of the market place, the affluence and right-mindedness of their benefactors, and professional ground rules in the disciplines, these institutions were free, therefore, to operate on the basis of their own interpretation of the public interest. They achieved authority to run their own show, but they owed no legal responsibility to the publicly organized segments of society.

With public institutions, the matter was somewhat more complex. Here, obviously, some means had to be found to hold these institutions accountable for the discharge of their public responsibilities without, at the same time, destroying the independence necessary for the maintenance of their ability to discharge those responsibilities.

The writings of Jonathan Baldwin Turner, an influential philosophical pioneer in public higher education, show that the architects of this type of education were well aware of the problems they faced in this matter, and the method they devised for meeting these problems still provides us with the basic structure for combining responsibility with authority in public institutions. Turner insisted that the guardianship of these institutions should be placed "directly in the hands of the people." For this, he suggested replacing self-perpetuating private boards responsible only to themselves with public boards appointed by the governor of the state and confirmed by the senate. From the beginning, we have added another provision to Turner's suggestion: the members of the board are to serve for limited terms of office. Further, in some states, the members of the boards are elected rather than appointed, and in

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others a combination of the two methods is used.

In this way, we have a mechanism not unlike that built into our basic governmental system of checks and balances. In fact, the case has been made, especially in states where the autonomy of the public university is guaranteed through incorporation anchored to the state constitution, that the state university *is* the *fourth* branch of government. In this system, all public officials are accountable to their constituencies, and no one branch "controls" the other in any traditional sense of the term. The legislature establishes policy and grants (or withholds) funds. The judiciary interprets and administers the laws of the land, to which all alike must submit. The executive carries out the administrative and housekeeping functions. And the universities reproduce and advance in each succeeding generation the intellectual, social, cultural, and scientific knowledges and skills without which the whole structure would collapse. "Control" is shared through the mutual interdependence of these branches in discharging their own unique responsibilities, with all alike accountable to the American people.

Through the years, these basic patterns have become somewhat modified. Private institutions have sought and received support from public sources, as, for instance, through tax-free status and publicly financed scholarships for their students. Almost from the beginning, public institutions have had to seek support from private sources, such as student fees and tuition and alumni contributions. In addition, academic independence and autonomy have not always been easy to maintain, especially in recent years, as we get farther away from the original concept in time and as growing state bureaucracies overstep the traditional limits of their authority by imposing rules for preaudits, centralized personnel management, and the like. Fortunately, there are isolated instances of reversals of this trend. Two years ago, for instance, in Massachusetts, where the autonomy of the state university had been badly eroded over the years, a bill was passed by the legislature and signed by the governor returning to the university its authority for the management of its own programs, subject only to the legislature's legitimate responsibilities for determining basic public policy and of appropriating public funds. And in Michigan the adoption of the new constitution extended constitutional incorporation to additional state universities.

In this way, a basic relationship that grants authority as it imposes responsibility has been worked out between the public universities and the states from which they receive support. Granting isolated violations of this relationship and the need for constant vigilance in maintaining it, the mechanism has proved to be remarkably effective.

THE rather sudden growth of massive federal involvement in higher education since World War II has added an undigested new element to the relationship between universities and society. Our attempts so far to find solutions to these new problems have been engineering endeavors, not scientific ones. We have acted first and then tried to find rational justifications. Perhaps we ought to slow down long enough to take a look at where we are going before we find the path closed to alternate routes.

Federal involvement in higher education is not a new phenomenon. Federal lands were set aside for public education in the Northwest Ordinance of 1787. Further, the federal government was basically responsible for the creation of America's unique system of land-grant colleges and universities. Through the passage of the Morrill Act in 1862, the federal establishment granted substantial amounts of land to the states on condition that the states sell the land to endow at least one college in each state. The Act did not specify that these were to be "public" colleges, but the establishment of the institutions under the provisions of the Act helped to crystallize the concept of public higher education. The Act did say these institutions were to be under the jurisdiction of the state legislature and did define, in generalized terms, the types of programs, students, and oversight that were to be involved. In 1953, the National Manpower Council could report that "the most important single governmental step in connection with the training of scientific and professional manpower" was the Morrill Act.

But federal participation in the programs of these institutions did not end with the passage of the enabling legislation. Especially significant is that the federal government has continuously supported agricultural research programs at the land-grant institutions since the passage of the Hatch Act in 1887 and rural extension programs since the Smith-Lever Act in 1914. Our annoyance with the problems created by the surplus food and fibre we produce each year is, in itself, a tribute to the overwhelming success of these programs—and our annoyance will change to gratitude if even the most modest predictions of our population growth are realized. Translated into the release of national productive energies for other pursuits, today we feed 180 million Americans with just about the same number of farmers with which we fed thirty million 100 years ago. This fact becomes important in considering the development of our civilization and society in any or all of its elements.

Through these programs, we established a pattern of relations between the federal government and the universities consistent with the pattern established between the states and the universities. Funds appropriated annually by the Congress are distributed among the states by a formula that takes into account such factors as the size of the rural population in each of the several states and plans for regional, interstate research. Programs supported by these funds are initiated by plans outlined *within the institutions* under the supervision of the directors of the experiment stations and of the extension programs. These directors are solely responsible for the administration and guidance of the programs, but both past performance and future plans are reviewed and evaluated annually by the Secretary of Agriculture and by the Congress at appropriation hearings.

The institutions have a wide degree of freedom in the use of these funds. Experiment stations, for instance, may be used for basic research, as in biological science, or for applied research. The directors may—in fact, are encouraged to—pool their resources with other experiment stations to attack regional problems; and the funds may be used for research carried out in cooperation with industrial organizations, state and county governments, and foundations.

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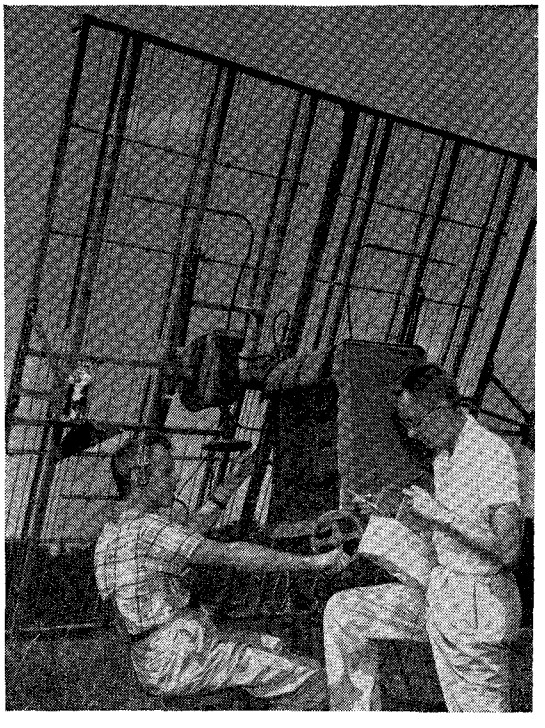

". . . a middle-management operating arm of governmental agencies."

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—*Homer Page.*

"Those who give serious thought to the needs of the undergraduate almost always favor general education."

A NEW APPROACH TO LIBERAL EDUCATION

By NEVITT SANFORD, *Professor of Psychology and Education and Director of the Institute for the Study of Human Relations at Stanford.*

THE problem of how to sustain liberal education in colleges in the face of increasing specialization in graduate schools and the increasing prestige of scholarly activity, is becoming more and more acute.

Those who give serious thought to the needs of the undergraduate, particularly those who are concerned about his intellectual development, almost always favor general education. In recent years, this has been the direction of most reforms, and the ideal of most new institutions.

But how can we have general education without generalists? Nowadays the academic man is under enormous pressure to define himself in terms of a particular discipline, or even a specialty within a discipline. If he is a philosopher, let us say, and becomes seriously interested in psychology, he may soon find himself without a job; for the philosophers will suspect him of impurity, if not disloyalty, and the psychologists will not accept anyone of so unconventional a background.

On our university campuses, men who teach exclusively in the undergraduate college are regarded as second class citizens. If it is a general college—a college without departments—in which they teach, and if they are seriously interested in teaching students, their case is worse.

In these circumstances, it is not only difficult to recruit and to hold able teachers in the colleges, but it is very difficult to maintain a truly liberal curriculum. The undergraduate teacher usually tries hard to be a good department man; if he cannot teach in a graduate school he can at least make his courses as much like graduate courses as possible; if he cannot teach professional courses he can at least teach preprofessional ones.

When general colleges are started there is soon a movement among the faculty to divide along traditional departmental lines. These faculty members want to be known by the students they send to graduate schools, and the only safe course is to teach them what they will be taught later on.

The problem is an old one, and various solutions have been tried or proposed. Always, of course, there is much talk about the joys, the nobility, the enormous importance of teaching undergraduates. Great efforts are made to reward teaching itself, as opposed to scholarship or research. Usually, the plan is to allow or encourage the general college teacher to maintain his departmental affiliation and to take time for his own research or scholarly work. This is a losing battle, for these teachers are drawn more and more to the departments, and their original enthusiasm for teaching in the college diminishes.

A more radical solution must be sought. Let our efforts at reform be directed to the real seat of the trouble, that is, the way in which the search for knowledge and the training of research and scholarly specialists is organized. It is the graduate schools, with their departmental system, that undermine college teaching and really determine what the undergraduate curriculum will be. The features of these schools that impair undergraduate teaching are the same as those that make the search for knowledge less exciting and fruitful than it ought to be. Instead of trying to improve undergraduate teaching by separating it from inquiry, we should seek reforms that can move both teaching and inquiry onto a higher level.

It is ironical that a set of divisions and subdivisions that is largely arbitrary, that just grew, under the impact of all sorts of political and accidental forces, is now almost universally regarded as sacrosanct or at least here to stay. It is as if the arrangement of articles in a supermarket were fixed for the foreseeable future by a standardized form of supermarket construction, from which no operator could afford to deviate. One could always find what he was looking for, but never what he was not looking for. Anyone who wished to introduce a new article into the picture would be pretty discouraged. University expansion programs by and large are out to solidify in stone, or at least in bricks and

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mortar, the existing arrangements—ignoring the possibility that future scientific discoveries may lie in the spaces among existing disciplines and also the growing suggestion that the existing structure may be the wrong one for coping with human problems.

Let us bear in mind, then, the man-made and, I hope, transitory nature of existing university structure, while mounting an attack upon its most apparent weakness, that is, its over-specialization. Here we are on familiar ground. "We are learning more and more about less and less," the saying goes. Or, "every day we know more but understand less."

Let us admit that science has made progress through specialization. In moving toward the systemization of knowledge in a given area it has constructed theoretical models and directed research to filling in the gaps exposed by the model building. The success of this approach is everywhere apparent; it is the rational justification for the present structure of higher education.

YET, this approach may not be adequate to our present needs. Indeed, it has concomitants that are profoundly disturbing to many observers of the intellectual scene in this country. As the scientist becomes increasingly specialized, he becomes increasingly lonely. Fewer and fewer people can talk with him. Specialists in professions such as public health and social welfare, finding it difficult to understand the scientist, and perhaps smarting under hints that because they are not "pure" they are somehow second class, develop terms and mystiques of their own, which if they do not confound the scientists at least annoy the humanists. The result is that the vaunted intellectual life of the American campus, which students are supposed to admire and take part in, tends to degenerate into shop-talk among specialists in narrow fields, preoccupation with campus politics, and—when people of several disciplines chance to assemble—desultory conversation about the trivia of the day. Presumably it is the students who, forcibly exposed to an array of different subjects, will take care of the integration of knowledge!

Nobody supposes that this state of affairs can be changed all at once; probably no one would wish that it be changed altogether. But there are lively possibilities of ameliorating local situations and introducing countervailing forces.

The proposal here is that there be set up on each large university campus a number of institutes for the study of human problems. By human problems I mean problems defined in terms of their human significance rather than in the terms of any existing academic specialty; for example: the alienation and demoralization of youth; freedom and authority; work and leisure; problems of aging and longevity; problems having to do with the uses and abuses of alcohol; addictions of various kinds.

INSTITUTES would be designed to encourage and facilitate concentration of the resources of various disciplines upon major human problems and at the same time to provide arrangements favorable to progress in science and to the enrichment of the intellectual life of the university.

Problems of the sort just mentioned can be effectively attacked only by an approach that utilizes concepts, theories, and methods of all the disciplines concerned with understanding human behavior. The effort must be made, by workers in different fields, to construct conceptual schemes and theories that will make it possible for us to understand a great variety of biological, psychological, and social factors in their relations to each other and to the problem at hand.

Approaches to the study of human problems must not be narrowly focused; nor should problems be defined rigidly in terms of their most striking aspects. Problems such as delinquency, or alcoholism, or aging have to be seen in different contexts, as members perhaps of different families of problems. Only when the scientist can see visible manifestations of such problems in their relation to other phenomena and to underlying processes of a more general nature can we expect his interest in the original problem to be sustained. This means that a group of scientists and scholars in attacking human problems must be free of pressure to produce immediately useful results; but they must be oriented to human welfare and ultimately, to the responsible use of research findings.

More than one kind of human problem should be studied in a given institute. This would prevent the worst kind of overspecialization; it would force the investigators to look for underlying affinities, for processes central to a diversity of surface phenomena. It would further underline the main point: that intellectual inquiry was to be organized around related *problems* rather than around disciplines.

Institutes of the kind I am suggesting can help narrow the gaps that exist between science and practice, and between scientific and professional activities on the one hand and humanistic studies on the other. More, they can generate in normal times the excitement and urgency that have led to great advances in knowledge during periods of war and crisis.

FOR one thing, there would be natural collaboration across disciplines. When scientists of different disciplines become focused upon a human problem, involved with it, and intent upon its solution, they are able to restrain their parochial loyalties and to take satisfaction in the actual relationships, among factors in their several specialties, that now come to light.

There would also be freedom from the conventions of thought and method that tend to develop in any science. It would become possible to see old problems in new perspectives and in new contexts; and it would be possible to state new problems.

If the diversity of specialists who worked together were great enough, they would have to use the common language of educated men in communicating with each other. The scientist

Two Models

AT ONE UNIVERSITY fifteen scholars representing nine academic fields work full-time together in an institute devoted to problems of youth. These investigators, all experienced teachers, could be persuaded to take part in programs in general education, e.g., freshmen seminars, tutorials, a senior course in research on human problems. This would be one model of what is proposed in the accompanying article.

Another model: At a distinguished liberal arts college a majority of the faculty are fresh Ph.D.s who believe they can best advance their careers either by moving to a university or by setting up graduate departments at their own institution. This college could change this orientation of its younger faculty and regain something of the character that made it famous by establishing one or more institutes for the study of such problems as international relations, poverty, and segregation. This could improve the research as well as the teaching of the able young specialists; and very likely they would soon begin to organize activities involved in the integration of knowledge.

—NEVITT SANFORD.

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would now function as an intellectual, and not merely as the bearer of a certain conceptual and methodological baggage. He would still be free to do research in his own specialized way, but when it came to describing his findings he would have to make sense in intellectual terms. This would favor clarity in his own scientific thinking.

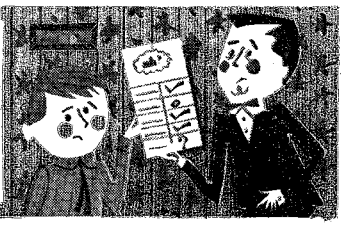
The group of collaborating scientists and scholars should include representatives of the humanities. Where the concern is with human problems, humanistic scholars become involved as readily as anyone else. In an institute, they could contribute insights that the psychologist or social scientist would turn into hypotheses; they could carry on investigations with the use of their own methods; and, perhaps most important, they could see to it that the scientists on the team did not take refuge in their specialized language and preoccupations.

For these institutes to succeed they must from the start be composed of a few particularly able scientists and scholars. This would not be so difficult to arrange as might be supposed. Many established men are restive under present conditions and would like to be working at something more interesting and important. Given an opportunity, some of the young specialists will turn out to be generalists at heart. To wear their professional cloaks they have to suppress a great deal of natural curiosity and imagination; they would flourish in the kind of setting I have described. Once a new institute got over its first hurdles there would be no question about the productivity of its members.

The vision that I have, then, is of a community in which scientists and scholars of different kinds of backgrounds and competencies work closely together on some of the problems of man in contemporary society, at the same time instructing undergraduates in the joys and virtues of general education. Graduate students could not at the present time be advised to join such a community, for they are under too much pressure to achieve a professional, that is, departmental, identity, but post-graduates—fresh Ph.D.s—would learn a great deal, even as they contributed to the ongoing research.

Actually, this sounds very much like the idea of a university, as it has been conceived in the past. Well that it should. But I am not contemplating any substitute for the vast super-universities of today; I am thinking rather of what at the most might be a new way of subdividing them into more meaningful and manageable units, and what at the least might be a new kind of sub-structure that can contribute uniquely to intellectual enterprise.

Report Card



"New York, Thy Name's Delirium." There are times when the troubles of a school administrator seem almost too much for one man to bear, and James E. Allen, Commissioner of Education in New York State, has had plenty in recent months. Musing about them in a speech at the state school boards convention in Syracuse recently, he told the delegates: "You will not be surprised to learn that my recurring nightmare is of an overcrowded, racially imbalanced mathematics class, saying the fourth stanza of the Star Spangled Banner while its teacher, trained in the social studies, is out on strike."

You Can't Tell the Players Without a Program. People who use the statistics published by the U.S. Office of Education like to complain that they are seldom up to date, but a complaint of a different nature was made on the floor of the United States Senate recently by Senator Karl Mundt, Republican of South Dakota. Several months ago, the USOE published a rather comprehensive bibliography of books, articles, and other publications dealing with programed instruction. One of the publications listed was *The Official Girlwatchers Manual*, a gentle spoof of programing. Nevertheless, the Senator thought it rather undignified, because it purported to offer instruction in how to recognize "adorables, desirables, availables, sociables, lovables, dependables, capables, flirtables, and unmentionables."

It's Really Very Simple. James Jackson Kilpatrick, segregationist editor of the Richmond (Virginia) *News Leader*, in an address on civil rights at Hampden-Sydney College recently, explained why the people of Prince Edward County in voting to close their public schools, acted in "complete obedience" to the Supreme Court decision of 1954: "The county no longer was denying admission to any child to any public school, for there were no public schools."

The Ancient Art of Fund-Raising. It is commonly thought that American colleges and universities invented the honorary degree as a device for unlatching the purse of a prospective benefactor. Not so, according to a letter uncovered recently by scholars delving into the Genizah collection of ancient manuscripts in the library of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. The letter, dated 1007 A.D., is in the form of a progress report by Moses ben Barhum Taherti, head of a prominent family in Kairouan (now Tunisia), who had been named chairman of a committee to get the support of neighboring sheikhs in a fund-raising drive for the Talmudical Academy at Pumbedita, in Babylonia. Here is Taherti's report:

"I told them: This matter requires cooperation and unity. Let us go to the sheikh Abi Yitzhak Ibrahim ben Ata that he should be with us (supporting the campaign) and the sheikh Abu Zikri, too.

"They told me: Sheikh Abi Yitzhak will not join us in this matter. I told them: I pledge you that he will, because through his joining us unity will be achieved and there will be general agreement.

"We did not delay. We developed a plan and we approached him. He refused. However, I awakened his interest through open and hidden ways until he accepted. And thus much money was collected."

A subsequent letter indicates that one of the "hidden ways" was the promise of an honorary degree.

No Comment. A recent study of 6,750 Kansas high school seniors showed, among other things, that they listed the following factors, in order of importance, as the strongest influences governing their career choices:

1. Personal knowledge of their own interests and abilities.
2. Advice of parents.
3. Subjects studied in high school (other than guidance classes).
4. Talks with people not connected with the high school or college.
5. Advice of a high school teacher.
6. General reading in newspapers and magazines.
7. The program of the high school as a whole.
8. Books read in high school.
9. Advice of a high school counselor.
10. Working at the vocation after school or during a summer vacation.
11. Public library books or lectures.
12. Motion pictures.
13. Advice of a high school principal or superintendent.
14. Advice of a clergyman.
15. A guidance class in high school.

—JOHN SCANLON.

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THREE MYTHS ABOUT THE COLLEGE TEACHER

By BRUCE DEARING, *Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, University of Delaware.*

A GROWING impatience compels me to address myself to three threadbare myths that continue to muddy academic thinking about the nature and function of the American college professor. The first is the appealing myth of St. Mark Hopkins in single and simple communion with THE STUDENT in primitive surroundings. A second is the myth of the ideal teacher as curmudgeonly critic—the unsung and unsinging Socratic scholar. A third is the myth of the teacher-scholar as off-hand administrator.

"The ideal college is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other." How often have we heard or echoed this old saw, sometimes merely underlining the central importance of the gifted teacher in quality education, but often also in deprecation of libraries, laboratories, teaching machines, independent study, and large classes? But what is really being asserted? Who was Mark Hopkins? At what college, to what students, and in what manner did he actually teach what subject? When it recently occurred to me that I could answer these questions but uncertainly, I sought out Professor Frederick Rudolph's admirable book (*Mark Hopkins and the Log: Williams College 1836-1872*, Yale University Press, 1956) and Carroll A. Wilson's witty monograph ("Familiar 'Small College' Quotations, II, Mark Hopkins and the Log," *The Colophon, new ser.* 3 [1938], 194-209). I was unprepared for what I found.

As more sophisticated educators than I may have known already, this statement ascribed to James A. Garfield was uttered in peculiar circumstances, and in somewhat other words. According to Rudolph and Wilson, the episode seems to have developed somewhat as follows. The occasion was a Williams College Alumni dinner at Delmonico's in 1871. As often happens at such convocations, there appeared among the alumni assembled to speak well of themselves, one another, and their *alma mater*, a representative of the institution; Professor John Bascom had come down from Williamstown to address the gathering. His speech was a bombshell. He asserted bluntly that Williams College was in a deplorable state. The faculty was disintegrating, the students were obstreperous, the libraries and laboratories already essential to genuine higher education in 1871 were nonexistent. Professor Bascom made it clear that he attributed the desperate plight of the institution to the anti-intellectualism, provincialism, indolence, and general laxity of the man who had been for thirty-five years President of Williams College—Mark Hopkins.

It was in response to this attack upon an idol that Garfield coined his famous aphorism. According to Mr. Wilson's persuasive reconstruction, what Garfield actually said was probably "A log cabin in the woods, with a pine bench in it with Mark Hopkins at one end and me on the other is a good enough college for me."

IT appears from Professor Rudolph's account that Hopkins' preparation for his academic career was a meagre miscellany in the study of law and medicine. Though he lectured principally in moral philosophy and held appointment as professor of philosophy, he was proud of the fact that he had read little philosophy. He used Kant only as an example of unintelligibility to hold up to his students' scorn. He had never read either Darwin or Huxley, but nevertheless conducted a thirty-year campaign against what he believed to be their ideas. Despite the enthusiasm of his students—and doubtless Garfield spoke for great numbers of them—the evidence suggests that Mark Hopkins, even by the standards of his day, was anti-intellectual, doctrinaire, unread, unlearned, and unashamed.

It is doubtless ungenerous so to assail the reputation of a man whose name has come to symbolize excellence in teaching. It is my purpose to suggest more appropriate models for our emulation. An ideal college of the mid-twentieth century needs an image other than Mark Hopkins or anyone else on one end of a log and a passive student sitting like a bump on the other. I am not quite ready to settle for Frank Baxter on one end of a coaxial cable and 5,000 students on the other, or for a continental classroom making relatively unimaginative use of available teaching resources and devices for an audience of thousands of early risers. Neither do I propose, or fear, that we are headed toward a teacher-student relationship which provides only the confrontation of Skinner teaching machines and students ready to be conditioned.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Mark Hopkins

Even now in our best institutions, libraries provide records, tapes, microfilms and other resources far beyond the capacity of any individual teacher to absorb or purvey. Students in language laboratories learn some things more effectively from tapes and records than they could from an unaided classroom teacher, however gifted. In laboratories infinitely more elaborate than those Garfield and Hopkins thought so unnecessary in 1871, teaching and learning is taking place on a plane neither could have conceived. In countless classrooms able teachers are calling upon knowledge of the learning process, and upon their own learning and experience, far beyond anything Mark Hopkins even valued, let alone achieved. In several striking examples, skillful and imaginative instructors in the revolutionized field of mathematics are demonstrating that one teacher can deal effectively with as many as three hundred students on the other end of a logarithm. Garfield's aphorism was at best a half-truth in 1871. Ninety years later, and particularly when used as an argument against visual aids, large classes and laboratory instruction, it approaches total absurdity. It was and is academic atavism.

To pervert a well-known and still arresting phrase, "A spectre is haunting the academies—the spectre (alas, not the spirit) of Socrates." In an essay in the *New York Times Magazine* several

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—*Bettmann Archive.*

Socrates addressing the Athenians, after a painting by Dudley Heath.

years ago, Professor Douglas Bush of Harvard tossed off a now famous aside. In arguing that the colleges and universities should leave off trying to achieve mass education, and happily accept the limitation of educating an academic elite, he said, "Along with that may go another earnest wish, that both administrators and members of departments would abandon the principle of 'publish or perish.' Socrates would never have had a chance at an assistant professorship."

This argument is given witty expression in John Ashmead's satiric "Publish or Perish-Socrates" in the AAUP *Bulletin* for December 1955. The burden of Mr. Ashmead's fable is that teachers who publish are hopeless pedants toadying to the dunces (chairmen, deans and presidents) who appoint and promote them, while the genuine teacher is too well occupied with more important things to set pen to paper. It further suggests, quite as insistently, that although that teacher is most stimulating who is most difficult to get along with, his usual fate is exile to some academic Siberia. This bit of academic folklore is depressingly familiar.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Henricus de Alemania lecturing in Bologna University. Engraving after a fifteenth-century miniature by Laserentius de Voltolina.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to question, as Socrates assuredly would have, the assumptions. Does Socrates indeed represent the ideal teacher? Since Socrates presumably wrote nothing, much depends upon where we get our image of him. If we were to believe Aristophanes, as we probably should not, Socrates was a swaggering fraud. If we credit Xenophon, Socrates was a busybody, adept at everyone's business but his own. For Aristippus, Socrates seems to have been an iconoclast and underminer, systematically attacking the social conventions by which civilization is sustained. Plato's more familiar portrait is doubtless idealized, and the creation as much of artist as reporter. It is not easy for us in our time to put Socrates in perspective, any more than it was for his contemporaries.

As a teacher he is credited with the invention of the widely acclaimed "Socratic method." As I understand this pedagogical method, it is a pose of ignorance eager for instruction, but actually a sophisticated system of relentless questioning. At its best, as it often is in Plato, the Socratic method has much to recommend it to college and university professors. Any careful, utterly serious, courageous and intellectually honest enquiry deserves respectful attention. However, as a method of collegiate instruction, it is expensive and exhausting. Too few of us have the wisdom, patience, intellectual power and honesty, and the sheer physical stamina to use the system consistently and effectively. What is too often done in college classrooms, I suspect, is what Plato allows Socrates to do in many of the dialogues: that is, to present a series of capsule lectures while the other parties restrict themselves to saying in various graceful ways, "You are right, O Master; I cannot disagree." So long as the instructor knows what he is about, his pretense of presiding over a discussion or participating in a vital interchange with the students when he is in fact doing most of the talking may be a harmless fiction, or even a useful stratagem. But when it is the excuse for structureless maundering or puffy pontification, the pseudo-Socrates would far better serve the cause of education by preparing his lectures, or by sending the students out of earshot into the library.

Perhaps a worse perversion of the Socratic pose is the assumption of his role as *gadfly*. Probably in every organization, and most particularly on the campus, there are many who cast themselves as Socratic critics. By inveterate

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sniping, witty sneers, and sometimes mere churlishness, they may succeed in sabotaging enterprises of great pith and moment, without ever accepting the responsibility of the opposition to propose viable alternatives. The committee member who can speak eloquently against any proposal, but scorns to propose or support any in its stead is maddeningly successful in keeping discussion of academic matters merely academic.

This is an extraordinarily difficult point to make without seeming to encourage supine conformity and to discourage forthright, discriminating and responsible criticism. Unquestionably our colleges and universities need watchdogs concerned about the maintenance of standards. A "loyal opposition" is as essential in an academic community as in any other. But the professor who chooses to define himself as "one who thinks otherwise," needs to assure himself that he is indeed thoughtful, and not merely contrary. He needs to distinguish carefully between maintaining a standard and merely manning a redoubt in some academic Maginot line. Socrates as he is ordinarily imitated is an elusive ideal, and when his shortcomings are emulated as virtues, a little of him goes a long way.

THE third myth I commend to the skepticism of the teaching profession perhaps is too protean to seize confidently. It relates to the implications and extensions of that favorite academic notion, the educational institution as "a community of scholars." In itself, this concept is due admiration rather than scorn. It asserts the primacy of intellect and enquiry, suggests the unity, consistency, and complementarity of knowledge, and promises the mutual respect and regard so desirable in the several estates of a college or university—students, faculty, alumni, trustees, administrative and maintenance staff. But what the concept too often translates into is something like "the faculty is the college."

One must suppose that the origin of this view is to be found in nostalgia for the universities of Medieval Europe, and envy for certain aspects of the modern European universities. In both, viewed from a distance in time and space, it would appear that the professor is supreme; the student deferential, unobtrusive, and peripheral, the alumni vanished, and the administration nonexistent save for a few trifling chores performed casually and intermittently by the scholars themselves. For one who sees a career in higher education as a means for continuing his own study as nearly uninterruptedly as possible, this is perhaps an idyllic vision, and much to be preferred to the troublesome realities of contemporary higher education in the United States.

There are, however, more than a few flaws in the analogy which compares the lot of the American professor so unfavorably with the lot of the British don or the German *Herr Geheimrat* Professor, or their counterparts in other European universities. Most important, but most easily overlooked, is the fact that with very few exceptions, American instructors, assistant professors, and associate professor, and indeed most professors, whatever their gifts, could not reasonably expect ever to attain the exalted rank of professor in a European university with which they like to analogize. In institutions in which there is but a single professor in each major field, the appointment is often a matter, not of mere desert, not of academic politics, but of national politics.

Further, the notion that control of the destinies of the European University is vested solely in the professorial cadre is far from accurate. There is reason to suppose that many if not most of the decisions which in the United States are made by faculties or by local administrations, are in Europe the function of a Ministry of Education in the central government. I am persuaded that those who most loudly lament the constraints upon the self government of American faculties would be no more satisfied with the degree of autonomy actually permitted to most European faculties.

Amid the rituals of registration, counselling, housing, assignment and policing, operating dining halls and book stores, assignment of scholarships and loans, placement services, negotiation of government and industrial research contracts, treating with the foundations, the alumni, the press and the accrediting agencies, an American professor or administrative official might well yearn for a simpler task. Unhappily, within our social and educational system we cannot permit ourselves such Graustarkian dreams, however beguiling. We might as well let go of partial analogies between a system designed to educate fewer than one in ten and another which undertakes the task for three to five in ten. The *elite* and *hoi polloi* are different constituencies; a comprehensive institution is different from a single-purpose institution. Relative merits can be argued, the fact of significant difference cannot.

In sum, we need to clear our professional attics of accumulated rubbish, and our colonnades of discredited icons. We cannot afford to exude the elegant platitudes and comfortable orthodoxies of a Mark Hopkins, winning tawdry popularity by telling students what they expect to hear and demanding of them only that they listen approvingly. Neither can we afford to wrap ourselves in a coarse Socratic cloak through whose tatters arrogance and pride are all too visible. We must not too much admire the pseudo-Socrates who imagines he is wise because he finds that nothing pleases him. We can profitably abandon the fantasy of ourselves as European scholar-princes in exile and in chains.

In place of these threadbare myths we may set a new vision of the ideal. We can, for example, find better means of identifying, honoring, and extending the superb teaching of real people now practicing among us. As students and as teachers we can recognize and express our discontent with that in our teaching which is slipshod, archaic, or merely routine and unadventurous. We will do well not to reject out-of-hand proposed techniques and devices which are not yet a part of our own experience. There are few among us who could not profit by learning more about learning. We should perhaps take a fresh look at what goes on and what could go on on both sides of the podium in the lecture hall. We badly need to re-examine the examinations. Where we have been insisting upon small classes to preserve the Socratic method of instruction, we should insure that we are not merely substituting miniature lectures or amiable anarchy for sinewy dialogue. We may blush that our colleges and universities are by and large so far behind the military services, industry, and the public schools in successful adaptation of films, tapes, programmed learning, and other devices and techniques available to the alert and inventive. Our self-limitation to book, blackboard and bellow, quaint as it may be, is increasingly maladaptive.

And if we need a set of mythical figures to replace these tarnished ones, let me suggest Prometheus, Hercules, Odysseus, and Solomon. We need light, vigor, shrewdness and adaptability, and critical intelligence for the high calling of the teacher in our land and time.

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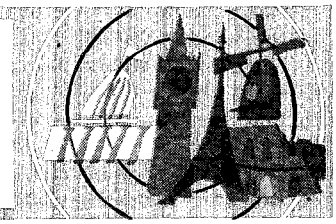
While School Keeps



A year ago President Kennedy sent to Congress a special message on education which embodied a broad program for federal support of American education. Last month, nearly eleven months later, Congress passed two major bills that included substantial parts of the President's recommendations.

First was the Higher Education Facilities Act of 1963, which authorizes the expenditure of $1.95 billion over the first three years of a five-year program of grants and loans to public and private institutions of higher education for construction of academic facilities. Specific provisions of the bill include:

► $180 million for each of the next three years, beginning with fiscal 1964, for grants to public and private institutions, including two-year colleges and technical institutes, for construction of undergraduate classroom facilities in the natural or physical sciences, engineering, mathematics, modern foreign languages, or libraries.

► $25,000,000 in fiscal 1964 and $60,000,000 in each of the two succeeding years to improve or assist in the establishment of graduate schools and cooperative graduate centers.

► $120 million for each of the next three years, beginning in fiscal 1964, for loans to institutions of higher education for construction of academic facilities.

► $50.6 million for each of the next three years, beginning in fiscal 1964, for construction grants to public junior colleges and technical institutions.

The Higher Education Facilities Act promises to provide substantial aid for colleges and universities seeking to expand their facilities to care for the rising tide of college-bound youth through both direct aid and matching funds provisions. Federal grants for undergraduate and graduate facilities cannot exceed one-third of the development cost of the project financed, under the loan program at least 25 per cent of the cost of the project must be financed from non-federal funds, and for the public community college assistance program, at least 60 per cent of the project cost must come from state and local sources.

The second, the Vocational Education Act, provides for vastly expanded support for vocational education programs and for greater freedom at the state level in determining how the funds should be spent. It also extends the National Defense Education Act for one year, while liberalizing a number of its provisions, and extends for two years Public Laws 815 and 874, which provide federal aid for impacted areas.

Most notable sections of the Vocational Education Act, in the light of recent widespread criticism of the field for failing to meet contemporary manpower training needs effectively, are the provisions allowing states greater freedom in adapting vocational programs to the realities of local job market needs. These provisions emphasize the need for cooperation between state vocational agencies and public employment offices, require the state administering agency to review vocational education programs periodically in the light of current and projected manpower needs, and authorize a state to transfer funds allotted under the basic vocational education law from one category to another. It is to be hoped that the individual states will take this opportunity to restudy their vocational education programs and bring them more nearly into line with actual current needs.

Support for public elementary and secondary schools emerged also, during 1963, as the program of the National Committee for the Support of Public Schools (1424 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.) went into high gear. Established two years ago this month, the Committee aims to develop public awareness of the need for better schools and public willingness to make the necessary resources available at every level of government. The Committee's primary means for achieving its objectives are to dramatize the importance of education in an advanced industrial society and to make available to individuals and to citizen groups the basic informational tools needed to evolve realistic local and state school support programs.

Early last spring the Committee published the first of a series of studies on the schools and their financing, *Changing Demands on Education and Their Fiscal Implications*, by John K. Norton. Later in the spring it put on its First National Conference, a three-day gathering in the nation's capital which brought together an impressive group of leaders in industry, government, communications, and education, to examine various aspects of the conference theme, "The Community Faces the Crisis of the Public Schools." A report of the conference was published last fall under the title, *Light A Fire*. A second, day-long conference for top industrial leaders was held last month in New York to alert the nation's business community to the need for better public schools to meet the ever changing employment needs of industry, both now and in the decade ahead.

But potentially most interesting to the average citizen are the unpretentious, yet enormously useful, bread-and-butter tools of local and state school support that the Committee has been preparing. Called *Know Your Schools Fact Sheets*, they are simple, six-page mines of comparative state-by-state statistical information, each one concerned with a single aspect of the schools. Each also incorporates a simple worksheet which can be used to summarize the data about the user's own state in comparison with the other forty-nine states and the national average. With relatively little effort it should be possible for local citizens to adapt these worksheets to show how their own school districts compare with the state and national averages.

Three *Fact Sheets* have been issued to date. No. 1 is called, "Development of Human Capital Through Education," and provides comparative data on the percentage of inhabitants of each state who have attained various levels of schooling. No. 2 offers state-by-state statistics on "Ability and Effort to Finance Public Schools." No. 3, called "State Levels of Educational Attainment and Financial Support of Public Schools," combines statistics on the holding power of each state's schools and per pupil expenditures. Widely used, the *Fact Sheets* already published, and their promised successors, could prove to be a powerful lever for increasing support of the schools.

Desegregation in Northern schools entered a new phase in the course of the past year, and the lines along which the issues will be fought out in the future began to come clear. Three trends that emerged are particularly significant.

First, the escalating demands of civil rights groups—including forced integration of predominantly Negro schools by bussing white children into Negro areas—stimulated the development of strong counter forces among white parents who, no matter how sympathetic they might be to the civil rights movement, felt that reverse discrimination was still discrimination—especially when it might be visited upon their own children. At year's end the demands of most civil rights leaders had moderated in consid-

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erable degree, and it appeared that their more extreme demands will have less support in the future.

Second, an increasing number of responsible educators became convinced that the schools must take leadership in bringing Negro children into the mainstream of American life. New Jersey Education Commissioner Frederick M. Raubinger, for instance, ruled that "completely or almost exclusively Negro" schools are illegal in his state and must find means, when at all possible, for desegregating. New York State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen ordered all schools in his state with more than 50 per cent Negroes enrolled to submit plans to him for desegregating in the immediate future. In these and other cases responsible men reached the conclusion, albeit reluctantly, that sometimes the neighborhood school concept had to be sacrificed in order to meet the gross evil of segregated schools. There was no longer time, they knew, to wait for the disappearance of segregation in housing and the resultant "natural" integration of the schools.

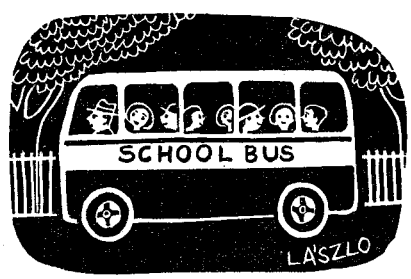
Third, what has come to be known as "The Gary (Indiana) Case" appears to have closed the door to forced integration of schools by the courts. In a court action challenging the neighborhood school policy of Gary as discriminatory, parents of Negro children asked that school officials be enjoined from maintaining racially segregated public schools. A Federal Appeals Court in Chicago, last fall upheld Gary's neighborhood school policy as not discriminatory. "The Constitution does not require integration"; the Court's decision said, "it merely forbids discrimination."

Civil rights leaders, then, in their efforts to secure equal educational opportunity for Negroes, clearly will have to depend on persuasion based on the justice of their cause, and upon the application of political pressure in those areas where it can be effective. The courts cannot be expected to act except in cases where it can be demonstrated that school attendance lines have been drawn to include or to exclude specific groups. Given these circumstances, it appears that many responsible leaders in the civil rights movement have drawn back from the more advanced positions they assumed last summer, realizing that their ultimate objectives cannot be achieved if substantial groups in the white community are seriously alienated. It even seemed possible, at year's end, that we may be able to achieve the objective of true educational equality for all Americans without the deep racial bitterness that appeared to be building toward widespread violence a few months ago.

Teacher education, teacher certification, and the accreditation of teacher education programs provided more than their share of controversy in 1963. The National Council for the Accreditation of Teacher Education (NCATE) was buffeted repeatedly by its academic and professional critics. In the course of the year it received a blunt warning from the National Commission on Accrediting, regulatory body for all accrediting agencies, that it should make fundamental changes in its structure if it expected to continue as the national agency to accredit teacher education programs. There is little doubt that 1964 is going to see changes in NCATE, but their nature and extent are by no means yet clear.

Even more dramatic, however, were two serious studies of teacher education and the wide-ranging recommendations for reform that they proposed. James D. Koerner, former president of the Council for Basic Education and a long-time critic of the schools, reported on a two-year study of teacher education in *The Miseducation of American Teachers.* Sharply critical of the quality of students in teacher education as well as their programs of study, Koerner wrote with a polemicist's ability to arouse his opponents' ire, but his recommendations for reform were far less radical than his impassioned indictment of the profession. There has been little indication that his recommendations will be widely influential within the profession.

By contrast, James B. Conant's report on his study of teacher education, *The Education of American Teachers,* was couched in calm, measured, and dispassionate terms. But his recommendations for change were more radical and far-



reaching than even the sharpest critics of the profession have dared propose. Two examples: state certification regulations should be eliminated and responsibility for determining whether an individual is adequately prepared to teach should be turned over to colleges and universities, under general state supervision; accrediting agencies for teacher education institutions—not only NCATE, but the regional associations as well—should be shorn of their regulatory powers and be reduced to advisory bodies. These two recommendations strike at the very root of the structure through which the educational establishment has maintained its control over entrance to the profession. Representatives have, for the most part, been reluctant to attack Conant's recommendations directly because of the stature of the man who made them, and it is still too early to tell how much influence they will have on the shape of teacher education in the immediate future. But it is likely that one of the most important results of his report will be to demonstrate that there are no longer any sacred cows in education—that every aspect is subject to reassessment as the nation seeks to reshape its educational system for the crucial years ahead.

Strikes and sanctions continued, during 1963, to symbolize the growing militancy of the teaching profession's two leading organizations, the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), 80,000-member affiliate of the AFL-CIO, and the 800,000-member National Education Association (NEA). The two organizations differed in their approach, but they were as one in urging the nation's public school teachers to greater vigor in seeking higher salaries, better schools, and a more influential professional voice in determining educational policy.

But as the controversy raged over whether strikes or sanctions were the appropriate ultimate weapon for teachers to use in enforcing their demands, no one seemed to be listening to the authorities that have legal responsibility for the schools—the local school boards, and their national spokesman, the National School Boards Association (NSBA). Firmly on record against the use of either strikes or sanctions by teachers, the NSBA is equally forthright in its recommendation that local boards should refuse to share authority with teachers in making educational policy.

In an effort to assume leadership in this controversial field, the NSBA, last month, called a National Workshop on Teacher-Superintendent-School Board Relations. Organizations invited by the NSBA to send seven representatives each were: the American Association of School Administrators (AASA), the AFT, the Council of Chief State School Officers (CCSSO), the National Congress of Parents and Teachers (PTA), and the NEA. All organizations, according to the NSBA, accepted the invitation in October. But twenty-four hours before the workshop was to convene on December 10, the AASA, the NEA, and the PTA notified the NSBA by telegram that they were withdrawing from the workshop. Apparently the educational establishment is not yet ready to accept the AFT as a member of the club. —James Cass.

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1. Imaginative, Dynamic, But Unproved

ONE of the most unusual high schools in the United States is the one at Melbourne, Florida, near Cape Kennedy. Instead of using the customary tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades to structure its curriculum, the Melbourne High School has reorganized its courses into a system of "phases," which reflect not the grade in which they are taught but each individual student's ability to grasp the subject. B. Frank Brown, Melbourne's principal, has described his school in a new book entitled "The Nongraded High School" (Prentice-Hall. 233 pp. $5.95). Two reviews of the book are presented herewith. Abraham Lass is principal of the Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn and author of "How to Prepare for College." Jerome Bruner is director of the Center for Cognitive Studies at Harvard University and president-elect of the American Psychological Association.

By ABRAHAM LASS

WHAT'S wrong with our present-day high schools? Plenty, says Dr. B. Frank Brown, author of *The Nongraded High School*:

- They aren't turning out students who are prepared "for jobs which do not now exist and for professions which cannot be described."
- Educators are timid, pedestrian, unimaginative, shackled to outmoded traditions and procedures . . . window-shade and chalkboard men rather than dynamic leaders."
- In an effort to meet the demands of a curriculum which is suddenly being pushed "from auto mechanics to celestial mechanics and from terrestrial geography to celestial geography," schoolmen are "taking baby steps where giant steps are needed."
- The school has become a "citadel of routine," "a bureaucracy for children." The curriculum is "narrow, rigid, obstinate, and far from first rate."
- Students have little opportunity to experience the excitement of exploring or discovering either themselves or the world around them.
- The conventional high school organized by grades or years is a Procrustean bed on which both the slow and the bright are broken. Here the bells ring on time. The classes change on time. And everyone advances and grows or doesn't advance and doesn't grow on time. At least this is the comforting delusion most schoolmen share.

Dr. Brown finds nothing in the conventional high school worth saving or commending. If we are going to get to the moon first, master our space technology, produce the men and women who will control the mechanisms of our wildly automating civilization, it will, he is sure, come only through "an imaginative organization and dynamic process of educational enterprise," like the ungraded Melbourne, Florida school he presides over with such dynamic distinction. Here, out of his intense convictions, driving energy, and deeply felt commitments, Dr. Brown has forged what he passionately believes to be the only kind of school that provides the proper intellectual climate, facilities, organization, curriculum, staff, and community support necessary for high school students to learn, live, and grow into a full awareness of themselves, their time, and their responsibilities.

In *The Nongraded High School,* Dr. Brown sets down in some detail what the ungraded high school is like, how it is organized and taught, and how it differs from the conventional high school.

At Melbourne, students are grouped according to their achievements and readiness for future learning as determined by such objective criteria as placement on national standardized achievement tests. There are no conventional "grades" or "forms" or "terms" at Melbourne. The I.Q.—as too frequently misused—plays no role in determining where a student begins, how fast he progresses, when he is "promoted" or graduated. Each area of learning is organized into five phases for students of varying abilities and achievements: the slow, the marginal, the average, the bright, and the very superior. The content and pace of the instruction in each area is geared to what the student needs and can absorb. When the student has mastered whatever "phase" of a subject he is in, he goes on to the next phase or area. Thus the bright ones are not held back by the slower ones; the slow students are not compelled to essay the impossible.

The emphasis throughout the Melbourne plan is on the individual student, on designing for him the program he can best cope with and master. All programs are tailor-made. There is no "block" programing at Melbourne. A poor or mediocre mathematics student may thus find himself in a very small Phase 1 class in mathematics where he will receive intensive remedial instruction. Being a gifted English student, he will be programed for a Phase 4 or Phase 5 class, where he may be working on an independent project for part of the time, meeting with a small group in a seminar setting, conferring with the teacher at other times.

Other features of the Melbourne plan include:

- Exciting opportunities for academically gifted students to engage in honors, "depth," and independent study in advanced placement, college level courses.
- Team teaching.
- Classes of variable size to meet the students' special needs.
- The single textbook does not dominate Melbourne's classes. It has been replaced by a multiplicity of relevant materials and learning devices.
- There are no monitored study halls at Melbourne. Study time is for studying, not for sitting in "study halls."
- For the "academically able," class attendance is voluntary. An A student in physics need not attend classes. He may

(*Continued on page* 74)

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2. A Vivid Glimpse of the Future

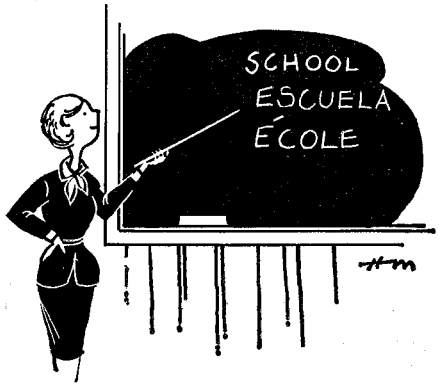
By JEROME S. BRUNER

THIS courageous book is a report of an experiment in pedagogy at a high school in Melbourne, Florida. As such, it might merit no special attention, but the experiment is so daring and so general in its applicability that Melbourne High School earns its right to special attention for the feel it gives of the future. To call it all a "report on the nongraded high school" is to do the venture a grave injustice—in much the same way that it would be an injustice to call the American Constitution an experiment in nonmonarchical government. What turns out to be so deeply important about abolishing grade levels in a high school is that it forces a complete rethinking about what one is trying to accomplish in the high school years. It is not that a Procrustean system of grouping students according to their "year" was abolished, but that there was erected in its place something new and challenging and full of promise. The bare statistics of accomplishment hardly do it justice—reduction in dropouts from a normal 30 per cent to 4 per cent between 1958 and 1962, or an increase in college enrollment of graduates from the usual 40 to 70 per cent. That could have been accomplished by several strokes of good fortune. It is the process of change and all that it liberated in the students, the teachers, and the town that is striking.

There was good reason behind the decision to abolish the usual system in which a student enters as a "freshman" and pursues a "freshman" course all that year, going almost automatically to "sophomore" courses the next year, and on to the end, step by step. To begin with, there is the obvious fact of variability. Some students can go faster than their age-mates—phenomenally faster whether because of capacity or the fortune of background. If one demands a standard amount of work from all in any given grade, may we not be robbing the student of the opportunity of learning and using his own pace? Some will inevitably feel a sense of failure, however hard they try, while others will squirm their way through a year of unchallenged freedom. If a student can do college work in mathematics or history in his freshman year in high school, Melbourne argued, let him take Advanced Placement courses in those subjects from the beginning right to his last year. And if another student needs extra, remedial work in mathematics his freshman year, let him not be dumped into a regular or even a "slow" algebra course to do his best—ending, likely, by memorizing matters that make no sense to him. Give him a course in the fundamentals he will need before launching him into algebra. These were the kinds of considerations that led to the decision to "ungrade" Melbourne.

As I read Dr. Brown's introductory indictment of the deadening effects of a graded system (where failure is punished by having to repeat the same work over), my first thought was that this was going to be another book of deploring. But it soon became clear that this was not what the book was about at all. School grading is simply a poor piece of technology for using the resources of a school, one that has to be removed if the next step is to be taken. It is like nothing so much as the replacement of the top hitch by the horse collar during the medieval period. Up to the introduction of the horse collar, the weight to be hauled was attached to the top of a yoke by a strap that passed over the horse's back. When the horse pulled, the yoke pressed against his windpipe in a self-choking manner. The innovation was a simple one: pass the strap under the horse's body and attach it to the lower part of the collar. With thrust, the collar would press against the horse's strong neck and shoulders. He could, then "put his back into it."

And so with the graded high school. The eager student pressed against the system and found himself stifled by the requirements of his grade. Soon he regulated his thrust to suit the system. What often resulted was boredom for the swift, bewilderment for the slow, and a general surrender of intellectual aspirations to what teacher wanted.



Seeing a difficulty clearly often requires that one see an alternative to it. Frank Brown saw an impressive number. Let me note only briefly what has replaced the older, graded system at Melbourne. It is the real story.

Courses were reorganized into a system of "phases" that reflected not the grade in which they were being taught, but the student's ability to grasp the subject and his willingness to throw his weight into the task. Phase 1 was remedial, for students who needed special assistance in small classes. When a student feels ready to try something more advanced, he is encouraged to set forth to the next "phase." His willingness is a major criterion. Phase 2 is for students who need more emphasis on the basic skills of a subject. Phase 3 is for those who are ready to have a go at the major substance of the curriculum in the field —about which more in a moment. Phase 4 is the subject in depth and with concentration. Phase 5 is independent study for the exceptional student willing to assume responsibility for his own learning and ready to use all available resources in doing so. He is supervised by a teacher with whom (as in any tutorial system) the student makes an appointment when he has finished a stint of work.

THE phase system operates in four basic intellectual disciplines: mathematics, science, English, and history. They are at the core of the school's offering. Freed from the old pattern, Melbourne was now in a position to innovate. Virtually every one of the major curriculum efforts of the last decade has been incorporated and fitted to the school's needs —the Physical Science Study Committee course, the Chemical Bond course, the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, several experimental mathematics programs, and some home-grown innovations in social studies and humanities. Courses have had to be adapted to different phase levels, and I wish more had been said on what this entailed.

"This realignment of students on the basis of achievement brings about a major difference in course content between the nongraded and the conventionally graded school. The motion of the nongraded curriculum compels the school to resort to a much wider range of materials than is used in the graded school. Standard textbooks aimed at a grade level are inappropriate and have been abolished. A multiplicity of materials has replaced these media." But there is more to it than that, something in the system that seems to challenge students to reach. Brown suggests it: "Motion itself is not the cure for monotony in the schools; liveliness of image is the key. The flexibility of the non-graded struc-

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ture gives a new image to both the learning process and the educational establishment." The new "image" has the effect of making the student decide his pace, whether to get into a next phase, whether to undertake independent studies.

There are many little things that make up the image of mobility, things that individually are shrewd, but in aggregate make educational wisdom. For one thing, Melbourne boasts that it is the only high school in America that has a library larger than its gymnasium. For another, the student who is doing independent studies or who is in pursuit of some special topic, is given a key to the school building and to the library or laboratory or studio where he is working. For another, the library is not built around the old system of study tables, but consists of carrels for individual work. If the ardor produced is "just Hawthorne effect," and I doubt it, then maybe Melbourne should go all out for a permanent Hawthorne effect. It may have to, for the system seems to require chronic innovation by its very nature. Team teaching, for example, is a necessity. Phase organization of courses requires that teachers take a hand in a course, depending on what they do best. And as students move, prepare special papers, or pursue independent studies, they are encouraged to see the teacher who knows the topic best.

Such "reforms" have a way of sounding too administrative. There is obviously something far deeper than administrative skill or decisiveness in the Melbourne arrangement. At the heart of the matter is a sense of intellectual style, a confidence in the ability of students to learn, and a respect for the disorderly ways in which people come by their insights. Dr. Brown describes the curriculum as "concept centered." "The primary purpose of education is the development of the intellect. All other aims and objectives are subordinate." The courses are hard and challenging, and achievement is emphasized. Sir Richard Livingstone is quoted with favor: "Facts and theories are . . . counters with which he learns to use his brains . . . to distinguish the relevant from the irrelevant." The courses explicitly encourage the use of heuristics, the arts of inquiry.

What has happened at Melbourne is not really "just something local." Frank Brown and his teachers—and now his students—are a reflection of something that is new in the national scene. I do not wish to diminish my praises in saying this. I agree with the author when he says that a school will not change unless its administrative head wishes to take the gamble. Frank Brown was man enough to change the pattern radically. When he did so, he was able to use the new, rich resources that have come out of the last decade of curriculum development. Yet it goes deeper than that. For not only is there more material available today—a joint product of university scholars and school teachers—but there is a new daring in our definition of what is pedagogically possible. The pace of "subject coverage" seems to be lifting; the grip of "the textbook" is loosening; the myth of uniform progress is being replaced by more challenging premises that place on the student the responsibility for his own progress. Even the handling of report cards at Melbourne provides room for thought. The parent is not required to sign it, though the student, it is expected, will take it home. The schoool argues that the student's relation with his parents is his private affair. This too is part of Melbourne's intellectual image or style.

A book of this kind is bound to leave many questions unanswered. To what extent does a program of this kind require especially gifted teachers? Upon reflection, I realize that while one is prone to ask this question, it is probably meaningless. Middling teachers would be the better for similar innovations, but surely they would handle it somewhat differently in the light of their own backgrounds. Or, how much does it cost? Again, I suspect that cost would place limits on how ambitious one might get. But surely, one could do considerable without much expense. Ironically, the most interesting experiments in education—including much in curriculum development—are considerably less costly than even modest bricks and mortar. Finally, would one get support for such a program in a community less gifted than this town housing an extraordinary number of professional scientists and engineers from Cape Kennedy? Probably not, but only a few such communities have to take the leap.

I find one special lesson in Frank Brown's report. Many of the best curriculum projects have rested their case on the importance of inquiry, structure, discovery, and independent thinking. Drop a bright new curriculum into a dull school atmosphere, and its glint can be quickly tarnished. Melbourne is one high school that has changed the atmosphere of learning to conform to the spirit of the new curricula—from keys to the library to report cards that are your own to dispose of. Inventions have a way of cultivating support. The non-graded high school is one that supports the inventive new work on curricula going on around the country. Like all social inventions, it has a power to liberate human energy to an astonishing degree—and it is this that makes it so promising.

New Books

American Education in International Development. *By R. Freeman Butts. Harper and Row.* 138 *pp.* $4.50. A coordinated program to assist newer nations in achieving social and economic maturity.

Education and Changing West African Culture. *By John Wilson. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 125 *pp.* $3.50. A history of education in English-speaking Africa from 1923-1960 and a plan of development for the future.

Educating the Academically Able: A Book of Readings. *Edited by Lester and Alice Crow. David McKay.* 433 *pp. Paperback,* $3.95. Essays and addresses by well-known educators.

A Guide to Scholarships, Fellowships and Loans in the Mental Health Field. *National Association for Mental Health* (10 *Columbus Circle, New York, New York* 10019). 20 *pp. Paperback,* 50 *cents.* Information on financial aid available to those planning careers in psychiatry, psychology, nursing, social work, occupational therapy, and recreation.

Educational Rhythmics for Mentally Handicapped Children. *By Ferris and Jennet Robins. Ra-Verlag* (*Rapperswil SG, Switzerland*). 144 *pp.* $9. Originally conceived for normally developed children, this educational method has proved highly adaptable to the advancement of mentally and physically handicapped children. The program utilizes music, words, pictures, and movement to achieve such manual skills as brushing hair and tying shoe laces, and has also aided in teaching basic academic material.

New Developments in Elementary School Science. *By Joseph Zafforoni.* 52 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. **Ideas for Teaching Science in the Junior High School.** 257 *pp. Paperback,* $4. **Science Facilities for Our Schools.** 26 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. *All are published by the National Science Teachers Association* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.* 20036).

Criteria for Curriculum Decisions in Teacher Education. *Edited by George W. Denemark. Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.* 20036). 58 *pp. Paperback,* $1.25. A report which parallels the recent book by James B. Conant, *The Education of American Teachers.*

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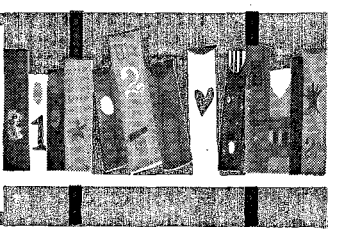
the Editor's Bookshelf



THE limitations of standardized tests are well known to psychologists, including those who make the tests. Professional journals describe the procedures used in standardizing each new test, tell what it does and does not measure, and report its reliability and validity in statistical terms. No one who understands the statistics is surprised to discover that predictions made from test scores prove erroneous in some individual cases, however useful the test may be for sorting out large groups.

Unfortunately, the statistics used by testmakers are not easily translated into English. Consequently, test scores are frequently misinterpreted by those who use them, including the parents to whom they are reported. These misinterpretations provide the basis for much of the criticism to which tests have been subjected.

Most of the scholarly books on testing are too technical for the lay reader. For parents and school board members, as well as for the many teachers who lack a sophisticated knowledge of statistics, the most readable and authoritative discussion of testing to have appeared in many years is *Testing: Its Place in Education Today*, by Henry Chauncey and John E. Dobbin (Harper & Row. 223 pp. $4.95). Chauncey is president and Dobbin a staff member of Princeton's Educational Testing Service, which makes many of the tests now widely used in schools and colleges.

By analyzing examples of questions from standardized tests, the authors effectively refute the charge that multiple choice questions measure only factual knowledge. They cite many examples of items that require logical thinking and could not possibly be answered from memory alone. They also offer convincing evidence that many of the other criticisms directed against standardized tests are without foundation.

But the authors are alert to the danger that test scores will be misused. They have no patience with the many poorly trained counselors who advise students to pursue certain courses or prepare for specific vocations on the basis of test scores alone. Their warning is emphatic, "No test yet made, or likely soon to be made, tells anybody what course to take, or that he would be a good engineer, or that she ought to take airline stewardess training. The most that any test can do is help a student compare himself with certain other kinds of people—in knowledge, in interest, and in related background."

Chauncey and Dobbin, no less than their critics, are concerned over the fact that parents and teachers sometimes make unwarranted judgments of children on the basis of I.Q.'s or other scores on intelligence tests. They take a cautious view of what is measured by these instruments: ". . . intelligence tests measure mental ability in terms of something that has already been learned. If there is in human beings a pure mental force, a latent power to perform mental tasks transmitted in the genes and born with the individual, it has not yet been isolated or measured. Scientists suspect that such a pure power does exist . . . even among tiny infants there are differences in the behavior of adapting to the environment that cannot be explained wholly by the environment itself. But even though 'native intelligence' is suspected to exist, the intelligence tests we use in this generation measure not innate ability but a developed ability in which innate ability and learned behavior are mixed in unknown proportions."

This book is a useful antidote to the many recent volumes critical of testing. Although much of the criticism has some basis in fact, the vast and complex educational enterprise of 1964 could not operate effectively without standardized testing of some kind. Since tests must be used, the task facing educators is to learn to use them more wisely. To this task, Chauncey and Dobbin have made a significant contribution.

• • •

Joel Hildebrand, professor emeritus of chemistry at the University of Cali-

Chauncey and Dobbin on Testing

"In spite of all their dangers if used unwisely or as single measures, and in the face of the many complications that are a part of a valid evaluation, good standardized tests do contribute a vital part of the information needed to assess the effectiveness of teaching in schools."

* * *

"Even the very best test is good only when used for its specific purpose with the kinds of students for whom it was intended."

* * *

"When tests are taken as they are intended to be taken, as interesting job samples on which the student can try out his hard-won skills, the process is stimulating for most students and enjoyable for many. Learning is a satisfying experience; and as testing is the proving part of that experience, it, too, can be satisfying and enjoyable. More important than the satisfactions it gives directly to students, though, is the guidance that good testing gives to the teacher, the counselor, the admissions officer, and the student himself."

* * *

"The tests developed by the College Board are designed for college applicants in a 'fast league,' but some six hundred colleges now require all candidates for admission to take one or more of the Board's tests."

* * *

"The term 'highly selective' applied to the college does not mean necessarily that it selects better students than other colleges, but that it has more applicants to choose from, in proportion to the number of places available, than most colleges."

* * *

"No intelligence test opens a window in the student's skull through which psychologists can ascertain the amount of latent brightness or intelligence he has. . . . A rough appraisal of the individual's comparative capacity for learning is the most that the best test of intelligence can provide."

* * *

"Testing in schools is intended to improve the instruction and guidance of students. Any testing that does not contribute substantially to the quality of instruction or guidance is too much testing."

—From *Testing: Its Place in Education Today*, by Henry Chauncey and John E. Dobbin.

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fornia, is one of those who looks upon intelligence tests as an unmitigated evil. He criticizes them for failing to measure "elements of character," which is roughly comparable to criticizing thermometers for their failure to measure humidity.

As a director of the Council for Basic Education and a member of the California Citizens Advisory Commission on Public Education, Hildebrand has, for a decade, waged war against soft standards, professors of education, and the influence of John Dewey. In his new book, *Is Intelligence Important?* (Macmillan. 149 pp. $4.95) he makes it clear that he has emerged from the battle with his biases unscathed. But his restatement of the familiar charges in 1964 seems anachronistic. The target has shifted since Hildebrand first took aim—many a parent can testify that the schools of today are no longer the easy-going institutions of a decade ago. And most of what Hildebrand has to say has been said better and repeatedly by Robert Maynard Hutchins, Arthur Bestor, and Hyman Rickover.

But Hildebrand has made one lasting contribution to educational thought—the Hildebrand Law, which states that the number of courses offered by a college department is inversely proportional to the intellectual distinction of its faculty and the amount of basic knowledge in the field. —P.W.

Imaginative

Continued from page 70

give this time to subjects he is less proficient in. But he is still responsible for his physics course. He paces himself and budgets his own time.

• Periodically, students get "throwaway report cards." It is assumed that they show these to their parents. The school does not collect these report cards or require parents to indicate that they have seen the reports and understand what they mean.

Is the ungraded high school doing everything Dr. Brown says it does? Is it educating more students faster and better? Is it giving them everything they need when they need it, and how they need it? Dr. Brown says it is. But he is extremely long on assertion—disquietingly short on proof. Here he is in good, or at least numerous, company, with all those schools and school systems that have embraced (or find themselves in the embrace of) such exciting developments as closed circuit TV, team teaching, programed learning, foreign language laboratories, etc. There is an alarming lack of hard, reputable evidence (statistical or otherwise) that would lead one to conclude, even tentatively, that, under the new regime dominated by the new gadgetry, our children are learning more, learning it better and faster, liking it more, or retaining it longer in a more meaningful context. We are occasionally visited by a disturbing, albeit only fleeting, thought that all over this country we are in various degrees committing a whole generation of boys and girls to new curricula, schema, and methodologies, without any really firm and sure indication that we are leading them down the right path, in the right way, to the right goals. No one questions Dr. Brown's intentions. But we would feel more comfortable about his and his community's total commitment to the ungraded high school if we had something more substantial than his zeal, sincerity, intelligence, and devotion to go by.

Is the ungraded high school, Melbourne style, the answer to the big city school problems? Not very likely—certainly not for overcrowded, multiple-session schools with substantial numbers of culturally disadvantaged minority groups, poorly motivated or unmotivated students. And not very likely either for schools with large masses of "slow," average, non-college-bound students. For though Dr. Brown says that Melbourne is as good for the slow and average as it is for the academically bright and gifted, his illustrations are almost invariably studded with references to independent study in the library in special carrels, research in depth, projects of startling sophistication, college level courses, Advanced Placement, College Entrance Examinations, etc. Every sign seems to point to Melbourne as a predominantly college-oriented school and community. We find in Dr. Brown's account of the Melbourne experience none of the overwhelming student, community, and staff problems that bedevil the high schools in the large cities—and even in the not-so-large cities. There may be some facets of the Melbourne plan that could with profit be adapted to individual schools similar to Dr. Brown's, but it seems doubtful that the ungraded high school can meet the big city challenges as patly as it has done at Melbourne.

What does the ungraded high school add up to? A vigorous, uncompromising, imaginative, brave tale about a rare kind of educational adventuring. It is a bold, free-wheeling challenge to everything traditional. Some readers may find Dr. Brown's hopped-up metaphors and occasionally overheated prose a bit hard to take. But only the blunt and captious can fail to appreciate the tonic quality of his mind and approach. Melbourne High School is his creation—his and the dedicated band of teachers and parents he has gathered around him. Not to read *The Nongraded High School* is to have missed a stirring account of one of the most arresting experiments on the contemporary educational scene.

"Hello parents, my name is Miss Hadley. I teach the *First Grade*. I *like* to teach the *First Grade*. *We* have lots of fun . . ."

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Higher Education

Continued from page 61

In fact, most of the federal funds must be matched, on a dollar-to-dollar basis, by funds from non-federal sources. The effect of this federal "seed corn" can be seen in the fact that the total expenditures for agricultural research and extension are now almost three times higher than the amount available through federal appropriations alone. This flexibility makes it possible for the experiment stations to accept industrial grants for applied research without upsetting the balance of the over-all program.

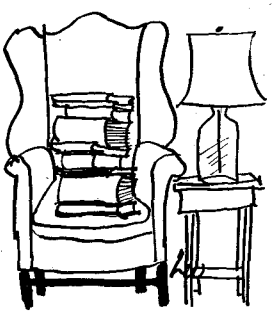
To a considerable degree, federal funds can be used for overhead expenses. They can even be used to pay the institution's contribution to retirement systems, social security, and group insurance programs. They may be used to pay the "necessary expenses of administrative planning and direction"; and, for research programs, they may be used to build buildings, buy lands, and purchase fixed equipment.

The basic legislation for these programs is "open-ended," and the continuity provided through the annual appropriations makes it possible for the university officials to plan their programs years in advance. Actually, the law authorizes the experiment stations to anticipate appropriations in order to contract for equipment essential for carrying out the research programs. The research effort carried out through this system is totally integrated with the instructional programs of the institutions involved and has strengthened, rather than weakened, them. In fact, the agricultural experiment stations must under the law, be departments of the universities in which they are located.

The type of research that grew up during World War II, which was "new" only in its expanded degree of federal involvement with it, did not lend itself to this type of relationship. For this, the government needed specific answers to specific questions, and the answers were often in the form of "hardware." To get these answers, the agency that needed them simply went out and purchased the services of the person or organization it felt most likely to do the best possible job for them, much in the same way the Quartermaster Corps might go out to find a supplier for uniforms or mess kits. There was no pretense in these arrangements of providing general and continuing support of research: the government was simply purchasing short-term services it needed and could not itself provide. This led, at one extreme, to the establishment of laboratories essentially owned by the government but operated by universities, such as the wartime Harvard Underwater Sound Laboratory, and, on the other, to the temporary employment of a university scientist by a governmental agency.

Federal involvement in research did not stop at the end of the war, but grew and flourished. Wartime experiences, in fact, simply demonstrated and accelerated the growth of our national dependence on the extension and application of scientific knowledge as a necessary condition for the continued welfare of our people, the preservation of our national integrity, and even the maintenance of human dignity and freedom.

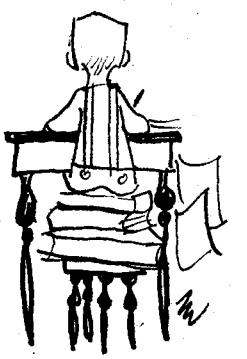
The nature of the research needed *did* change, though. The need became generalized, and long-term goals replaced short-term objectives. "Hardware" became less important than broad-based explorations of fundamental phenomena. The "production" of engineers and scientists rated equal priority with the employment of those we already had. During the war, we engaged in a "frantic and rather ruthless



exploitation" (said J. Robert Oppenheimer) of the basic knowledge we had accumulated in the years before the war. Now we needed to engage in a "sober, modest attempt to penetrate the unknown," to replenish and increase our stock of basic knowledge.

Some people saw this change, and legislation was passed to provide mechanisms for coping with it. The National Institutes of Health was established with broad responsibilities for research relating to health, and, in 1946, the Atomic Energy Commission was given similar responsibilities involving nuclear processes. Four years later, the National Science Foundation was created to "promote the progress of science." Even for the more narrowly "mission-oriented" agencies, research tended to become broader, more basic, less "hardware"-ish. The posture of the government tended to become more that of a patron of research than that of a purchaser of services.

With this change, much of the research sponsored by the federal government did lend itself to the type of relationship with the universities that had been established through agricultural research. In 1947, President Truman's Scientific Research Board, citing the Department of Agriculture as the government's "major civilian research agency," recommended that other departments with research programs study its system carefully. The recommendation



was not followed. Perhaps it was even forgotten. At any rate, the director of the Office of Science and Technology, in a 1963 speech, could report that "outstanding scientific achievements in the past were not brought about through the use of public funds" and yet refer, in the same speech, to the "unbelievable advance in agricultural productivity" in the United States.

Despite the shift in the nature of the research needed, both the newer agencies and the older ones continued to use, in its essential details, the system that had grown up during the war. In fact, the director of the National Institutes of Health has said one of the great accomplishments of wartime research was the establishment of "a pattern of federal support for university research in the achievement of public purposes."

In this system, the university itself is largely bypassed. Individual members of faculties submit proposals for research to the appropriate agency, often after informal discussions with staff personnel at the agency. These proposals are reviewed by advisory boards composed of eminent scientists (often the elder statesmen in the field), and, on the basis of their recommendations, grants are made or contracts let. Usually, both the proposal and the acceptance of the grant or contract must bear the approval of university officials. Fellowships are worked in essentially the same way. Advisory boards review applications submitted in national competition, and those who receive awards may attend any institution that will accept them as degree candidates (that is, any instutution). The basic relationship established in either case is an agency-individual one, in contrast with

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the agency-university relationship established with agricultural research and extension.

As the magnitude of the programs grows, this cumbersome agency-to-individual, purchase-of-services mechanism becomes more difficult to manage efficiently or effectively. It contributes to the continued concentration of research in a handful of prestigious institutions, with money presumably following competence and competence certainly following money. The fact that

the advisory boards are drawn largely from the staffs of these same institutions raises questions in the minds of some about possible conflicts of interest. It has been pointed out that research capability in biology, entomology, and other fields in which research is supported in part by the formula grants in agricultural research is more widely dispersed than is research capability in, say, mathematics or physics, which are supported, for the most part, by the other type of grants. This concentration effect must be one of real embarrassment to the National Science Foundation, whose basic legislation makes it responsible for the development of a geographically dispersed research competence.

Others claim that the system discriminates in favor of the fluent, established scientist and against the shy, retiring newcomer, who might be a better investigator. It tends to convert scientists with solid reputations into managers and lobbyists, effectively removing them from their laboratories, and places a premium on the scientist's "visibility" in Washington. Further, the costs of maintaining the system mount steadily with the multiplication of bureau and agency staffs and interlocking advisory boards, increasing treks to Washington by increasing numbers of university staff members, overlapping agency and university administrative and accounting services, the development of large (but still inadequate) mailing lists in order to announce an ever increasing number of separate programs, and even the establishment of permanent university liaison offices within the nation's capital—costs absent or greatly reduced with the older system. Perhaps of even greater importance is the tendency of the system to place emphasis on short-term, specifically defined projects that promise measurable results in a hurry.

Of greatest importance, however, is the sort of relationship the system enforces between the university and the federal establishment. This system erodes the university's authority while eliminating none of its responsibility. In practice, university approval of federally sponsored projects amounts to little more than veto power, which, if exercised, often results in the scientist taking *his* project and moving to a different university. Psychologically and actually, the scientist is working for the agency and not the university, even though it is the university, and not the agency, that is expected to grant him tenure to guarantee him a career opportunity in his field. And, of course, negotiations between the scientist and agency officials, rather than between him and the responsible university officers, determine the nature of the investigation and the direction it takes. Although legally responsible, the university's comptroller is in an awkward position in overseeing the expenditure of project funds, being unsure of his authority with either the agency or the individual holding the grant. With fellowships, it is easy to understand that a young man who wins a grant from a federal agency through national competition and then is paid by the agency to attend a university of his own choice might feel little personal loyalty to the institution, a fact that one day might figure significantly in the amount of alumni donations the institutions receive.

In this way and to this extent, the university is reduced to a middle-management operating arm of the various governmental agencies. This destroys the check-and-balance potential of the university as the fourth branch of government, which is one of the important reasons we took the research to universities in the first place. And it leads to many annoying problems that we need never have been involved with at all—to the unproductive squabbles about overhead charges; to difficulties about how much of an investigator's time and what sort of professional activities are to be charged to a particular project; to the administrative ulcers caused by the necessity of granting tenure to scientists supported by temporary, short-term contracts and grants;

to educational concern about the growing gulf between research and instructional functions of a university.

In recent years, several halting steps have been taken to design programs that grant authority to the universities as well as to impose responsibility on them. The National Science Foundation has started an essentially unrestricted university grant program, but limits participation in it to institutions whose faculty members have been successful in securing Foundation grants. In addition, NSF now has several summer and short-term training programs in which grants are made to *institutions*, which design the programs and select the people who participate in them. The National Institutes of Health has a General Research Support Grant program, the enabling legislation for which has been described by NIH director James A. Shannon as the single most important piece of legislation for the Institutes. The Atomic Energy Commission has pioneered an arrangement in which consortia of universities are given research and training responsibilities at major AEC installations at Argonne, Brookhaven, and Oak Ridge. The basic research programs of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have had a strong institutional orientation from the beginning; and its training program provides grants to institutions, which in turn select the students and pay their stipends for participation in the universities' own programs. Further, NASA has pioneered a "step-funding" financing system for its grants that guarantees an institution a three-year "phase-out" period even after it has decided to discontinue a program. Late in 1962, the President's Science Advisory Committee recommended that expansion of the federal involvement in training programs follow the institutional training grant model used by NASA, rather than the agency-to-individual model generally used by the federal agencies.

Even these small steps, however, have not received universal acclaim. This is perhaps best seen in the two-year running battle between the National Institutes of Health and the Intergovernmental Relations (Fountain) Subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations. The Institutes have tried to maintain that the "research grant is, in essence, a trust" made after a critical examination of past performance and the proposed line of attack on the research problem. With this philosophy, once a grant is awarded, both responsibility and authority shift to the institution and the investigator, who are then held accountable for the exercise of the trusteeship. Even with this philosophy, the

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position of the institution itself is still somewhat vague and uncertain because of the agency-individual relationship of the decisive negotiations and liaison.

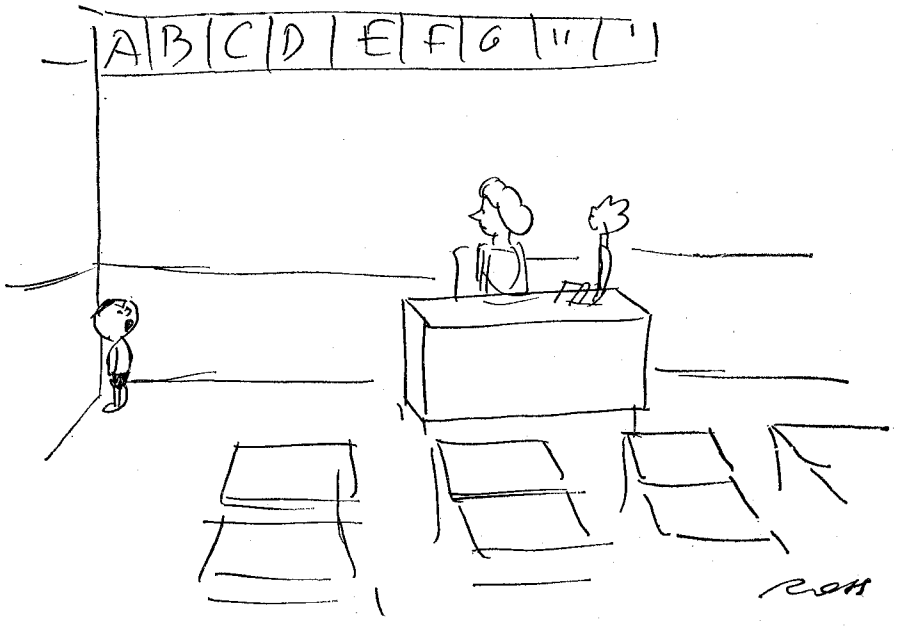
Members of the subcommittee seemed unimpressed with this philosophy. It mentioned the "slow progress which NIH has made to strengthen the management of the grants program" and rejected the idea that basic management responsibility could vest in the university whose faculty member is awarded an NIH grant. It even cited NIH's failure "to understand the nature of their responsibility for the management of public funds," a charge reminiscent of those made by state legislators intent upon imposing pre-audits upon the expenditure of public-university funds, a system that substitutes the wisdom of state clerical bureaucrats for that of professional university staff members.

Without abandoning its basic philosophy, NIH did tighten its procedures in several areas as a result of these criticisms. In addition, it organized and held a series of conferences about the country to discuss with college and university administrators the new regulations and the nature of the responsibilities that NIH expects them to assume. The Fountain Subcommittee seems to feel that NIH has not gone far enough with these changes. In calling for NIH to correct its "management deficiencies" and strengthen its "capacity for . . . effective and efficient operation," it supports a statement made by Representative Schwengel (*in another* context) that "if we do not control the spending of the money we appropriate, we become somewhat irresponsible in discharging our legislative duties and responsibilities. So if we go in for federal aid to education, we are bound to have to control it."

Other congressmen seem to disagree with this fine disregard for the governmental system of checks and balances. Does the Congress "control" the expenditure of funds appropriated to the judiciary? At any rate, the Labor, Health, Education, and Welfare Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, noting the changes NIH had made, warned that "over-zealous response to criticism might result in unneeded restrictions" and directed NIH "not to diminish the basic independence and integrity of our institutions of higher learning and the essential conditions of scientific freedom."

AND so the issue is joined. Its resolution will establish a pattern with which we will have to live for a long time—and live in a world increasingly dependent for its well-being upon the ability of our universities to perform their unique mission in society. Before us are two basic models: the older one giving the universities both responsibility and authority on the basis of the fourth-branch-of-government concept; the newer one denying the universities basic authority by treating them as management devices for liaison between agencies of the Executive branch of the government and individual scientists and scholars.

In deciding the matter, it is well for us to remember this. When we take our problems to an expert, clearly and specifically define what it is we want from him, and carefully oversee his work, we purchase, at the most, only his craftsmanship. If we want more than this, we shall have to let *him* decide what to do and how to do it.



"You keep me after school so much, the other kids are beginning to talk."

Textbooks

Continued from page 59

guage by a hundred gleaming talents. Geographers might be persuaded once again to teach the young as mathematicians and biologists have already done. (Certainly the work of the Physical Science Study Committee under the guiding genius of Professor Jerrold R. Zacharias showed what could be done with time, talent, and money in the production of the brilliant and financially successful high school "Physics" published by D. C. Heath & Co.)

It is true, of course, that mathematics and the physical sciences have a benign neutrality or at least a separateness from the pressures of social conformity. There can be no assault from a sectional bias upon a paraphrase of the Second Law of Thermodynamics (although some school boards in the Plains States will fault a geology text that refers to their region as "flat;" the accepted designation is "level").

What is generally lacking in English textbooks, those on social studies, and other standard subjects is a sense of humor concerning the human condition and the possibility that life, though it is often grim, is by definition inevitably tolerable.

THERE are great challenges and expanding opportunities facing the American textbook publisher today. If the critic will put aside the notion that these books ought to be great literature, like William James's *Principles of Psychology*, one can see the beginnings of significant gains.

Current concern for the "disadvantaged child" should allow the educational publisher to reconsider the long-neglected life of minorities in the cities. As Dr. Otto Klineberg reported in "Life Is Fun in a Smiling, Fair-Skinned World" (*SR*, Feb. 16, 1963), far too many classroom "readers" purporting to introduce the young child to joys of reading and to realities of the modern world show "The American people are almost exclusively white or Caucasian." They are almost always Christian and residents of antiseptic, bland suburban communities. Wherever minorities are introduced, their members are usually shown as quaint or the source of tolerant humor.

We are an urban civilization, increasingly city-centered. Yet we act, not only in our textbooks but also in our state and national legislatures, as if the nineteenth-century rural myth were a modern reality. There is a desperate need for books that display and celebrate our diversity, our pluralism, and the fact that life is not always a sun-drenched Sun-

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day afternoon. As Klineberg notes, after examining fifteen such readers published by leading houses, ". . . life in the United States as it is portrayed in these children's readers is in a general way easy and comfortable, frustrations are rare and usually overcome quite easily, people (all white, mostly blond, and 'North European' in origin) are almost invariably kind and generous. There are other kinds of people in the world but they live in far-off countries or in days gone by: they evidently have no place in the American scene."

IT should be pointed out, however, that this tendency to distort or to misrepresent the world as it is and has been is not unique to textbook publishers in the United States. UNESCO studies have reported on the ways in which the Scandinavian countries' school books display the history of the bordering nations. In a little report called "Better Textbooks" a UNESCO committee notes that: ". . . sweeping generalizations about whole nations implant in young minds such ideas as the following: 'Americans are rich and uncultured,' and 'Europeans are war-loving.' Also, many textbooks include texts and illustrations which are quite unsuited to the age and interests of the children who use them. Finally, some 'world' histories neglect other continents and civilizations than their own."

In this country, some publishers work hard to adjust the imbalance that Klineberg reports. Others, the majority, are still waiting for the sales reports of their competitors. Will there be schoolmen who accept books not universally loved? Will it be possible to make a profit out of a modest textbook sale in only one part of this country? Will it be respectable pedagogically to deal honestly with minority groups? Many publishers and editors and educators have said yes to these questions for many years. Not very many have followed this affirmation with any significant action.

The textbook publisher in the United States today is engaged in producing a wide range of educational materials: films, film-strips and slides, recordings and tapes, tests and teaching machines. Some of these are packaged with specific textbooks. Many are offered independently. Textbook publishers are increasingly confronted with competition from the government, the great foundations, and other sectors of the industrial and business communities. Offerings range from production of basic materials to complete courses. The PSSC physics textbook is such a product. Some publishers view this trend with alarm. When Government (always capital G) or the great foundations assemble an army of scholars who produce entire courses and then offer the finished product to commerce, often under competitive bidding, then, some observers fear, editorial integrity of the publisher is jeopardized.

Herein, these people warn, lies the danger of a national curriculum and the loss of local autonomy of the school boards. Common enough in the Soviet Union and France, these are anathema in the United States. Frank Redding reports in *Publishers' Weekly* (March 18, 1963) that some of this danger is already upon us: "Now something new has been added. Many thousands of teachers are being trained in the conduct of *one* kind of course, *one* point of view, *one* methodology, *one* set of materials. Over a period of years, then, we may conceivably expect to see *one course* in a given discipline. (Did someone say 'brainwashing'? The word has been used in precisely this context.)"

Of course, no textbook publisher has ever achieved such a goal. Some may have secretly dreamed of it. (Imagine, universal acceptance of *our* text!) Some have come very close.

There are and have been basal reading series with very wide acceptance. Some have been almost universally imitated. These series have been promoted with the help of training teams from the publishing house that were literally mobile teacher-training corps. They have offered a single course, a single method, a single point of view. They have done their work well.

These series have sold books, but also provided a welcome professional program to many needy schools and systems that gave a better education afterwards than had been possible before. That these big publishers sometimes succeeded in driving out equally good or even superior methods and materials is often forgotten. That they sometimes stalled professional educational growth in a dull, safe area is sometimes overlooked. They were known. They satisfied. They sold.

Frank Redding concluded his thoughtful, provocative article with the observation that there will be books in the schools of the future, but what they will be like and how much they will resemble what we have known "is a matter for the schools to decide." He can be more sanguine. There will be *textbooks* in the schools of the future. Some of them undoubtedly will be poorer than the worst we have condemned. Most of them will be better than we can now imagine. They will have to be, not merely to compete within the industry and with other kinds of educational materials, but because their roles will become more precisely specified. What the textbook does brilliantly, at its best, is to define and display a course of study —not *the* course, but one among several or many—ready to meet specific needs or preferences of teachers or school systems. What it need not do is to carry all the baggage of collateral and related materials. This can best be left to the rest of the publishing industry and to other producers of pedagogical paraphernalia.

The paperbound book is only at the beginning of its career on the educational scene. It will find its place at every level, from kindergarten to the graduate school. It can and must become absolutely expendable. (What a plus this can be in teaching people to own as well as to use their books!) A collection of paperbacks can provide the desideratum of every teacher, the genuine classroom library, designed by a real teacher for *his* own class, the one that is with him *this* year. It would be a little library, adaptable to the changing needs of that class, and by its variety it would be a sure shield against the neo-Comstockians who see evil even in dictionaries.

Educational television, in spite of its stuttering and high-altitude false starts, will become increasingly effective in classroom instruction, but it will be mediated by the presence and control of the appropriate textbook.

The textbook may rarely be the work of a leading scholar in a field, although scholars have returned in increasing numbers from their former interest in creating science textbooks and begun to look with favor at the challenges of the humanities. The textbook will probably never be written in a prose style that will satisfy even an incompetent teacher of freshman English, but it can, under the guidance of existing editorial talent, be far more respectable than it has been.

Finally, the textbook must learn to pay appropriate homage to the humanities, with or without the help of leading scholars. Social studies must release history from bondage and return geography to its ancient virtue. For even as the American school shifts its functions in a democracy that demands social change, the textbook must serve as a respected carrier of the new as well as of the traditional. It cannot and must not attempt to be a summa of all existing knowledge.

But the textbook must be, for teacher and student, a better window to current facts and the ways to a better, more desirable world in the future.

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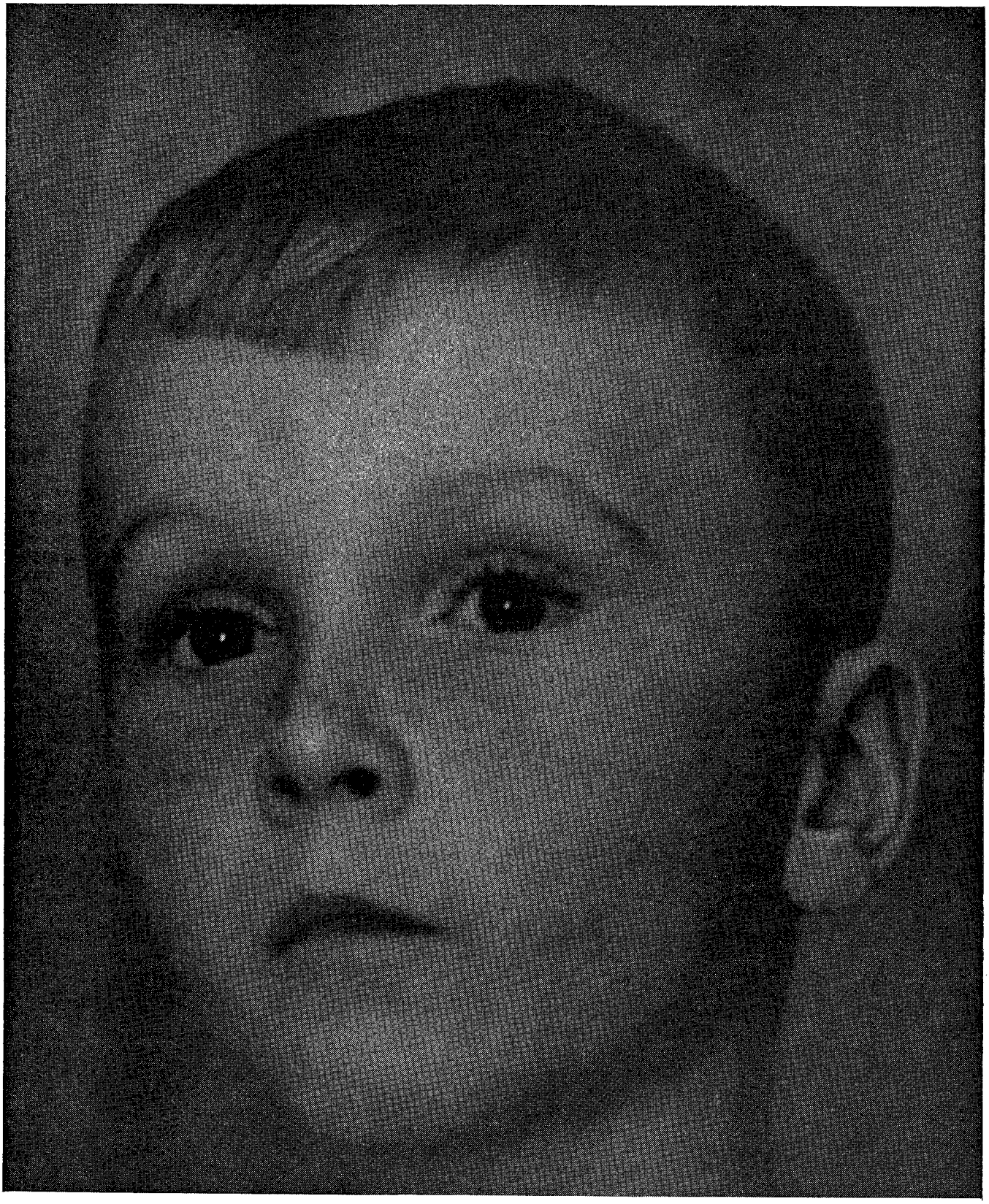

Aerodynamics 107

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The Lady Was Also A Scholar

Madame de Staël on Politics, Literature and National Character, *edited and translated by Morroe Berger (Doubleday. 371 pp. $5.50), offers a selection of writings by a remarkable Frenchwoman. Wayne Andrews wrote "Germaine: A Portrait of Madame de Staël."*

By WAYNE ANDREWS

"I UNDERSTAND everything which deserves to be understood," Madame de Staël reminded one of Goethe's more timorous admirers. "What I do not understand is nothing." As exasperating as she was exhilarating, Madame de Staël may be best remembered as the woman who tantalized Benjamin Constant and charmed Chateaubriand. These were the two great French writers of her time; to have meant so much to them means that she will never be forgotten.

But she was also an author in her own right. Her account of Germany in the era of Goethe and Schiller may well be the most exciting advertisement ever written of a foreign land. She was also an essayist of some importance, torn between her loyalty to the French classics and her discovery of the new world of German literature.

Her major work, *De l'Allemagne,* has been unaccountably unavailable in English for many years; but this new anthology of her writings, thoughtfully edited and conscientiously translated by Professor Morroe Berger of Princeton, will serve as an excellent introduction to her nonfiction. Here are several of her contributions to what may be called political sociology, the sociology of literature, and the study of national character. And *De l'Allemagne* itself is here condensed.

Germaine de Staël was never frightened by the contradictions of her own character. This was fortunate, for any author who plays the game of analyzing national traits must gallantly untie a good many knots he has tied himself. She was occasionally foolish. But she was also startlingly intuitive.

Although Mr. Berger's anthology does not slight her excursions into political theory, and dips into her ambitious survey of world literature, perhaps the most enlightening as well as the most entertaining passages of the book concern the gulf between France and Germany. "The Germans," she noted, "fill time profitably; the French make us forget it." She also pointed out that "a Frenchman can speak even when he has no ideas but a German always has in his head a little more than he can express." At times this last trait could be a virtue; but it could also make conversation difficult on the other side of the Rhine. "The talent for telling a story, one of the great charms of conversation, is very rare in Germany. The audience is too tolerant and not quickly enough bored."

Mr. Berger cautions us that Madame de Staël, for all her enthusiasm for German literature, was no unqualified admirer of German civilization. She said that "the mind and character of the Germans appear not to be in touch with each other: the one cannot bear any restriction, the other submits to every yoke." And she warned: "The love of liberty is not developed among the Germans; they have not learned its value through possession or deprivation of it."

But Mr. Berger's book deserves to be read in its entirety. Mme. de Staël could be as commanding as she was amusing. She even impressed the late Irving Babbitt of Harvard, who was no friend of the romantics she encouraged. Professor Babbitt, indeed, found that she had "done more than anyone else to help forward the study of comparative literature as we now understand it."

**He Needs Help*

The walls of Demetrios' house in the slums of Athens are cracked. Icy winds blow right on his face while he sleeps. His blanket is threadbare. He eats one meal a day—bread dipped in oil.

Demetrios' mother has tuberculosis and is hospitalized. His father, a rag man, earns $13 a month. Demetrios does not pray for a blanket or more food. He prays to grow up quickly so that he can help his parents.

XPEIAZETAI BOHΘEIA*

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FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1067

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1067 will be found in the next issue.

ABCAD EF G HICKFL

FHCIIMBL KGEN ODP

QBMGRF ADM NEFDMF GF

FDM OGFDMF ADMK CS.

RBGCF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1066

Beauty lives by rhymes. Double a deformity is a beauty.

—THOREAU.

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Satire

Continued from page 34

tal: "If it had been written in a more comprehensible style, it would have been less popular." Or this: "When troops are sent to fan a civil war in a friendly country, this is called, as you know, non-intervention."

But the trouble is that even though tubs of dreary facts have been shoveled aside for the new version, you will still find much too much here concerning Hitler, Mussolini, Goebbels, Stalin, Togliatti, and Thälmann (all treated just as if they were still alive and kicking), and nothing at all about Khrushchev, Castro, or Martin Luther King. Professor Pickup, far from being a Dr. Pangloss, is not even a Richard Nixon; Mr. Double You is neither McCarthy nor Goldwater.

Typical of the utter hopelessness of attempting to modernize such a book are the following alterations. 1938: "Unfortunately, there has recently been a set-back in the growth and development of the movement which will culminate in the March to Washington and the seizure of the White House." 1963: "Unfortunately, the liberating movement which was supposed to end up with a big march on Washington to drive the Bolshie-Jew-Negro fifth column from the White House has slowed down a little lately." Does this later version point to the dwindling of the McCarthy era? All it does right now is get us terribly mixed up with the great march of last August 28.

Or take this, which has apparently been added to the 1963 version: "A regime of freedom should receive its life blood from the self-government of local institutions. When democracy, driven by some of its baser tendencies, suppresses such autonomies, it is only devouring itself."

Is this Governor Wallace speaking? No, it is Thomas the Cynic, who presumably speaks here for Silone. But does Silone agree with Wallace? No, no, no. Far from it. It only sounds as if he does.

This new *School for Dictators* really belongs neither to its own time nor to ours. Certainly it does not belong to the ages. In short, it is nowhere.

Coming

February 22

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 81)

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COMPARATIVE EDUCATION: classes in London (University College of Preceptors) and Paris (Institut Pedagogique National), seminars in Geneva, Florence, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo. July 10th-August 29th: a travel course offered by College of Education, TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, Philadelphia, with 6 credits. Cost $1,579 with full sightseeing, dinner meetings, evenings in theatre, opera. STUDY ABROAD, Inc./250 West 57th, NYC/Box 1505, Escondido, California.

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1554

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Meaning of Queen Elizabeth's motto (3 wds.).

B. Half of those on whom the rain falls, acc'g to the Bible.

C. Farcical comedy of 1671, whose name is echoed in one of this season's offerings in New York (after *The*).

D. Dryden called him "all mankind's epitome", who was always these 3 wds.

E. Stage vehicle of half a century ago by which Hazel Dawn won stardom; an artificial fly (2 wds.).

F. Habitually fond of ease.

G. Reverent, compliant.

H. Great-grandma's matinee idol, whose brother assassinated Lincoln (2 wds.).

I. European white grape called Chasselas; Texas city; Wyoming river.

J. Be prominent.

K. Abundance; completeness; perfection.

L. A wind gauge.

WORDS

125 13 34 27 50 133 102 45 8 179 119

168 148 198 4 72 86

159 37 116 210 2 23 150 26 172

107 182 158 204 143 87 126 197 15 38

139 57 40 28 101 156 188 178

88 16 200 30 136 41 71 149

123 93 196 47 134 199 151

138 154 115 59 78 177 62 68 9 51

142 130 6 73 20 106 55 82 205 175

18 54 97 81 29 186 206 191

63 44 164 90 169 14 118 124

103 66 76 146 207 120 202 3 39 127

DEFINITIONS

M. Largest of the carnivorous dinosaurs.

N. Having many phases or aspects (comp.).

O. To a high degree.

P. Two - word conjunction whose correlative is often *but also*.

Q. Short title of one of the most popular Negro spirituals (2 wds.).

R. Brief period in Omar's "annihilation's waste" (2 wds.).

S. Hard Italian cheese, like Parmesan but made of ewe's milk.

T. You can't cash the check till you do this first.

U. What Longfellow said the *Hesperus* was like as she swept toward Norman's Woe (2 wds.).

V. Pueblo Indians near Santa Fe.

W. Balancer; ropedancer.

X. Luxurious.

WORDS

35 166 42 160 1 105 32 155 74 114 129

7 190 109 75 153 36 192 174 49 99 24

60 64 83 181 52 176 96 165 112

31 117 171 95 144 209 91

195 21 77 122 11 56 92 162

17 94 147 25 43 46 183 187 67

104 128 111 135 100 170

173 84 194 167 184 108 70

137 10 141 65 132 152 79 201 98 113 157

203

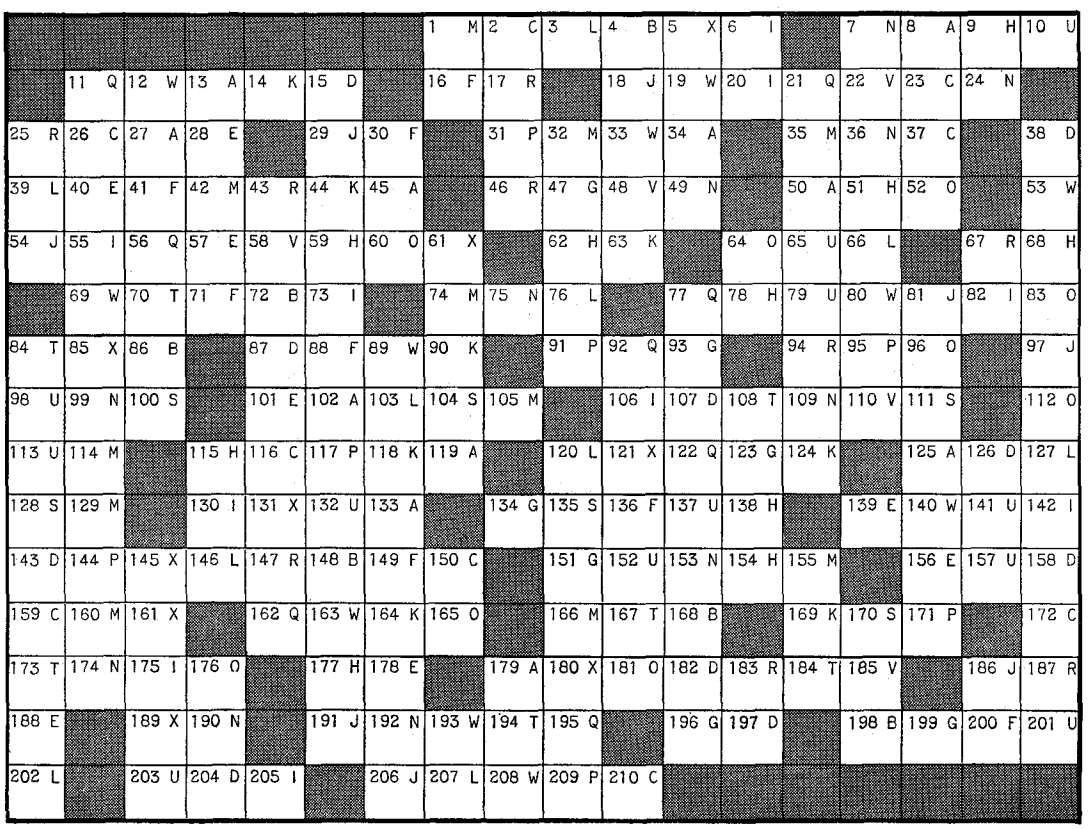
58 22 48 110 185

193 53 19 80 89 163 208 140 12 69 33

61 161 189 180 5 131 145 121 85

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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This town is so colorful little girls get red-dirty instead of black-dirty.

We're going to lead you to one of the most satisfying spots on earth.

Drive 35 miles east of Avignon to Roussillon, a village etched, hawklike, into a hilltop. So small. So pure of tourists. Yet so incredible artists travel distances to see it. For Roussillon is all red. The houses, the rooftops, the streets are red. So is the dust. And so are the children.

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Maybe that's why France's Impressionist painters settled in Provence. It's like a painting to live in. If *you're* impressionable you ought to go there.

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